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Beginning **The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator—By Edwin Lefèvre**

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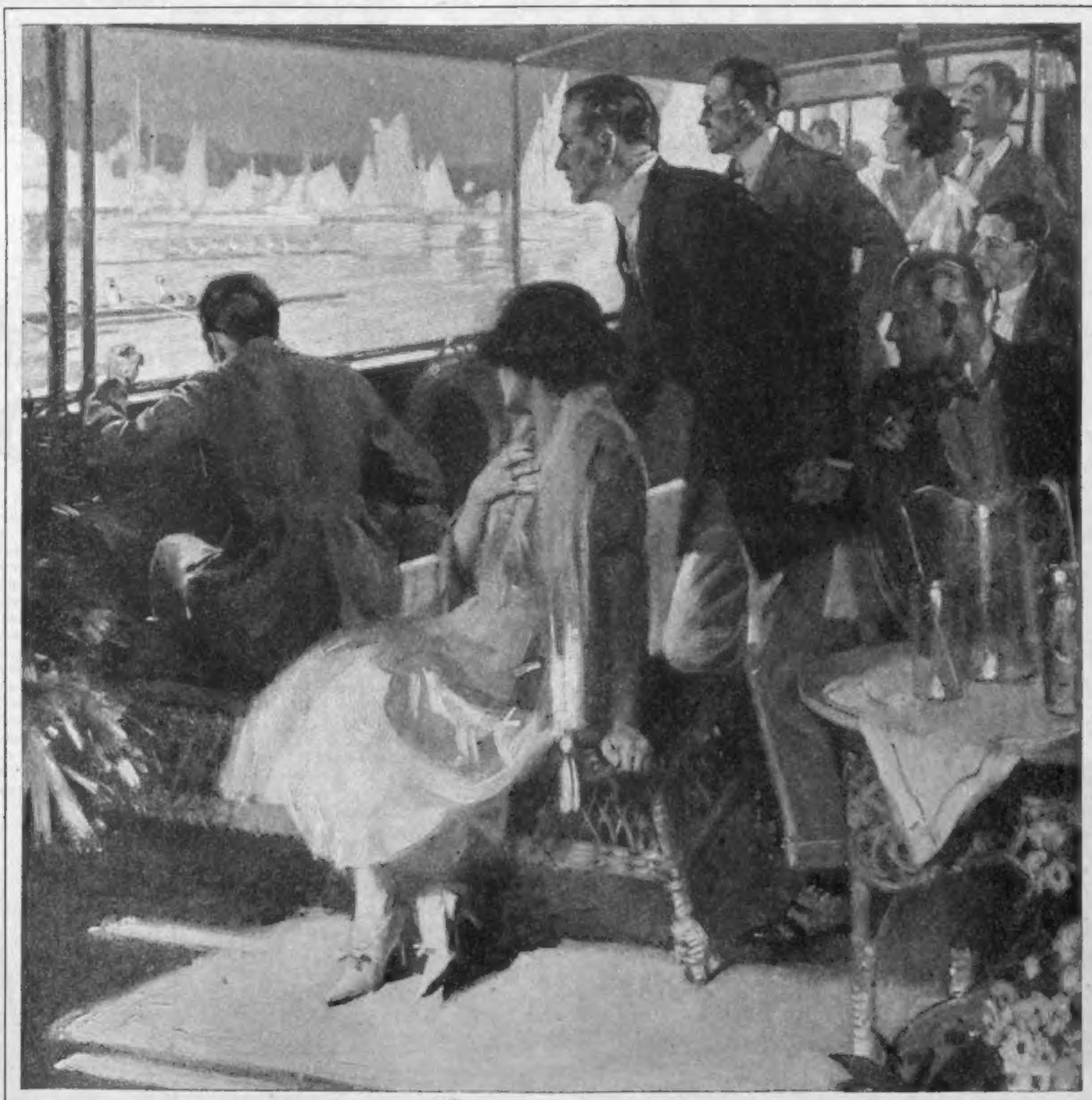

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator—By Edwin Lefèvre

THE market was so weak that you could see the customers counting their dead hopes. Presently they would enter upon the second stage of the most tragic bookkeeping in the world—the translating of paper losses into actual deprivations. But the first step came harder, because stock-market gamesters invariably hope with all their might. Clerks walked about the room almost on tiptoe and looked guilty—as though the fatal bull tips had come from them and a reckoning were demanded. But if you had asked one of the customers about the weather outside he would have answered that it was not yet three o'clock.

Two boys were posting the quotations on the board, slipping the green cards into place with fretful little snaps. They told the battle's story in mournful numbers, the little cards did! The falling fractions were shots striking below the water line, and the ship, loaded with its phantom freight of hearts' desires, was sinking. Paper profits! Paper pleasures!

Going down!

At first it was the speculative favorites that crumbled, like Siam Oil or Acme Motors. But presently the picture became that of a Satanic torchbearer racing down an avenue of hayricks, setting fire to one after another. And how they blazed!

Up in smoke!

The quotation boys had to hustle like mad now. You could see that the ticker was leaving them behind. Some of the stocks began to break whole points at a time. Once the man by the ticker yelled "T. M. 51! 50½! ¼! 49!" and then, as though all their heads had been pulled by one string, everybody turned to look at a sharp-nosed, thin-lipped chap with tortoise-shell goggles. Then they all looked away, as though it were indecent to watch his face. He was long five thousand shares of that stock, and had often laughed at them for piking.

It brought back the old days to me so that I could have sworn I heard once more the exultant yells of the winning bears in the board room. And I saw again a seething mass of winners and losers—winners pushing their luck, and losers bent on not losing any more than they could help—help at the top of their voices.

AWAKE AND HUNGRY

A carnival of audible greed! Fear straight from six hundred throats! I remembered the Northern Pacific panic of 1901, when I had heard and seen ——

"It reminds me of old times, Bill," I told the head of the firm.

He was sticking close to me, I suspect, so that nobody would be ill-bred enough to ask him embarrassing questions—for instance, whether he thought the break had gone far enough. But he shook his head.

"Times have changed," he muttered absently, as though this were the first time in years that the ticker had relapsed into ancient vices.

What had happened was that after a dull, drooping market for a few weeks the bulls had begun to tell themselves that the worst was over. The little daily bleeding of the past fortnight, they hoped, would obviate the need of total amputation. Then—the crash! Unexpected, as always, by those who having expected to win had forgotten everything else.

I took another look at the customers. I saw men young and old and middle-aged, short and tall, thin and fat—and all of them strangers to me. Not one of the dozens who had traded in that office when I had an account there a few years before was left. And yet these, their successors, were curiously familiar. It was the eyes. They all had the dazed, hurt look of men who dread to admit that they are wrong.

A parasitical office man, extremely well dressed, as all salesmen of bunk naturally feel they must be to hold their jobs, was circulating about the room, skillfully registering both condolence and resignation. It was really too bad, but you had to expect sudden showers in April! Of course it was a beastly shame it should pour on the holiday that you had planned to go to the links. He did it very well. Practice!

One of the customers was moved to speech. He asked with a cheerfulness that anyone could see was sheer bravado, "Say, Fred, what's the news?"

"No news," answered the omniscient Fred, who in balmier weather always began his remarks with "I hear."

Lawrence Livingston's Raid

PERHAPS the customer remembered this habit, for he asked, "What do you hear?"

"Nothing," answered Fred. The customer frowned. Fred, who was paid by the firm to abstain from silence, went on: "The less you hear the better. It's all bear lies anyhow. If you listen you'll hear nothing but calamities." He paused. Then slowly, impressively: "I'm a bull on the country. You can't make me believe that in twenty-four hours the soil of the farms has become barren, the springs have dried up and the sun has gone on a strike. No matter how hard I look I can't see any change in the crops or in the steel trade or in ——"

"There must be a reason for this break!" the customer was goaded into interrupting.

"Reason?" echoed Fred scornfully. But the customer's face made him add quickly: "I'll get in touch with Jameson and find out what they say over on the board." And he left.

Some of the other customers had listened to the colloquy apathetically. They were beyond the rescuing stage. Only a miracle would help them; and they had fatigued themselves praying for one.

The office man, Fred, came back.

"Of course!" he announced from the threshold. "I knew it! I said so!"

The customers resentfully watched him advance to the best oratorical position in the room—beside the frantic stock ticker. If he knew and had said so they had not heard him; and so they had not sold out before the break; and so he was to blame for it.

"Lawrence Livingston is raiding the market!" he cried proudly.

The years fell off my shoulders. I was again young and enthusiastic, and life smiled on me, even in Wall Street. I laughed for sheer happiness.

Fred turned quickly, a frown on his face. Remembering that I was a friend of the boss and therefore a potential customer, he unfrowned. But he could not help turning a brick red. The customers stared at me; it was the first laughter heard that day in that office.

My friend, tolerant by temperament and tactful by profession, turned and asked me affectionately, "What bit you?"

"The vanished past!" I answered cheerfully.

The customers politely looked away; only a man who already owes his brokers laughs when they call for more margin.

"That's a little more obscure than usual. I guess I am getting too old for your epigrams," said my friend.

"And I am getting younger every minute, listening to Fred's," I assured him.

My friend, by reason of his calling, always played safe where his customers were concerned. He scented unpleasant observations on my hobby—which is that no man can consistently beat the game—and he intelligently forestalled the danger of anyone else overhearing me by smiling benevolently and remarking, "Come along, my boy!"

I followed him into his private office and closed the sound-proof door. He motioned me to a chair. I took it. He looked resigned.

"I am not going to scold you for letting your customers overstay the bull market," I assured him.

"No, but I suspect you are going to speak a piece on the stupidity of professional men in Wall Street. I haven't got a soap box for you, as I heard Robert W. Chambers say they supply you with at your cryptlike club, but I'll bite. Why did you laugh?"

"When your young man Fred, whose job seems to be to keep the customers from thinking, announced so positively that the slump was a bear raid by Lawrence Livingston I felt that I was in Wall Street in the late '90's or early 1900's, when I was conducting my Wall Street column in one of the afternoon papers."

"But Livingston wasn't operating then," protested my friend, who not only is literal minded but is also one of the most useful governors of the New York Stock Exchange.

"He's always been in Wall Street," I said.

He looked so puzzled and then so perturbed that I hastened to explain:

"He isn't a stock operator, he's a stock excuse—only his name has changed slightly. It used to be Jim Keene; and before that, Charley Woerishoffer; and before that, Daniel Drew. You commission men early discovered that what the average sucker—that is, what your average customer—wants is not reasons but excuses—excuses for his trading, for his taking unbusinesslike chances in another man's game, for the inevitable misbehavior of the market at an inconvenient time, for his own imbecility and that of his broker. Any explanation except the truth will do to account for the obvious—when the obvious happens to be that the customer is an ass. He loses his money, but gives you commissions. So, when the end of the bull market comes and the profits are not taken the commission brokers have to excuse themselves for not calling the turn."

"Say!" interjected my friend. "You know it's no use to tell your customers to get out. You might as well save your breath, and let the old mule kick them."

"I have no fault to find with that," I said. "What I object to is the habit of telling the public that some big operator is raiding the market whenever the natural slumps come along to prove that the bull market is over. Do you wonder I laughed when Fred said Larry Livingston was raiding the market?"

"What makes you so sure that Larry Livingston was not raiding the market?" My friend used the excruciatingly polite tone of voice that humorless people use to squelch friends. It's bloodless.

But I answered with a grateful smile, "Common sense makes me sure. This is a bear market, and too many weaklings are still long of stocks. The break is too violent and painful to be relished by men whose margins are nearing exhaustion. It is, nevertheless, legitimate—that is, logical. Merely to suspect Livingston of selling stocks in bulk at this level is a blood insult to him. You talk as though he were a room trader in the old days gunning for stoploss orders. Why in blazes don't you tell your customers the truth?"

"Do you know Livingston?" asked my poor friend.

I was willing that he should derive what comfort he could from my ignorance, so I said "I do not."

And sure enough, he smiled!

"I thought so!" he said. "You may not think the Street has changed since you quit it fifteen years ago, but I know that it certainly has."

"Hang it, man, I write a yearly article to prove that it hasn't," I protested. "I've done it for years."

"Yes, yes, I know. And they make me laugh." He doubtless meant my articles.

"Where are they wrong?" I asked him, not at all pugnaciously.

"The principle is wrong. You pick out the things that never change ——"

"I pick out stockbrokers, their customers, the psychology of all speculators everywhere, the theory of speculation, the amazing short-sightedness of the Stock Exchange governors, and the fact that the unbeatable game of stock speculation remains as unbeatable as it ever was. The customer, without whom there would be no commission brokers, to-day is smooth shaven, and sixty years ago he wore a beard or an imperial. But he comes to Wall Street on the same errand and quits loser, just as he used to do. And if you are a fair sample, I'll say that the commission brokers have not changed either. What have you got to say to that?"

"Only this: That I know Larry Livingston is raiding the market."

"And how do you know that?"

"I know it!" And he smiled most sapiently—exactly as though I were a customer.

"Are you one of his principal brokers?"

"No, but his brokers have been big sellers."

Who Was Wall Street's Biggest Plunger?

"IT'S a persistent delusion of men like you that a shrewd operator's buying and selling can always be spotted. In Governor Flower's time everybody knew when he was buying because he wished it known. But nobody could tell when he was selling. Can't you imagine what Keene did when people like you thought they knew what he was doing?"

"Livingston's selling, all right," insisted my friend. Seeing my look he added, "I can tell."

"Well, if you can tell, he must be an ass," I said, being a true friend. "And I've heard he has quite a thinkpiece, as you'd call it."

"He has. That is why I know he is back of this drive. He is the biggest plunger Wall Street ever saw ——"

"There you go again!" I couldn't help interrupting. "Nobody really and truly is the biggest plunger Wall Street ever saw. Whoever happens to be most active at the moment becomes the legendary hero of mythical raids. I remember hearing somebody remark that Charley Woerishoffer was the biggest plunger of all. Deacon S. V. White, who in his prime was himself no piker, was present and he declared very impressively that James R. Keene never had an equal in Wall Street for magnitude of operations or brilliancy of execution. Then old man Smith, who was a Forty-niner, chipped in to say that all these later chaps were shoestringers alongside of Anthony W. Morse, the hero of the Chancellorsville rise—in 1864, I think he said. And he mentioned Henry Keep, who was known as William the Silent; and Bill Travers, who after looking at the Siamese Twins a long time turned to P. T. Barnum and asked gravely: 'B-b-brothers, I s-suppose?' And the two Jeromes, Addison and Leonard, and other men you never even heard of, who had been Napoleons of the board in their day."

"I know. But the country is richer now and operations are on a proportionate scale," he said pityingly.

"Well," I reminded him, "it isn't so very long ago that one of the famous Chicago crowd told me that the heaviest player of the bunch, bigger than John W. Gates himself, was Loyal Smith, who lived and died unknown to most of you brokers. But no reliable figures were mentioned. A man who ought to know assured me, over fifteen years ago, that William Rockefeller was carrying a line of a million shares of stocks—that is, his purely speculative commitments. If true, that is unquestionably a bigger line than any other man has ever swung in Wall Street since Hendrik Hudson arrived."

(Continued on Page 114)

There Was a Great Camp Meeting

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Walkers had once had money, and the glamour of that vanished god hung round them still. To be sure, they gave no obtrusive signs of poverty now, but rumor had it that the wherewithal for keeping the big wooden house and the high fence and the gateposts with colossal balls on top all in good repair and painted so cleanly white came from rich relatives up North, the same ones Laura Belle Walker visited twice a year, always returning with a sheaf of new songs and the very latest tiptop fashion in frocks and hats.

All the same, the Walkers were poor. Though the house might be painted and the lawn grass cut regularly, there were no horses in the stables save the one old hack which supported Major Walker on his daily airing and occasionally bore Laura Belle, in her feathered hat and sweeping riding skirt, out to her third cousin twice removed Ashby Walker's place just beyond the town. And instead of the old-time retinue of servants there were now but two—Toothpick, the major's man, and that old crippled witch, Aunt Zilly, in the kitchen.

But no one could accuse either the major or Laura Belle of bemoaning past glories. The major—Major Leonidas Lawrence Custis Walker, to give him his full glory of cognomen—sat comfortably on the front porch and read the Maxims of Rochefoucauld, a volume which he knew by heart and continually introduced into his conversation, holding the noble Frenchman to be the world's greatest philosopher.

With this intellectual exercise, his daily ride, three generous meals a day, each preceded by a toddy, another toddy for nightcap, and the society of his daughter, the major was a perfectly happy and well occupied gentleman.

As for Laura Belle, lilting down the street in a foam of white ruffles, her leghorn hat starred with marguerites and bound and streamered with ribbons of scarlet velvet—she was all contentment, quite unfeigned.

"By This Time Next Year We'll All be as Look as Ironing Boards. I've Seen Some of the French Things"

"Oh, it's good to be back," she said aloud to the sweeping maple branches above her and the crooked brick herringbone of the sidewalk. "It's good to be back! Good morning, Mr. Baines. Did you think I'd gone crazy, talking to myself?"

The young Methodist minister, blond, ingenuous, bashful, stopped and held his hat in his hand. The sun on his hair made him into an aureoled Saint Francis.

"G-good morning, Miss Laura Belle," he stammered, shifting from one foot to the other. "I—we—I—I'm very glad to see you home again. D-did you have a pleasant visit?"

Laura Belle shrugged her shoulders, and in spite of his theology the young man was aware of their soft, delicious color, their smoothness, their elegance of line beneath her embroideries.

"So-so. I'm mighty glad to be back though."

"I know you—your father's glad to have you back. And so is—and so am—and so is—everyone else." He gulped. He wanted to say "And so am I," but Laura Belle's poise and calmness checked the avowal. "I've taken the liberty to—to call on the major several times in your absence, Miss Laura Belle. Last night—last night I was intending to call, and had walked up that way, when I heard you singing and knew you had returned. I would not intrude on your first night at home."

"Father said you'd been coming—he says you're a good listener. He was pleased to have you. Did you like my song—last night, Mr. Baines? It's one that's all the rage now." She regarded him innocently, but tiny flares of mischief were lit in her dark, long-lashed eyes.

"It was beautiful—beautiful! You have a most melodious voice, if I may say so, Miss Laura Belle."

The flares of mischief widened ever so little. "Come in some evening," she said, "and I'll sing it to you. It's called Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down."

With a little nod of dismissal she floated on up the green-tunneled street, her white ruffles burgeoning about her like the petals of a rose blown by summer winds. Aaron Baines turned dizzy at the sight, and the recollection of the words of the song: "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down!" He blushed and wriggled, in an ecstasy of embarrassment and delighted discomfort. Slowly he turned back to the parsonage and entered the bare room known as his study, where, on an uncompromising plain deal desk, lay the pages of his sermon for the next Sunday morning. He was to preach on the need for fellowship and unity, taking his text from Ephesians, fourth chapter, fifth verse: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Subtly by this sermon he meant to weld some mounting differences in the choir, where Miss Teeny Spalding, the veteran alto, was conducting a feud with the organist, little Miss Mamie Pride, who, though young, was spunky, and had declared that she wouldn't drag the hymns for any old woman with a mustache that ever lived. Also, there was dissension in the Ladies' Aid; Mrs. Elihu Staley holding views on basket socials quite diverse from those of Mrs. Wesley Higgins and Mrs. John Richardson. To all these warring elements Aaron Baines was addressing himself through this sermon, warning them of the dangers of dissension, and describing in stern detail how unbecoming it was to the humble Christian heart.

But now the square sheets of white paper danced before his eyes, taking a tantalizing likeness to the worldly flounces of Laura Belle Walker's dress. And Laura Belle Walker was an Episcopalian, and therefore neither of his faith nor of his baptism.

He had made notes for appropriate hymns: Blest be the Tie That Binds, as a matter of course; and Giver of Peace and Unity; he hoped Miss Teeny and Miss Mamie wouldn't glare at each other while they were singing it. The third hymn he was not quite sure about. Should it be How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight or Blest be the Dear Uniting Love? Perhaps the latter was a little too much like Blest be the Tie That Binds. He tried to consider them, looking up each in turn in his hymnal. Even as he did so the memory of Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down, murmured in Laura Belle's soft cool voice, flicked across his nerves and turned him blind to the needs of religious decision. Involuntary words came to his lips: "Behold, thou art fair, my love. . . . Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. . . . Honey and milk are under thy tongue. . . ." He started guiltily as the door opened.

It was his aunt, Mrs. Hallett, a widow of advanced years and querulous wrinkles, who had been snatched away from the cozy fireside of her favorite daughter's home to serve as housekeeper and companion to her nephew until such time as he should marry. It was an event she longed to hasten. Unavoidably she went at it the wrong way.

"Mrs. Staley's sent over a lovely twin-mountain cake," she said. "Miss Eve made it. She's got a wonderful hand for cake."

"Aunt Lucretia," said Aaron patiently, "I do wish you wouldn't interrupt me when I'm at my sermon. It's very kind of Mrs. Staley and Miss Eve, but you could have told me just as well at dinnertime. And anyway, I care very little for cake."

"I'd like to know since when," complained Mrs. Hallett. "You ate most of that raisin loaf we had last week, and

it was heavy. I simply can't teach that girl to make cake. Oh, these darkies—they're so stupid."

This was her continual grievance, and Aaron sighed as it appeared. He could not say to her, as he wished, that if Mrs. Staley wouldn't send so much of Miss Eve's cooking over for his enjoyment, and so determinedly throw Eve into his society, his life would be much more carefree. Miss Eve was a nice girl, a very nice girl; and Elihu Staley, her father, was a deacon in the church, and liberal; but beside Laura Belle Walker's dark beauty and assured, sophisticated way Eve's childlike fairness was inevitably blotted out.

After a few more words as to the inadequacy of negro help Mrs. Hallett withdrew, leaving Aaron with his sermon. His left ear burned and tingled. He rubbed it absently. Was it a sign someone was talking about him?

Laura Belle Walker had progressed only a little way farther down the street when a girl darted out from behind a hedge of flowering quince, exclaimed with pleasure, and seizing Laura Belle gave her a couple of hearty kisses.

"Lovely thing—I'm so glad you're back! Come up on the porch and visit a while!"

"Eve—dear!" They kissed again and, arms entwined, paced up the walk and found informal seats on the Staley porch steps, Laura Belle above, Eve perched adoringly below.

"Oh, Laura Belle, that hat! And listen—is it true that crinolines are out?"

Laura Belle nodded solemnly. "By this time next year we'll all be as lank as ironing boards. I've seen some of the French things—you wouldn't believe how funny they look. And I've learnt the sweetest new quilling, for a sack, or in points on an underskirt! Would you like to try on my hat?" She took it off carelessly, and Eve received it with reverent finger tips. "Not that way—a little farther forward—your chignon isn't quite high enough. But it's most becoming. You ought to have one like it, only with a blue ribbon to match your eyes."

Eve had run into the hall to see herself in the mirror of the hatrack. She came out smiling. "I'd adore to have one, but pa'd never let me wear the daisies. He says it's sinful to imitate the Lord's handiwork."

"Oh, pooh!" Laura Belle's perfect underlip registered scorn. "Your father's notions! Well, it would do nicely just with the ribbon; streamers, too, of course. Come over to-morrow and we'll talk about it."

"Tell me some more about clothes," begged Eve. "Of course you've got a lot that's new. This dress is a dream. What's the stuff?"

"Crêpe *marets*. It has too many ruffles to be elegant, but I so love ruffles I couldn't resist them. I really haven't much—a white alpaca with an underskirt of purple silk, a morning dress of figured muslin with straps of Cluny and sulphur yellow ribbons run under, a *gaze de chambery* satin-striped in blue. You must see that! And I traveled home in one of the new spotted winsey suits, Bismarck brown, the skirt so short it shows my ankles! I felt downright bold in it, but it's the fashion. It has a loose sack, and long hanging sleeves. A little brown Neapolitan hat with metallic acorns and oak leaves goes with it."

Eve Staley became wistfully envious. "Oh, to be you, Laura Belle! You have such stylish things; you go up North and see the sights and get acquainted with new people. I've never been farther than Baltimore in my life."

Laura Belle gave a sigh and a half pout. "And I'd rather stay at home with father and Toothpick and cross old Aunt Zilly. And of course Ashby. Heavens, if Ashby could only get his mortgage paid off! He's so proud he won't ask me to marry him till he does."

"How—how can you talk about it—like that?" Eve was blushing for her. But the color in Laura Belle's smooth cheek did not waver.

"If I didn't talk about it like that I'd cry my eyes out—and red eyes are hideous. Well, forget Ashby. What about the young reverend—hmh? How's he coming on?" It was at that moment that Aaron Baines' left ear began to burn.

"Laura Belle, he's just gorgeous! He preaches the most eloquent, moving sermons! Everyone likes him so much.

"Please Don't Look as if I'd Slapped You. I'm Only Doing What is Best for You"

Weren't you—weren't you talking to him down street—just now?"

"Then you were peeping from behind the hedge! I thought so. We simply said how d'ye do. And I thanked him for going to see father while I was away. He said he'd heard me singing last night and since I was feeling rather wicked I asked him if he liked the song—and told him its name. You should have seen his face. Eve—I was singing Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down!" She trilled with laughter, laughter that she could not check, even at Eve's shocked surprise.

"Oh, Laura Belle! What did he say?"

"He blushed, just like you're doing. He's a goose!"

"He isn't!"

Laura Belle clapped her hands. "So the wind's in that quarter! You'd make a perfect wife for a minister, Eve."

"Don't—don't! How can you!" Eve pressed her palms over burning, scarlet, telltale cheeks. "It's—it's immodest."

Laura Belle became grave. "But you do care about him—I can see that."

Eve's childlike eyes turned to her trustfully. She whispered, "I wouldn't tell another soul in the world—but—oh, I do like him—I do! Only—he doesn't care a thing about me. He's as stiff as a poker with me, and all the other girls, just the same. And mother pushes me at him—I get so ashamed. Laura Belle, what do the girls up North do when—when they like a man—and he doesn't even look around at them?"

Laura Belle rose, swinging her wide hat by its flying streamers, her smile belying the seriousness of her voice. "They run after him and make him look. Oh, Eve, if a woman's clever enough she can get any man she wants! Yes, she can. I know it. The man has nothing to say about it."

"I can't. I wish I could. You've had so many beaux—show me, Laura Belle."

But Laura Belle was already trailing down the walk. "If the chance comes you'll know what to do and need no showing. Besides, I have to use all my cleverness to get Ashby. He's the most pig-headed—in some ways he's a perfect fool. That's why I love him." Her delicious laughter lightened the summer air. "Come over soon and see my toilettes. And I'll sing all my new songs for you. I've got to go down to the grocery and get some saleratus for Zilly, so she can make sour-cream dumplings for dinner."

The Reverend Aaron Baines' left ear now ceased to burn. But he was still in the foreground of Eve's thoughts. She sat, hugging her knees, watching Laura Belle's swaying whiteness, flecked and dappled by the little shafts of sunlight that managed to slip through the leafy guard of the street maples. Presently that energetic matron, her mother, appeared at the front door.

"Wasn't that Laura Belle? I'd have come out, but I was right in the midst of putting new ticking on the spareroom pillows. I'm all over feathers yet."

"Yes, it was Laura Belle—she got back yesterday. I'm going up to see her new dresses. Ma, she had such a lovely hat—but it's got flowers on. D'you suppose pa would notice if I got one like it? It looked so nice on me. So stylish."

Mrs. Staley pursed her lips. She wholly sided with Eve, but she was of a generation to whom Paul's admonishment of "Wives, obey your husbands" was not addressed in vain. "I'm afraid he would. You know how he does go on over things like that, and—I don't know—I sort of think Mr. Baines feels the same way. Don't set your heart on it." She artfully changed the subject. "How's Laura Belle, and how's she look? My goodness, I don't see why she don't catch a rich husband up North there. She's been going long enough to get somebody, and she's a real taking girl. She's shoving along in age, too—she'll be twenty-five come her next birthday."

"She says she wants to marry Ashby. She said it right out."

"For all sakes!" Mrs. Staley lifted amazed hands. "What's she want with Ashby Walker? Poor as poverty; and that old farm of his down to skin and bone, as you might say. And him with his mother's temper—and all the Ashbys had dispositions like red pepper and vinegar. He's nothing to look at, either; so dark and glum. Maybe she was just fooling."

"I don't think so."

"It's a queer way for a girl to talk, fooling or not. And she's had plenty of real nice young men after her, too, so it's not a case of last chance. Eve—I sent a loaf of your cake over to the parsonage."

"Mother—I wish you wouldn't." But secretly she was glad.

"There's nothing in a little neighborly attention, child. Don't be silly." Mrs. Staley divined the satisfaction beneath Eve's protest. "If you'll press the hem of your new lawn I'll run it in for you this afternoon."

"All right. But before we decide about the trimming I want to see Laura Belle's things. She always has cute new ideas."

"That'll be nice. Lottie Richardson's having a new dress. I'd like yours to be different."

They went within, moved by the common impulse of sound competition. If Lottie Richardson was having a new dress, and the Richardsons' pew farther up front than the Staleys', then Eve must obtain distinction somehow. Without a spoken word they knew each other's thoughts.

At the same moment it occurred to young Aaron Baines that if Miss Walker was going downtown when he saw her she would inevitably have to come uptown again. He hurried to the window and was distressed to find that he could see only the shortest distance in either direction—that it would be practically impossible to descry a strolling young lady in time enough for him to get downstairs, and traverse the front porch and walk to intercept her casually. Vague plans floated through his mind. What if he put on his hat and went up toward the Walker house, as he had done last night? But no, he must not be seen walking aimlessly, and it would be hard to simulate an errand. Besides, there was the danger of meeting some of his flock—an almost certain danger, since Methodists were greatly in the majority in the little town. He would

inevitably be stopped and subjected to benevolent inquisition. Young Baines had been in the Arborville pastorate long enough to know that he could hide nothing from his people. There were times when he wished that he had more power of dissimulation. That thought—undoubtedly one of Satan's wiles—obtruded itself at this moment.

For he ached to see Laura Belle again! He wondered how soon he might legitimately call upon her and the major. Not too soon; he knew that, for even his visits to the major, in her absence, had received unfavorable comment from one of his deacons. It had been suggested that too much attention to one of another faith might be misconstrued by those who were not so understanding or so broadminded as the faithful friend who pointed out his fault. And his Aunt Lucretia had asked him sharply how he could stand that pretentious old wind bag.

As he pondered these things, gazing absent-mindedly out of the window, he was stabbed by the sight of Laura Belle returning; returning, and walking rather swiftly. The sight of the grocery clock had reminded her that she must hurry with the saleratus. She swam into his vision and out again before he could do more than blink and stare. Oh, she was beautiful—oh, she was rare! Her scarlet hat ribbons waved behind her, alluring follow-me-lads, and he felt the urge, if not the definition. Yet, how enchanting, how exquisite!

And a womanly woman, Miss Laura Belle! Didn't the major call her the most devoted daughter a man ever had? Surely he did, not once, but many times, and Aaron Baines had never tired of hearing the phrase.

"What are you mooning out the window for?" demanded Lucretia Hallett, making one of her sudden, disconcerting appearances. "I've called you to dinner three times."

"I was thinking about my sermon," he replied with dignity.

"You always were absent-minded, even as a little boy," his aunt reminded him.

She could not see him as anything but the tow-headed eight-year-old left to her care by her dying sister. All his cousins, older than he, had petted and babied the little orphan, and he had never quite outgrown that sheltered, attended childhood. For all he tried to be grave and impressive in this, his first charge, he was aware at times of an amiable indulgence among the older members of his church. But he raged against it, not knowing that he unconsciously provoked it.

For in spite of his years at the seminary, and his ordination, in spite of his unquestioned serious purpose and his sincere goodness, in spite of a certain compelling power in pulpit oratory, power that was based on conviction and honesty—he was still a boy in heart, in character. Life had been easy for him. He had had none of the hard knocks, the bitter emotions that mature, that slay youth. He was innocent about women, and shy with them, which caused the older ones to long to mother him and the younger to long to marry him. Girls made him uneasy, and so he was, even as Eve had told Laura Belle, uniformly stiff in his manner with them. Secretly he had rich, vivid dreams of a rare and beautiful woman, to whom he could offer a heart's devotion and from whom he would receive a melting, adoring, playful tenderness. None of the pleasant pretty girls who crowded his Sunday school and listened so attentively to his sermons fulfilled this dream. But Laura Belle Walker—ah, she was different!

He had met her when he had first come to Arborville. Very shortly after, she had gone away on one of her periodical visits to those unknown magical Northern relatives. She had made a profound impression on him at first, and her image had been a fastness for his imagination, blurring and obscuring the other nearer figures, making it easy for him to ignore their innocent, bold importunings. Now she was home again, and lovelier, more compelling than ever. He had seen her and talked to her, and she had been amiable, though a little careless of him, and he was not blind to the fact that she had not hesitated to flout, though not unkindly, his cloth, in asking him to hear that warmly titled song. He was not quite sure whether he was happy or miserable. It was his first, his very first love affair, and he was thrown into a strange disorder by it.

While he ate a generous slice of Eve Staley's twin-mountain cake he was still intent on Laura Belle, and he wondered avidly what she had thought of him. He was afraid he had seemed not at his best this morning. Had he been too awkward—too confused? He remembered that he had taken off his hat and stood with it in his hand, a pleasant Southern custom he had observed and gladly adopted when he had first come to Arborville, for it expressed some of his reverence toward women—in the abstract, that is. But it expressed so little of his reverence for Miss Laura Belle! What had she thought of him? If he only could know! What was there behind her smiling, impersonal regard? Surely, a need so imperative as his, an interest so profound, an affection so burning—he admitted those daring words to his description of his state—must awaken some slight response from her. But she had been inscrutable. Properly maidenly of her, no doubt, but not very satisfactory.

He would have been wounded to the quick and abased in woe if he could have known that Laura Belle thought of him not at all, save casually as Eve Staley's certain prey. Laura Belle was thinking entirely of another man. Her first question on reaching home had been "Father, is Ashby coming to supper on Friday night?"

To which Major Walker had somewhat testily replied, "Ashby always comes to supper on Friday nights. I have received no notification of any change in his accustomed habit."

And Laura Belle had said no more, only reflected that it was a long time until Friday. She contemplated taking the major's hack and riding out to see Ashby, as she did occasionally, but on second thought she decided to remain at home, unpack her trunks and freshen her wardrobe so that when he did appear she might be irresistible.

She directed Zilly to have mock terrapin, hot beaten biscuits and peach shortcake for Friday night supper; Ashby's careless bachelor establishment was not strong in the cuisine. Likewise Laura Belle resolved that she herself would mix the toddy that night, and raid the major's best bourbon for the purpose.

Before Friday arrived Eve Staley came, intent on fashion. Laura Belle took out everything, and the two girls sat in her great airy bedroom with its bare whitewashed walls and old rosewood furniture and discussed styles with animation. Eve tried on the dresses that appealed to her, cut the pattern of a sleeve, made a rubbing of an eyelet edging, drew her delicate brows together over the folds in the new quilling. Laura Belle directed and

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As for Laura Belle, Lilting Down the Street in a Foam of White Ruffles, She Was All Contentment, Quite Unfeigned

JOAN OF ARC SMITH

"Men Have Rebelled Before," She Says, "Under the Lash! And Even Under the Leadership of a Weak Woman"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

By George Kibbe Turner

INVESTIGATORS, male and female, said the fat foreman, all up and down—investigating, advising, helping the worker. There's fewer than there was back in the war, yet plenty still; and never will this feller I'm telling you of—this Brawny Bill Wolfert, the big fellow worker—forget the last one who came investigating just here this spring; that one with the bobbed blond hair, without no name—and what she done to him.

He was up here in New England at the time, organizing one of them radical cotton-mill strikes, when they come to him at strike headquarters and says one more of those social-investigation parties had blown in. For he always had them come to him—the local union—to handle all stuff like that.

"Young or old?" he asks them.

"Young," they says.

"Aha!" he says. For of course they are mostly all that—these investigators and advisers—under twenty-five anyway, just lately out from some school or college.

"All female?" says Bill, giving them that steady glare he had. "Or just two-thirds of them?"

"There's but just one man amongst them, and him an advanced retired minister," they tell him.

"Take them down," says Brawny Bill, "by Bloody Bridge and The Row and Turtle's Misery. You know!"

"Sure!"

"Only hold back," he says, "on The Row till the wops' dinnertime, and they can see them lapping up the macaroni and the little devilfish, or some other starvation sloppy mess."

"Sure!" they says. "We'll see to that."

"And don't forget the bloodstains of the Syrian at the Bridge," he says; "nor the tenements at the Misery that the board of health condemned and the sheeny got the injunction keeping open."

"Don't worry," they says. "We'll show it all to them."

"See you do," he says. "Don't forget. Feed it to them raw," he says.

"The rawer it is the quicker they snatch it from your hand. For that's what they're here for—investigating. The more they take away the more they give them that hire them for their money."

"Sure!" they says.

"And don't be afraid what you feed them neither, for they'll never know the difference."

"Sure!" they says. "We've had them here before," and went off with them, down to Turtle's Misery, and showed them the dumps with the water in the cellar and the blinds lopping off.

"Is it possible?" says the advanced retired minister.

"It's not only possible but it's there before your face," says the thin one with the brown face and the tight mouth. "You see it, don't you?"

"It makes my blood boil—boil!" says the one with the blond bobbed hair—the big fine-looking one that I was telling you of.

And then up they come to The Row at dinnertime, when the Dagos are in messing with their loose and crawly food.

"Hi, Tony!" says the union boys to the wop, hollering. "The squid he good, hey—like the roast beef?"

"Ah, what you do," says the wop, spreading his hands, "when you got no work?"

"Is it possible?" says the advanced retired minister. They called him that, the boys claimed, because he got advanced ideas on labor, and then went and married a rich woman and retired. "Do human creatures subsist on such food?"

"I told you what to expect," says the thin brown one with the peckish nose, "didn't I?"

"You did. I see you did," he says, bowing slow and thoughtful.

"But what will we do about it?" says the big fine-looking blond one with the bobbed hair. "That's what I want to know. For it makes my blood run cold."

And then they took them on to the Bridge, and showed them the brown spots on the walk and side.

"You can see for yourself," they says, "what they done to him!"

"This will need some explaining!" says the thin brown one, poking them with her finger—"some explaining!"

"Was it true he thought this striker—this Syrian—was drawing a knife on him?" says the advanced minister.

"Not a word! Not a word!" they says to him. "I guess you must have seen that in the newspapers!"

"Exactly where I did see it—exactly!" he says.

"We're trying to tell you the truth," they says; "not a pack of lies like the papers. We just let you see it for yourself."

"I warned you; I told you what to expect," says the brown-faced one with the bitter taste to her words. "And they call this civilization!" she says.

"I'm shaken—definitely shaken by this!" says the advanced retired minister.

"It's time we all were," says the lively blond one. "And get up and do some fighting over it. We'll be around for some days," she says to the boys that were showing them. "We're going to investigate and probe this to the bottom."

"To the muddy bottom!" says the thin brown one.

"Sure! Come round any time," they told them. "You ain't seen the half yet. Come round and we'll show you what you won't see in them lying newspapers. We'll show you the bare, naked truth," they says.

And then they went round back to Brawny Bill at headquarters.

"You fed it to them raw, huh?" he says.

"Sure! We gave them the truth," they says.

"And they gulped it down just like I told you?"

"Sure!"

"Aw, what good does it do?" says one of them. "All that trouble—for them things! What good do they do after they swallow it?"

"They spread the truth," says Bill.

"The bunk, you mean!" says the man who was kind of on the outs with Bill. "Who'd believe them?"

"Who'd think anybody'd believe all the bunk the capitalists jam into their hand-fed press," he says. "Yet they eat that up all over, don't they? What do they know about it—the public—one way or the other? It's the same way with us," he says—"with these investigators. They want to investigate—that's how they make their wages; and we want to have them, and spread the truth—our way!"

"Ah, what do they know about it—them or the reporters, either one! How can they, with the time they give to it?"

"What do you care," says Bill, "so long as they're spreading the truth for us? And to-morrow we'll give them more of it to spread," he says. "We'll use them right, don't fret!"

So to-morrow, in the morning, they came to him and told him that one of them was there wanting to see him personally.

"Should I give her the time?" says Brawny Bill. "Who is she?"

"She's the one with the bobbed hair we were telling you of," they says. "We didn't get her name."

"What is she—the usual?" he says.

"Not by no means," they says. "She's none of the sloppy sisterhood," they says. "She combs her hair and carries clean pocket handkerchiefs. She's a new kind. She's a looker. You'll want to see her, Bill," they says, for he had quite a reputation with the women.

"Show her in. I'll tend to her case," says Brawny Bill, and stood waiting, stiff and staring and hard looking, till she came in and shook hands, her color high and her eyes shining. And she hit him so hard from the first that he sat there all the morning filling her up with more truths on wages and statistics and war stuff—that red-white-and-blue soldier dope.

"Did they tell you what these same strikers down this Manumuxit Valley done for their country during the war?" he asks her. "Did they tell you the exact statistics?"

"No," she says.

"Four thousand of proper war age," he says, "and just a few over," he says— "in the valley. And three thousand of them went to war and fought America's battles for her!"

"Is it possible?" she says, opening up her eyes.

"And of them, twenty-two hundred-odd—I just forget the exact figures—were wounded!" he says, and stopped, staring, the way he did at them.

"Is it possible?" she says.

"And I forget how many killed," he says. "But plenty! And now they're murdering them again by cutting wages, and threatening to use the militia on them—them boys that just got through fighting America's battles for her!"

"It makes my blood boil—boil!" she says. "They ought to turn and fight them back."

"It's just the usual," he says. "What these slave drivers always do to their wage slaves—here in New England and all over! They use the workers for cannon fodder fighting for new markets; and then they use what's left as machinery fodder for filling the foreign orders they fought for and got for them."

And he gave her some more statistics on the wages and what they'd done to them to stop their picketing.

"And now if they don't knuckle down," he says, "and kiss the hand that mashes them they're coming in and blowing their heads off with the militia, with the very guns, probably, the workers themselves had in France"

"It makes my blood," she says, "run cold! Run cold!"

"If you'd seen what I seen when I was a boy in the mines out in Nevada," says Brawny Bill to her, looking at her hard and still, "you'd been all frozen up." And he told her all about the time they put him in jail.

"That's capitalism," he says, "and what it does for the worker. That's justice. They shoot them up, then they cut down their wages."

"But don't they give no excuse?" she says. "None?"

"You know that line of bunk they give out," he says, "about not being able to run and sell goods at these prices without cutting wages. That's a lie on the face of it. And if it wasn't, let them cut into their wad a while—all that fat thing they sweat out of the worker while we were fighting in France. It's his—he made it for them, didn't he?"

"It seems so," she kind of whispers.

"We don't ask no favors," he says, "nor no pity from them! All we ask is our own, what we made with our own hands and were robbed of!" he says, his jaws working hard and still, in between his talk. "All we ask is for economic justice!"

And then, hearing that, she jumped to her feet.

"Economic justice!" she says kind of sharp, and her face all flushed, a big bright spot in the middle of her cheek, the way it done sometimes. "Economic justice! That's it! Ain't that always been your watchword? I thought I saw so in the paper."

"It has," says Brawny Bill; "and always will be while I live. Economic justice—for man, woman and child!"

"Splendid! Splendid!" she says. "To tell you the truth," she says, "it was that watchword of yours that brought me here to talk to you."

"And you'll see me standing by it!" says Brawny Bill, staring steady straight ahead at the wall.

"Can I—can I stand and work with you and fight with you," she says, "shoulder to shoulder—starting now? For economic justice? Will you let me?"

"Let you? Sure!" says Bill, still and ugly. "Come on! The more the merrier! The more fighters the more justice!" he says. For he seen he had her going.

"I'll do it!" she says, springing up and staring at him hard, her breast heaving.

"I didn't get your name when you come in," says Bill after a minute or two.

"No," she says. "I didn't give it to you—that's why!"

"Oh!" says Bill.

"For I'm not giving it out—yet. Not my real name—for certain reasons. For I don't want certain persons—or a certain person anyway—to know I'm here," she says.

"That's all right. I understand. We've all got a right to our own name—if we want to hold it back," he says, looking hard and experienced. "I ought to know that, if anybody, after the way mine's been used."

And then when she was gone he sent some of the boys to find out from the others who were there investigating with her what it was. For now he'd seen her, he was more than willing to have her around.

"She can fight shoulder to shoulder with me all she wants to," he says. For he was, like I said, an old hand with the women. Being separated so long from his wife, he was like a bachelor, and he knew a looker when he seen one.

But the others in the investigators couldn't help him neither.

"We don't know who she is. She just came and asked if she could join our party and we said yes, she could," says the brown investigator with the scalding tongue.

"She's a mystery," says the advanced retired minister. "She has so far refused to divulge her actual name to anyone. So we merely call her Miss Smith."

"All right," says Bill. "Let it go at that. Leave her case to me. She put the miss in mystery—and I'll pick it out maybe."

For now she'd come to him and told him she'd made up her mind she'd stay right there and fight with them.

"For that motto you gave to me. For economic justice—for man, woman and child!" she says, looking at him all flushed up and excited.

"You couldn't have no better, that's sure. It's been my motto from a boy, and always will be," says Brawny Bill, looking back at her stern and hard and indifferent, the way he did at them when they got that way.

So then on the third day the other investigators had done their investigating and gone, having got the thing all settled in their heads. But she stayed right along—to keep on with the strikers. And right away she wanted to get out and get started.

"Let me speak to them," she says. "Just tell them how I feel and how we're all going to get economic justice for all, high and low, man, woman and child!"

"Right for you!" he says. "Start after it!"

For he had had them before, and he knew how the newspapers yelled and pleaded for them, to get stuff with women in—hot, throbbing stuff with women in—from the selling of the first national bond tied with a blue ribbon down to shooting strikers. And he'd had all kinds of women agitators and investigators around in the radical movement—advertising—and he knew their worth. But this one surprised him at the first go-off, showing up in the meeting on the common with a blood-red dress on, and going after the mill owners and their wages and the lack of justice and the threatening of the militia.

"Let them beware! Let them watch their step!" she says. "How they send these militia against these men here—these workers! They're mostly ex-soldiers, and they can fight. They have shown that. All they need is a leader who'll do the same, and they'll have that. They'll have that," she says, her face more and more red and rosy and excited. "For if no one else will lead them I will! I'm not afraid! I'm out for economic justice for man, woman and child! And no one can scare me down!"

The reporters were walking up and running around by this time, pleading with Brawny Bill and the others to tell them who it was so they could put it on the wire right away.

"You'll have to ask her," says Bill, short and ugly. "I don't know. She won't tell me her name. And if she had, I probably wouldn't tell you," he says, insulting them the way he always did the newspapers, yet drawing them on so much the more by doing it.

So they waited and went up to her, crowding around.

"My name?" she says. "I can't give it to you. It's a secret—for now anyhow!"

"Oh, come on—do!" says the newspaper boys. "Give us something we can call you anyhow."

"Call me what you want," she says, tossing back her mop of bobbing hair like a football player and looking fine and big and handsome and careless. "Call me what you want. Call me Joan of Arc, why don't you?" she says, laughing. "She was out leading, fighting the soldiers, and maybe I will before this is through and we get our justice.

"Is It Possible?" Says the Advanced Retired Minister. "It's Not Only Possible But It's There Before Your Face"

(Continued on Page 138)

THE BLOODHOUND

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Holding the Professional Criminals of America So That the Jury Could Plainly Read the Title, He Opened the Book

"NEXT!" The dejected file of prisoners beneath the glaring windows stiffened and limped forward. There were twelve of them—the same number as the minor prophets, the apostles, the tribes of Israel and the officers of King Solomon—a bullet-headed negro in a red sweater, charged with vivisection during a crap game, bringing up the rear. The line bumped along beside the iron grating like a caterpillar, those behind butting forward those in front, turned the corner by the jury box and disgorged two prisoners before the bar of judgment. It was the first Monday in January—pleading day.

"Next!" repeated Phelan, the court captain, standing inside the rail, to McNamara, his whipper-in. "Lively now!"

McNamara turned to the head of the line.

"You two there! Step up here!"

Mr. Dougherty, the tiny, bald-headed clerk with the big mustaches that made him look like an animated mushroom, picked up the indictments on the top of the blue pile in front of him.

"Patrick Mooney and Daniel Mulligan," he intoned, as if officiating at the high altar of the cathedral, "you are jointly indicted for the crime of burglary in the third degree, grand larceny in the first degree, assault in the first degree, receiving stolen goods and carrying concealed weapons. How say you? Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Neither of the two made reply.

"Have you counsel?" sang Dougherty.

"Got a lawyer?" interpreted Captain Phelan.

There was a slight bustle on one of the nearer benches as a heavily built man with sideburns came forward.

"I appear for both defendants, Your Honor," said he. "They plead not guilty. Will Your Honor set the case down for the twenty-first for trial?"

The judge nodded and made a note, and the stout lawyer turned away, about to resume his seat.

"Next!" shouted Phelan to the world at large. "Next!"

The taller of the two prisoners—a plug-ugly—wheeled from the rail and started on the return trip. The other did not stir. He was a much smaller man, hardly five feet six, and of a different make altogether. He might have been your plumber, or electrician, or the grocer's clerk who takes your order at the side door; and though his demeanor was more timid than any of these it was, nevertheless, defiant—some spark of courage, or at least resolution, still surviving after his year in Sing Sing.

"Judge—Your Honor," he said huskily, twisting his cap in his hands—"this man don't represent me. I haven't got any lawyer."

Old Judge Watkins peered down from the dais at him over his reading glasses. He then looked after the retreating attorney.

"How's this, Mr. Hogan?" he asked. "I thought you said that you appeared for both defendants."

The attorney paused with a half smile.

"So I did, judge."

"The prisoner Mooney says you do not represent him."

"They're indicted together—for the same offense, committed at the same time. The defendant Mulligan's sister came to my office yesterday and retained me for both of 'em."

"Judge—Your Honor," repeated the man at the bar of justice stubbornly, "I don't know this lawyer and I don't know this man I'm indicted with. I never saw him before that night. I'm innocent, and I want a separate trial with my own lawyer."

Captain Phelan hoisted a blue shoulder and grinned at Mr. Dougherty. It was the old game—the old grandstand play—of seizing this opportunity to make a vigorous denial of guilt in the presence of the panel of jurors, newly assembled in court for a month's service, in the hope that by so doing one might avoid going on the stand later at one's trial, and so escape the disagreeable necessity of submitting to cross-examination upon one's record and earlier history.

"I only got out of prison Saturday, Your Honor," continued the prisoner Mooney, "after serving fourteen months—with an allowance off for good behavior. I'm in no hurry to get back either, believe me! Sunday night I was walking home, and this defendant, Mulligan, here, came along with a bag and began talking to me. Just then a bull jumped out and drew his gun on us. Clubbed me, into the bargain! See that lump on my forehead? He rapped for his side partner and they yanked us up to headquarters, and when they found out I'd been in stir they said I was due for another bit. Then the first cop said he found a gun on me. It's a plant, judge, I didn't have one. What would I want with a gun, judge? What I want is a chance to earn an honest living!"

He made his plea doggedly, yet with obvious hopelessness, for he no longer had any faith in "the course of justice."

Judge Watkins, sent down from Utica by his friend the governor to hold a special criminal trial term and so relieve the congestion in the Tombs Prison, beckoned to Mr. Dougherty, who elevated himself upon his glossy little tiptoes and held a whispered colloquy with His Honor across the edge of the dais. Behind the prisoner on the first row of benches a homely girl in a gray shawl, her broad honest face covered with a screen of freckles, leaned forward hungrily. She had waited for Mooney over a year; she would wait ten more if need be, or till they carried her out in a box feet first. She also had lost all faith in the supposed equality of the law. For Paddy had been railroaded because he had swatted Micky Morrison over in Fagan's saloon, Micky being heir apparent of the lower East Side, a friend of Bloodhound O'Brien, the assistant district attorney, and honorary colonel of the Pearl Button Kids; while Paddy Mooney was a stationary fireman in an office building, without political affiliations, and not even a member of the union. This he now perceived to have been a grievous lapse, due, however, only to the reason that they had sought to bully him into it, and he wouldn't be bullied.

Judge Watkins saw the tense look on the girl's face, and guessed its significance. For an upstate judge he knew a good deal about the big burg. There are no hicks these days, and Joey Watkins could have given many of his professional brethren—even those who had been born within sound of Trinity chimes—much valuable information as to the habits and customs of New York City. There are a lot of people who suppose that after Jerome cleaned up the Red Light District and jailed a few policemen the town became whiter than snow and has stayed so ever since! But wasn't Boss Tweed nearly sent up after the greatest political house cleaning ever staged by old Father Knickerbocker? Weren't the Tammany Tiger's ribs clearly visible for years? And would it not have died of starvation had it not been for the defeat of John Purroy Mitchel as recently as 1917? Yet has it changed its stripes? And after all, is a Republican cop—if there be such a thing—any different from a Tammany cop? Is not the nature of cops generic? Just as the nature of prosecutors is generic?

It is said somewhere by Frazer, in The Golden Bough, that mankind as a whole resembles the ocean, and that civilization, like the wind of heaven, merely ruffles the surface, leaving the depths untouched. So it is with municipal reforms. You can have torchlight processions galore and political-fusion love feasts and spasms of civic virtue, but cops will remain cops and crooks will remain crooks, and out of the enmity between their respective seeds will spring all the evils of any sort of warfare—brutality and malign trickery and *schrecklichkeit*. This hateful contest between human rats and human ferrets rarely fails to contaminate or at any rate to harden most of those who take part in it. For the rat is fighting for life. The danger to the youthful prosecutor, who out of a desire for public service seeks an appointment as an assistant district attorney, is that in the passion of the chase the conviction and punishment of some—to him—obviously guilty criminal may seem more important at the moment than the strict preservation of his own integrity or the unwavering maintenance of the principles of justice. Shall the

murderer go free simply because some foolish law prohibits hearsay evidence or the proving of more than one offense at the same time? Should we not praise, rather than condemn, the young enthusiast who is willing to sacrifice his virtue, his ideals, his very soul in order that some ruffian may hang? Should we not pay tribute to one who is willing to be damned for the glory of God?

Judge Watkins looked searchingly around the court room until his eye came to rest in a far corner.

"I will assign Mr. Ephraim Tutt to the case," said he, and at the summons the old lawyer arose from his seat and, stovepipe hat in hand, approached the bar.

At that moment the door was pushed violently open and Billy the Bloodhound, surrounded by his minions, entered. Ancient enemy faced ancient enemy.

II

IT MUST not be presumed from the foregoing philosophic disquisition that we intend to lay any floral offering upon the bier of William Francis O'Brien's moral reputation. Far from it! We desire to provide for him no apology, extenuation or excuse; and the reader may perhaps recall that he has hitherto at sundry times been described and figured in these pages as "the yellow dog of the district attorney's office," for that was exactly what he was—a legal bulldog or human bloodhound, as you may prefer. One who viewed it as his duty to his God, his country and himself to convict by any means at his command every hapless defendant brought to the bar of justice.

Through his pertinacity, his resourcefulness and his lack of scruple he had achieved great notoriety as a prosecutor. Lawyers feared him, defendants shuddered at the mere thought of facing his merciless cross-examination; for he was without consideration to the former or sympathy for the latter. He had no bowels or mercies. To achieve his end he astutely made use of a veneer of apparent honesty, of naïve enthusiasm, that often made him seem to juries merely a blunt, well-meaning blunderer. Yet there was no guile of serpent he did not possess, no venom not in his teeth.

Billy the Bloodhound, as he was called, was a more prominent figure in the Criminal Courts Building than District Attorney John Henry Peckham himself, who was content to have it so, since he shared the widespread belief that there had to be a crook in every law office, whether public or private. In fact, he found O'Brien more than a mere convenience, particularly because he could always count upon him for a conviction in any difficult case. As he used to say to his confidential friends: "If the Bloodhound hasn't got the necessary evidence—he goes and gets it!"

"Listen Here! It's a Cinch. I Caught This Guy Wit' a Bag of Goods"

Hence, because O'Brien was absolutely an asset and a valuable political go-between, the Hon. John Henry Peckham smothered his personal dislike for the dog and encouraged it to lick his hand. He also was forced to put up with his noise, and his overbearing and swashbuckling ways. For outside the court room—as well also, to be accurate, sometimes inside it—Billy the Bloodhound was a swaggering, blustering sort of legal bravo, wherever he went preceded, surrounded and followed by a cohort of sycophants, clerks, process servers, police officers on special detail, and admirers, who ran his errands, carried his books, bag and papers, bought his theater tickets, did his telephoning, acclaimed his coming and did him lip service, much as we may imagine some Roman senator of the same type to have been accompanied by his bodyguard of lictors who shoved the crowd aside at his approach. All this to Billy the Bloodhound was as the breath of his life, and he played the part, bellowing down the corridors, shouting from the elevators, kicking his slaves in the shins and then handing them out cigars, whispering out of the corner of his mouth about "the big fellow" and "the one next," with so effective an air of mystery that he had everybody buffaloed, and the crowd all swore among themselves and to him that he was the greatest little man on earth.

He was thickset, bullet-headed, with closely cropped reddish hair and freckly sandy skin, and his short aquiline nose and square chin would have made the features of a cigar-store Indian—alas, poor redskin, he deserves an apology!—seem filled with the milk of human kindness.

Everybody feared and kowtowed to him. People who wanted favors of Peckham went first to placate O'Brien, who was supposed to have the boss in his pocket; cops and detectives sought to have him handle their cases; judges were apt to try to conciliate him as a coming man politically, and as possibly the next district attorney. Whenever a star case, a *cause célèbre*, or any matter attracting public attention came into the office, O'Brien sent to the chief clerk for the papers, and grabbed it. He had even been known to send for the papers in a case already assigned to another assistant, and grab that too. He gave out interviews to the papers, assumed the office of "acting district attorney" whenever Peckham absented himself, and likewise frequently when the latter was there, and constituted himself pretty much the whole show.

If one stood for him he wasn't so bad, and if he hadn't been a crook he might easily have been a power for good instead of a power for evil. It was not easy to overestimate that power, for he was the grand vizier of the most powerful public officeholder in the United States, not even excepting the President himself. He could make or break a cop or blast the reputation of any man in the community at will. This the Honorable William Francis O'Brien!

"Oh, Sir," She Begged, "Don't Let Them Frame Him!"

Alas "the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"! What price beside him, poor old Ephraim Tutt?

But wait! There is life in the old dog yet—old Tutt, we mean! So far Billy the Bloodhound has but opened the door and entered the court room, and Mr. Tutt has but turned to gaze at him. Let us reserve our lamentations until we see what will happen when they meet. Will not the gods lend courage and strength to the kindly old lawyer, who never yet did aught but good, although mayhap he may have done it in queer ways? And who never retired wholly vanquished from the field of honorable battle?

So, heralds, your fanfares! And summon all to the lists to behold the contest between the Bloodhound and the knight of the stovepipe hat. Blow, bugles, blow! Set the echoes of the forum ringing for the legal joust! Court officers, bawl your best, with "Oyez! Oyez!" and "Hear ye! Hear ye!" pound the railings and shout the honest burghers out of their hats and into their seats, make them move up and on, close the windows, lock the door so that none may escape, and let all who have business in our honorable court now with due deference draw near, give your attention and let Mr. Tutt be heard!

III

BILLY THE BLOODHOUND strutted into the inclosure in front of the dais, bowed to the judge and preened himself before the gaping crowd—the little czar, the Pooh-Bah, the high-cockalorum of the Sessions—as the old lawyer was in the act of consulting his new client. Something about Mr. Tutt inspired Paddy Mooney with instant confidence, and while the court waited he hastily explained to him the circumstances surrounding his arrest. He had no witnesses, he said; he was being framed and he wanted to be tried at once. O'Brien swaggered to the bar.

"Well," he inquired roughly, "how do you plead? What are you going to do? You can't talk there forever."

Mr. Tutt smiled with the old-time courtesy he invoked when in his most dangerous mood.

"I am sorry to have unduly delayed the proceedings, Mr. O'Brien. We plead not guilty, and we ask an immediate trial."

It was at this moment that the devil, in the shape of Delaney the cop, leaned over the rail and plucked the Bloodhound's sleeve.

"S-st, Mr. O'Brien! Put the screws on him and he'll plead guilty. We've got him cold. Here's the gun I took off him—loaded."

He shoved the revolver into O'Brien's hand, and the latter, always willing to oblige, slipped it into his pocket.

"Has he got a record?" he asked sideways.

"Sure! Just out of stir. Caught him with a valise full of stuff he took out of a cigar store. He's an old-timer—Gas House Gang. If he won't plead, stick him right on trial. It's a pipe! A conviction sure!"

The Bloodhound nodded.

"Leave him to me! Here, you!"—addressing Mooney and Mr. Tutt together and as one—"plead guilty and I'll give you attempted grand in the second."

Mr. Tutt gravely shook his head.

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MY NAME is J. Poindexter. But the full name is Jefferson Exodus Poindexter, Colored. But most always in general I has been known as Jeff, for short. The Jefferson part is for a white family which my folks worked for them one time before I was born, and the Exodus is because my mammy craved I should be named after somebody out of the Bible. How I comes to write this is this way:

It seems like my experiences here in New York is liable to be such that one of my white gentleman friends he says to me I should take pen in hand and write them out just the way they happen and at the time they is happening, or right soon afterwards, whilst the memory of them is clear in my brain; and then he'll see if he can't get them printed somewheres, which on top of the other things which I now is will make me an author, with money coming in steady. He says to me he will fix up the spelling wherever needed and attend to the punctuating; but all the rest of it will be my own just like I puts it down. I reads and writes very well, but someway I never learned to puncture. So the places where it is necessary to be punctual to make good sense and keep everything regular and make the talk sound natural is his doings, and also some of the spelling. But everything else is mine and I asks credit.

My coming to New York, in the first place, is sort of a sudden thing which starts here about a month before the present time. I has been working for Judge Priest for going on sixteen years, and is expecting to go on working for him as long as we can get along together all right, which it seems like from appearances that ought to be always. But after he gives up being circuit judge on account of him getting along so in age he gets sort of fretful, by reason of not having much to do any more and most of his own friends having died off on him. When the state begins going Republican about once in so often he says to me, kind of half joking, he's a great mind to pull up stakes and move off and go live somewheres else. But pretty soon after that the whole country goes dry, and then he says to me there just naturally ain't no fitten place left for him to go to without he leaves the United States.

The old boss man he broods a right smart over this going-dry business. Being a judge and all, he's always been a great hand for upholding the law. But this here is one law which he cannot uphold and yet go on taking of his sweetening drams steady the same as he's been used to doing all his life. And from the statements which he lets fall from time to time I gleans that he can't hardly make up his mind which one of the two of them—law or liquor—he's going to favor the most when the pinch comes and the supply in the dine-room cupboard begins running low. Every time he starts off for a little trip somewheres and has to tote a bottle along in his hip pocket instead of being able to walk into a grocery and refresh himself over the bar like he's been doing for mighty nigh sixty years, I hears him speaking mumbling* words to himself. I hears him saying it's come to a pretty pass when a Kentucky gentleman has either got to compromise with his conscience or play a low-down trick on his appetite. Off and on, it certainly does pester him mightily.

Then He Says to Me How Would I Like to Take a Trip to New York City? I Thinks He Must be Funning

But just about the middle of the present summer he gets a letter from his married niece, her which used to be Miss Sally Fanny Priest but is now married to a Yankee gentleman named Fairchild and living in Denver, Colorado. Miss Sally Fanny is the closest kinfolks the old judge has got left in the world, and she ups and writes to him and invites him to come on out there where she lives and stay a spell with them and then toward winter go along with her to a place called Bermuda, which, it seems like from what she says in the letter, Bermuda is one of these here localities where you still can keep on having a toddy when you feels like it, without breaking the law. So he studies about it a while and then he says to me one night he believes he'll go, which he does along about four weeks ago, leaving me behind to sort of look out for the home place out on Clay Street.

My wages goes on the same as if he was there, and I has but little to do; but the place seems mighty lonesome to me without the old boss man pottering round doing this and that and the other thing. I certainly does miss seeing the sight of him. Every time I walks through the front part of the house, and it all empty and closed up and smelling kind of musted, and sees his old umbrella hanging on the front-hall hatrack, where he forgot and left it there the day he went away, I gets a kind of a low feeling in my mind. It's like having the toothache in a place where there ain't no tooth to have it in.

And I keeps on thinking about the old days when he'd be setting out on the front porch as night time come on, with some of them old-time friends of his dropping in on him, and me bringing them drinks from the sideboard, and them laughing and smoking and joking and carrying on; or else maybe talking about the Confederate war and the Battle of Shiloh and all. But most of them is now dead and gone, and the old judge is away out yonder in Denver, Colorado, a-many and a-many a mile from me; and about all I can hear as I comes up the walk from the front gate after dark is the katydids calling in silver-leaf trees, and all I can hear when I unlocks the door and goes inside is one of them old chimney swifts up the chimney, going "Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!" I've took notice before now that an empty house which it has always been empty ain't half so lonesome for you to be in it as one which has been lived in by people you knowed but they have now gone entirely away.

So after about two weeks of being alone I gets so restless I feels like I can't stand it very much longer without breaking loose someway. So one Sunday about half past two o'clock in the evening I'm going on past a young white gentleman by the name of Mr. Dallas Pulliam's house, and he comes out on his front porch and calls over to me and tells me to come on in there 'cause he wants to talk to me about something. So I crosses over from the other side of the street and walks up to the porch steps and takes off my hat and asks him how he is getting along and he says he ain't got no complaint; and he asks me how is I getting along my own self, and I tells him just sort of toler'ble so-and-so, and then he says to me how would I like to take a trip to New York City? I thinks he must be funning. But I says to him, I says, "How come New York City, Mr. Dallas?"

So he tells me that here lately he's been studying a right smart about going to New York and staying there a spell on a sort of a vacation like, and if he likes it maybe he'll settle there and go into business. He says he's about made up his mind to take some likely black boy along with him for to be his body servant and look after his clothes and things and everything, and he's thinking that maybe I might be the one to fill the bill; and then he says to me, "How about it, Jeff? Want to go along and give the town the once-over or not?"

I sees then he is not funning but is making me a straight business proposition. I thanks him and says to him that I has ever had the crave to follow traveling far and wide, and that I likewise has often heard New York spoke of as a very pleasant place to go to, by them which has done so, and also a place where something or other is going on most of the time. But I says to him I'm afraid I can't go on account I'm under obligations to Judge Priest by reason of us having been together so long and him having left me in complete utter charge of the house. He says, though, he thinks maybe he can attend to that part of it all right; he says he'll write a letter to the judge argufying about

*Note by Jeff's amanuensis: In the part of the Union from which Jeff hails, and among his race, the word "mumbling" denotes complaint, peevishness, a querulous utterance.

what's come up and he's pretty sure it can be fixed up so's I can go. He says if I don't like the job after I gets there he'll pay my way back home again any time I wants to come, or when the old judge needs me, either one. He says he ain't adopting me; he's just borrowing me.

I always has liked Mr. Dallas Pulliam, him being one of the most free-handed young white gentlemen in town. Of course, off and on, I've heard the rest of the white folks hurrahing him behind his back about the way he's handled all that there money which was left to him here a few years back when his paw died. There was that time when he bought a sugar plantation down in Louisiana, sight onseen, and when he went down to see it couldn't do so without he'd 'a' done a whole heap of bailing out first, by reason of its being under three feet of standing water. Anyway, that's what I heard tell; though I reckon it wasn't noways as bad as some of the white folks let on. And there was that other time only a few months back when he decided to start up a buggy factory. I overhears Judge Priest speaking about that one day to Doctor Lake.

"That young man, Dallas Pulliam, certainly is a sagacious and a farseein' person," he says. "Jest when automobiles had got so cheap that every hill-billy in the county kin afford to own at least one he's fixin' to go into the buggy-factory business on an extensive scale. Next time I run into him I'm goin' to suggest to him that when the buggy trade seems to sort of slack up, ez possibly it may, that instid of layin' off his hands he should start in to turnin' out flintlock muskets fur the U. S. Army."

I suspicion that Judge Priest or somebody must have spoke to Mr. Dallas along those same lines, because he didn't go into the buggy business, after all. For the past several months he ain't been doing much of anything so far as I knows except pranking round and courting Miss Henrietta Farrell.

Well, white folks may poke their fun at him unbeknownst, but he's got manners suitable to make him popular with me. He's the kind of a white gentleman that's this here way: He'll wear a new necktie or a fancy vest about three or four times, and then he'll get tired of it and pass it on to the first one that comes along. Moreover, him and me is mighty near the same size, and I knows full well in advance just from looking at him that Sunday evening standing there on his porch that the very suit of clothes which he's got on then will fit me without practically no alterations. It's a checked suit, too, and mighty catchy to the eye. So right off I tells him if Judge Priest gives his free will and consent I'll certainly be down at the depot when that old engine whistle blows for to get aboard for New York City. Which he then asks me for Miss Sally Fanny's address and promises he'll write out there that very night to find out can I go.

It's curious how news does travel round in a place that's the right size for everybody in it to know everybody else's business. Before night it has done leaked out somehow that I is seriously considering accepting going to New York with young Mr. Dallas Pulliam, and by next morning, lo and behold, if it ain't all over town! Wherever I goes pretty near everybody I meets, whites and blacks alike, asks me how about it and allows I'm powerful lucky to get such a chance. Mostly, in times gone by, when my race goes North they heads for Chicago, Illinois, or maybe Detroit, Michigan, or Indianapolis, Indiana. No sooner do they get there than they begins writing back saying that up North is the only fitten place for colored folks to be at; wages high, times easy and white folks calling you mister and everything pleasant like that. They writes that there is not no Jim Crow cars nor separate seats for colored at the moving pictures nor nothing like that. But I has taken notice that after a while most of 'em quits writing back and starts coming back. Some stays but more returns, and is verging on shouting happy when they crosses the Ohio River coming in. From what I hears some of 'em say after they gets home and has got a full meal of vittles inside of them, and so is got more time to talk, I has made up my mind that so far as my own color is concerned, the main difference from the South is this: Up North they calls you mister, but they don't feed you!

Still, New York City ain't Chicago, Illinois, nor yet it ain't Detroit, Michigan; and besides, working for Mr. Dallas Pulliam, I won't have to be worrying about when does I eat next. Still, even so, I says to myself that it won't be no harm to inquire round, now that the word is done leaked out anyhow, and learn something more than what little I knows about New York City. But it seems like, outside of some few white folks, there is not nobody I knows who's ever been there, excusing a few head of draft boys which went there enduring of the early part of the war; and they wouldn't scarcely count, neither, on account of them just passing through and not staying over only a short time whilst waiting for the boat to start. Howsomever, they tells me, one and all, that from what they did see of it they is willing to recommend it very highly.

One or two of the white gentlemen which I is well acquainted with, they tells me the same too. Mr. Jere Fairleigh, he takes me into his law office when I meets him on the street and speaks to him about it; and he gets a book all about New York down off of one of his shelves and he reads to me where the book says that in New York there is more of these here Germans than there is in any German city except one, and more Russians than there is in any Russia city except none, and more Italians than there is in any Italy city except one, and more Hungarians than there is in any Hungry city at all, and so on and so forth. I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Jere, it seem lak they is mo' of ever' nation in New York then whut they is anywhares else. But they does not 'pear to be nothin' said 'bout 'Merikins. How come, suh?"

He says he reckons there's so few of them there that the man which wrote the book didn't figure it was worth while putting them in. Still, he says I'll probably run into somebody once in a while which speaks the United States language.

"Most every policeman does," he says. "I understand it's the law that they have to be able to speak it before they'll let 'em go on the force, so as they can understand the foreigners that come over from the mainland of North America to visit in New York."

The way he looks—so sort of serious—when he says that, I can't tell if he's in earnest or not. I judges, though, that he's just having his fumdiddles with me. And then he goes on and tells me that the biggest of everything and the tallest and the richest and the grandest is found there,

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He's Very Cheering in His Ways, Telling Mr. Dallas That He Must be Good Friends With Mr. Bellows and the Three Ladies

SOME MISCHIEF STILL

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AS HE inserted his latchkey and scuffed his muddied shoes on the rubber doormat, Mr. Weldon mechanically arranged his features in that expression which his thirty-two years of matrimony had demonstrated to be infallibly provocative. If he came in wearing the look of a repository of inviolable confidences he could be certain of an audience actively and singly attentive, of a cross-examination that gave him the center of the stage. Otherwise, even such news as he bore on this occasion would fall flatly on ears only perfunctorily heedful. He came in almost furtively, as one who would prefer to avoid notice.

In the doorway of the room denominated as the library, he paused to inspect approvingly the erect and energetic woman who wrote at the old secretary. He had never lost that proprietary pride in Carrie. There were force and decision and adequacy in the very scratch of her pen. She did not look up, but she saw him, he perceived, with the back of her head.

"You're late again, Arthur. And just look at your shoes!"

Her pen sped on. Mr. Weldon dropped an apprehensive glance at his feet, and was reassured. That was just habit; he hadn't tracked in any of the mud from Phil's back yard. He coughed with intention. If he didn't answer she'd look around presently, and rise to the bait of his guilty countenance. He observed that the pen slowed, hesitated. Carrie turned sharply, her shrewd, alert eyes instantly accusing.

"You're trying to make me think that you know something I don't," she declared. "Are you ready for supper? It's been waiting."

Mr. Weldon preserved a bold front. "All right. Come on, then."

She prolonged her inspection. He could see her succumb to that infallible look, see her eyes turn wistful, like a little girl's. His conscience pricked him feebly. It was a shame to tease Carrie—she detested being in the dark about anything.

She surrendered just as he was on the point of volunteering his sensation. As she adjusted her napkin she narrowed her eyes.

"You've been at Shirley's, Arthur. What's she up to now?"

He paused to pay a pleased mental tribute to her penetration. Sharp as they made 'em, Carrie.

"Chickens." He liked the eloquent brevity of that. As he saw his wife's blank bewilderment he was distinctly aware of a kind of gratitude toward his daughter-in-law. Poor, dear Shirley! After all, it wasn't her fault that she'd been spoiled.

"Chickens!" Carrie's tone conveyed the suggestion that, prepared for almost any other revelation, this one had taken even her in an unguarded quarter. "You don't mean that she's going to keep ——"

He nodded, buttering a biscuit. "She's subscribed to a correspondence course in it; you start with two hens and a rooster and surprise your husband by paying off the mortgage and buying a marble clock for the parlor. Showed me a photograph of the woman who did it—and the clock too."

Carrie inhaled audibly and eloquently. "Couldn't you talk her out of it? She—she surely hasn't really begun?"

Mr. Weldon chuckled. "Oh, no! Shirley never really begins, does she?"

The delicate irony of the reply brought a visible and delightful consternation to Carrie's look. He decided not to wait for detailed interrogation. There was no doubt at all about Carrie's attention. He could afford to be generous with his news now.

"Just as Lief Stay Here for Supper," He Declared. "Just 'a Lief 'a Not, Carrie"

"Found her standing over Abednego—out behind the garage, building a coop out of the piano box. Right spang in the middle of the asparagus bed too. You ought to have seen it!"

He wagged his head reminiscently.

"I was there this afternoon too; and she didn't say a word of any such ——" Carrie's lips tightened. "She wouldn't, of course. I'd have put my foot down on any hare-brained nonsense like that in short order, and she knows it. Chickens! In a piano box! And that lovely house!" Her tone changed. "Did you hear about the four-poster?"

Mr. Weldon hurriedly slurred his negative. Furniture was apt to lead to detailed description and narrative. "Don't worry about the piano-box part of it; I fixed that all right. If she's bound to fool with chickens she'll do it right, anyway. I made her see that a first-class plant would be more apt to pay." He winked. "You can't make Shirley drop an idea, but you can most generally get her to let you help, if you're canny. We're going to build a nice up-to-date chicken run—together."

He winked again, almost anxiously this time, as he observed the symptoms of preoccupation in his wife's eyebrows.

"She was going to put that beautiful four-poster in the spare room; just because that fool Lyddy told her about old Martha Sprowl dying in it! She told me that her guests wouldn't know, and that she did! I declare I almost lose my patience with that child sometimes! After I spent four years wheedling that bed out of Martha—a perfect Hepplewhite, you remember, Arthur."

"About that chicken scheme," said Mr. Weldon, clinging to an ebbing hopefulness; "I'm going to keep an eye on it so that she can't lose too much or worry Phil with it. I got Brewer up and we figured on a ——"

"She was going to have frankfurters for lunch. I came in just in time to stop that, when I was there this morning. After I'd told her how dangerous they are too."

Mr. Weldon sighed. He would have enjoyed telling Carrie about the chicken house and the wire runs. And he thought wistfully of those frankfurters which Phil had almost had for lunch. You couldn't convince Carrie that sausages weren't necessarily poisonous.

"I was afraid of it the minute I saw her," Carrie declared. "You know what I said to you, that very day, Arthur. She's pretty and she's nice, but—there ought to be a law against spoiling children as she was spoiled, poor dear! You'd hardly believe that anybody so sweet and lovable could have been so stubborn about that four-poster! I don't know what would become of poor Phil if I didn't ——"

"Stood out against me about the chicken house too," said Mr. Weldon, brightening. "Perfectly bound to make it out of the piano box, because the woman in the testimonial did it. Good thing for Phil we can spare the time to look after her. One mess after another if we didn't."

"It's mean to talk about her this way." Carrie's face softened. "After all, she's a dear child, and devoted to Phil. That's a great deal. And she'll learn, of course; she's just a baby, still."

"We can see that she doesn't get into any bad scrapes," Mr. Weldon reflected. "It isn't as if I was all tied up in business. I can keep an eye on this chicken scheme just as easy as not. If I was still running the bank it would be different." He brightened. "Brewer's got a first-class idea for that house, Carrie. He says ——"

"She's never had anything to do except play," said Carrie, "and she's been taught that she can have anything she wants to play with if she'll just insist on it. Remember what she told us about crying for that ice wagon till her father actually bought it for her? What could you expect of a girl brought up like that? All we can do is to let her have her playthings and see that they don't do her any more harm than we can help. I can always keep an eye on the housekeeping—and those darkies need one. Lyddy hadn't swept under the spare-room bed for a month!"

Mr. Weldon clicked his tongue sympathetically against his teeth.

"It's lucky we've got time to look after her," he repeated. "She'd have made a fine mess of that asparagus bed if I hadn't happened to be around." He brightened. "Brewer told me a funny yarn while we were working out the plans, Carrie. There was a pair of brothers that swapped horses, Yankees they were, and one of 'em stuck the other good and plenty ——"

"And the one that was cheated sold the horse to his mother," said Mrs. Weldon with a sudden acidity. "You told me that story before we were married, Arthur."

She subsided into a silence he recognized as intensely meditative. He devoted himself submissively to his plate. Funny that Carrie had such a good memory for stories, and never told any. He'd forgotten that one absolutely. He chuckled contentedly over it; probably it was old enough to be new again; other people didn't remember so clearly as Carrie did.

"I've got it!" Carrie looked up triumphantly. "I knew I'd think of something for that bare space in the living room. There's a tilt-table up at Abner Gough's that's the very thing. I'd have bought it long ago if I'd had a place for it. I must get up there to-morrow."

Mr. Weldon nodded. Carrie's enthusiasm for ancient pieces of furniture was not infectious, but he had learned to accept it with a certain philosophy. It became clear, after three more experiments, that Carrie regarded the chicken project as conversationally exhausted. He sighed as his last attempt went wrong. He sighed again as he pushed back his chair. The evening acquired a sudden dismaying perspective; it was a long time till ten o'clock, he thought.

The evening paper was duller than usual. He glanced cautiously above its rim at Carrie, knitting resolutely, her feet on the hassock.

"It's a fine night, Carrie. Kind of a pity to stay in the house. What say we go take a little walk—get some air?"

She eyed him calmly, as if to make it clear that the device was transparent. He returned the scrutiny defiantly.

"We could stop at Phil's," he proceeded, unashamed. "Just a few minutes." She tightened her lips. "You could measure that bare space and see if the tilt-table'd fit," he added. "Come on, Carrie. Do you good."

She lowered the knitting. "Well - —"

"Go get your hat." He had a sudden inspiration. "It's Lyddy's night out; you could help Shirley with her dishes."

Carrie's feet left the hassock with a thump. "I should say so! I forgot all about that! She'd wash the silver in cold water."

Mr. Weldon click-clicked sympathetically, and moved to the hatrack.

XI

SOMETHING in Shirley's look gave Mr. Weldon pause at the most important stage of his discourse regarding the new bone cutter. He stopped, and fumbled for a frown, which he abandoned before it emerged upon his countenance. Shirley's deep opaque eyes held his fast, Shirley's slow smile dared him to disappoint it, Shirley's fingers clutched his lapels a trick which brought her close enough to whisper.

You just couldn't be sensibly severe with Shirley, he informed himself; it wasn't her fault that she was so so irresponsible. They'd spoiled her systematically all her life, until she expected everybody to keep on spoiling her. You might as well scold a butterfly for not being a bee. He discovered that he was grinning back at his daughter-in-law, instead of reminding her that this was her chicken business, and that, after shamelessly leaving all the work of getting it started to a man who had advised her against it in the first place, she ought in mere decency to show a little interest in its success.

"I've got the most won-der-ful secret to tell you!" Shirley's whisper floated on a little laughing undertone, round and sweet and smooth, that always made Mr. Weldon think, absurdly, of cream.

He strove to rally a wavering common sense. She had announced the chicken project in exactly this fashion, he remembered

"What are you up to this time?" In spite of an honest endeavor it sounded indulgent, almost approving. He struggled against his grin. Shirley laughed softly, excitedly.

"I'm not up to it—I'm in it! I kept it all to myself until I got the deeds. And you're the very first and only person I've told."

"Deeds?" The word had an ominous sound. Deeds could only mean real estate, and buying property was, in Mr. Weldon's code, the most entirely solemn form that human business could assume. He felt his jaw muscles slacken and his brows lift. "Deeds—what deeds?"

Again Shirley laughed. "The deeds to that darling little lodge—at the turn in the road over there." She released one lapel in order to point. "At least I've always called it a lodge."

"You mean Ham Calhoun's shanty?"

Mr. Weldon was aghast. That tumbledown relic that Ham Calhoun had been trying to sell ever since it got too rickety for storing corn!

If she'd actually bought that ——

"Yes; I wanted it the first time I saw it, and now I've got it! I had to wait till my dividends came in."

"Ham Calhoun's shanty!" Mr. Weldon heard in his voice the thickened diction of one who talks across the border of a troubled sleep. "What on earth did you want it for, Shirley?"

She twisted her face into an absurd counterfeit of a scowl.

"Oh, dear, I did hope you wouldn't say that! I hate to have people ask me why I want things—as if wanting was a crime that could only be excused by ex-extenuating circumstances! Why should I think up some tiresome sensible reason for wanting what I want? I know I want it, don't I? And isn't that all that matters?"

A dim relief expanded in Mr. Weldon's troubled spirit. After all, it wasn't so bad as it might have been. She couldn't have paid very much for that shack, at the worst of it, and as long as it wasn't just a preface to another of her notions —

"Something in that, when you look at it," he conceded. "I only meant to ask what you aimed to do with it; thought you bought it to—to use, some way."

Shirley beamed on him. "Oh, I see! I thought you were just—just criticizing. But you weren't; and you guessed that I—or haven't you guessed what I'm going to do with it?"

Mr. Weldon felt the jaw muscles relax again. He managed to shake his head. Shirley seized his lapels.

"I'm going to start a wayside inn! Of course I'll have to fix the house up first, but I know—I just know it's going to be a perfectly gorgeous success. There's ever so much travel on that road; even now, when summer hasn't started, there are heaps and heaps of cars going by. And there's no place in Grimfield except that horrible Battle House and the awful Greek restaurant."

"A—a wayside inn?" Mr. Weldon contemplated the announcement stonily. This girl, who couldn't be trusted to wash a dish without Carrie's eye on her! He must plant his foot firmly and finally on this project; if she ever tried any such crazy scheme —— Shirley, who could be browbeaten into abject submission by that sullen yellow wench Lyddy, every time Carrie turned her back! He examined his vocabulary for fit words.

"Now, Shirley—let's talk this thing over, you and me, before you go setting your heart on it." He observed symptoms of a pout and a quiver of Shirley's sensitive lower lip, and panic woke in him. "Don't you go get a notion that I'm against you, because I'm not. Didn't I back you up on this chicken business, when they all thought it was crazy? No, sir; I'm on your side, same as always. But it's Phil I'm thinking about. Strikes me you're forgetting that he needs a lot of your time."

"I'm not forgetting! As if I could! But Phil's away all day; and I'd always be at home when he was."

"That's so, of course." He felt that it was diplomatic to agree with her as much as possible. "That's absolutely right, Shirley; but how about the house? Who's going to run it if you go and get a restaurant on your hands?"

Shirley gurgled joyously. "You're so funny! You just ask mother about my housekeeping! She's too sweet to tell me, but she knows. I've tried and tried to learn, but

(Continued on Page 71)

He Struck a Match. Shirley, Beside Him, Emitted a Delighted Cry at a Litter of Discarded Furniture

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

Joseph McKenna

IX

MELVILLE E. STONE, general manager of the Associated Press in 1896, was present during the conference of the McKinley managers in the Southern Hotel, June 12, 1896, when the gold-standard plank was written.

Mr. Stone, in his interesting book, Fifty Years a Journalist, writes as follows:

The "Major," as we called McKinley in those days, was a friend. Four or five days before the St. Louis Convention he had asked me to come to his home at Canton, and I went there. We sat for a long afternoon on the porch of his cottage. He had received at the hands of Mr. Robert W. Patterson, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, a proposed plank for the platform to be adopted at the St. Louis Convention. It referred to the monetary question and declared in a modified way for bimetallism. I was president of the Globe National Bank of Chicago at the time, and he did me the honour to ask my view of Patterson's proposal. I promptly told him that there was no such thing as bimetallism possible. I used the well-known illustration of the yardstick, and assured him that two yardsticks of different length could not be. In truth, Major McKinley had no settled opinion in respect of the matter, and he said he was convinced that the financial question would, after all, not be the issue of the coming campaign. I challenged this view, and, having in mind some things that had happened, said that neither he nor the National Convention could determine the issue, and that the people would in the end do this. Finally, he told me that Charles Emory Smith was drafting the platform, and he asked me to see him in St. Louis and try to settle the matter.

The thing that had happened, and which forced me to believe that the silver question and not the tariff was to be the issue, was the action of the Peoria Convention of the Democratic Party in Illinois, which had already been held. The controlling force in that convention was a very astute politician, Governor John P. Altgeld of Chicago. He had thrust the issue of bimetallism into the Peoria Convention and secured the passage of a resolution declaring for a 16-to-1 standard. But for the fact that he was born in Germany, and therefore ineligible to the office of President of the United States, it is not unlikely that he would have been the national Democratic candidate that year.

The story of the adoption of the gold-standard plank at the Republican National Convention has frequently been told, yet not always accurately. When I arrived in St. Louis I found a good deal of confusion. I was called into a conference of Major McKinley's friends. Those present were H. H. Kohlsaat, editor of the Chicago Times-Herald; ex-Governor W. R. Merriam of Minnesota; the Hon. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio; Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont; the Hon. Henry C. Payne of Milwaukee, and Mark Hanna. As manager for the McKinley force Mr. Hanna found himself in a difficult position. Several Western states were earnestly for free-silver coinage. Mr. Hanna, therefore, while personally a gold-standard man, was unwilling to take the responsibility of actively participating in the fight against a declaration for bimetallism. After repeated conferences a resolution committing the Republican Party to the gold standard was agreed to.

The most urgent and uncompromising advocate of a gold plank was Mr. Kohlsaat. My only part in the framing of the plank was to write in the word "inviolable" in the pledge to "maintain (inviolable) the obligations of the United States at the existing standard."

Dear Kohlsaat.

Below is answer to the question you have propounded to me

In view of statements and questions now current in the public press relating to my name in connection with the Secretaryship of the Treasury, I deem it proper to say—

1st: That I have not been tendered appointment to that position.

2nd: Should that office be tendered to me, I should not feel at liberty to decline it.

3rd: If Mr. McKinley is considering my name in connection with the Treasury Portfolio, but shall finally determine upon some other man for that high office, I shall feel no sense of disappointment or chagrin, but shall congratulate myself that personal sacrifice in many directions is not required of me.

Chicago June 23 1897 Lyman J. Gage

PHOTO, FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE
Lyman J. Gage

After the wording of the resolution had been finally agreed upon it was necessary to submit it to Major McKinley. A long-distance telephone line between the Southern Hotel in St. Louis and the McKinley cottage in Canton had been established, and Mr. Hanna and I went to the St. Louis end of the wire in the basement of the hotel to read the plank to the waiting candidate at Canton. It was a new experience for Mr. Hanna, and he could not make himself heard. I therefore read the resolution. Major McKinley asked if that had been fully agreed upon by his friends, to which I replied that it had. Reluctantly he acquiesced in it, but asked if it was not possible to introduce a modifying phrase pledging the Republican Party to promote an international agreement for the free coinage of silver. In obedience to this suggestion such a phrase was introduced, and the plank was later adopted by the Convention.

Mr. McKinley's campaign, carried on from his cottage at Canton, was a remarkable one. Although he had never given the financial question very serious consideration, and certainly had no adequate conception of the business when nominated, he delivered speech after speech of such cogency as to command the attention and admiration of every student of finance.

X

IN 1912 Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, wrote he was clearing up his papers at eighty, and was returning to me the following letter I wrote July 1, 1896, ten days after the convention, as he thought it would be interesting after sixteen years:

July 1, 1896.

HORACE WHITE, ESQ.,
The Evening Post,
N. Y. City.

My dear Mr. White I have just read the enclosed article taken from the Evening Post of Monday, June 29th. I do not know Mr. Angell and never heard of him, but he is evidently a friend of Mr. Herrick and the plank was probably sent to him by Mr. Herrick. The article is correct in every way, excepting that Senator Lodge saw the plank as you have it printed on the Monday morning. He said it suited him perfectly with the one exception that he would strike out the two words "and unlimited." He thought that the plank would be stronger if it read "we are opposed to the free coinage of silver." He said that was all the change he would make and asked me for a copy of the plank. I handed him the copy I now enclose to you. His secretary struck off copies and I understand that Mr. Lodge took them to different eastern men and said that they had been given him by one of Governor McKinley's closest friends, that it was the plank that had been agreed upon by the McKinley management and that would be presented to the committee on resolutions.

The original phraseology of the plank is to a large extent McKinley's own excepting that his plank read "The Republican party caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payment in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold and we pledge ourselves to keep it so." It was thought that it would be stronger to say that "we believed the existing gold standard should be preserved" and so Governor McKinley's draft was changed. On Thursday, June 11th, the leading Republicans of Michigan, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska protested against using the word "gold" in the platform. They said that it would need a great amount of explanation to their constituents—that the free coinage people would claim that it meant the abolishment of silver and paper money and that nothing but gold would be in circulation.

On Friday in the conference the plank read "We believe the existing standard should be maintained." This was done because of the earnest appeals of men from the states I have mentioned. Of course the gold standard could not win if the electoral vote from those states was lost; consequently their appeals had great weight. There were seven in the conference and they thought it was perhaps unnecessary to slap the voters of the middle western states in the face by inserting the word "gold" contrary to their wishes. I took the position that it was cowardice not to put the word "gold" in because that was what the words "existing standard" meant and I said that we had better have a straight-out fight and avoid dodging. The conference lasted five hours and at the end of that time the word was put in as you see it in this original copy.

Our mutual friend Mr. M. E. Stone is responsible for the change which reads "to the extent only as its parity with gold can be maintained" and also for the word "inviolably." In the last line you will see that the word "standard" occurs twice—"at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth." This was the suggestion of Senator Proctor of Vermont, a warm friend of McKinley and the only eastern man in the conference. The senator remarked at the time he put it in that the strongest words possible should be used as every word in the plank ought to weigh a ton.

I have been somewhat surprised at the claims of Senator Lodge and Mr. Platt that the East dictated the plank. The McKinley managers had 564 votes (100 more than was necessary), to pass a plank which would simply declare against the free coinage of silver and in favor of maintaining the existing standard. They also could have adopted what is known as the Indiana plank. The 238 votes of New England, New York and Pennsylvania were simply added to the majority which McKinley already controlled.

You will notice that in McKinley's speech to the notification committee he took occasion to say that the people did not complain of the administration borrowing money and issuing bonds to preserve our credit, which means that he would do what he told me a week ago he would do, *viz.* use all the power vested in the chief executive to maintain the treasury reserve. He said, "I have no sympathy with the demagogic appeals to the prejudices of the people against Cleveland issuing bonds; he did what every patriotic man should do and nothing but his duty." He told me that if the Republican party should be successful at the

polls in November it would be their first duty upon coming into power to adopt measures to provide sufficient revenue to run the government and pay off its indebtedness—that he would not give out an office until he had satisfactory legislation, and until such legislation could become operative he would use all the power vested in the President to maintain the gold reserve. There is no necessity for his coming out and saying so at this time, for I assure you, Mr. White, we have a battle on our hands in this section of the country and McKinley must do nothing to detract from his personal popularity, for that is one of the strongest factors of his success. I honestly believe that if Mr. Morton had been nominated on a gold platform it would have been impossible for us to carry Illinois against Altgeld and free silver. Altgeld is extremely strong with the labor people.

Please return this original draft of the plank, as I wish to have it framed and preserve it. I would not part with it for considerable money.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) H. H. KOHLSAAT.

The New York Evening Post printed several editorials in 1896 ridiculing the claims of Flatt and Lodge that they wrote the gold plank.

XI

IN JULY, 1896, the Democratic National Convention met in Chicago. The dominant figure was Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois. Born in Germany, he was ineligible for the Presidency or would in all probability have been the nominee. He was an ardent advocate of free silver, and as the Democratic State Convention, held at Peoria a few weeks before, instructed the delegates to the national convention to vote for free silver by something like 1000 to 3 votes for gold, Altgeld had the backing of his party in Illinois for his heresy.

The great speech of the convention was made by a handsome, virile young fellow, William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. His "Cross of Gold" speech set the convention wild.

Maj. Moses P. Handy, chief of the editorial page of the Times-Herald, on his return from the hall came into my room in great excitement and said he had just heard the greatest speech of his life and predicted Bryan's nomination next day. Bryan was almost unknown until he made his speech. Few of the newspapers had photographs of him. The Times-Herald was fortunate enough to have a very good one. I sent for Mr. Von Hofsten, our best pen-sketch artist, and asked him to make a five-column drawing of Bryan and do his best. It was printed on the front page under the caption "Probable Nominee Today's Convention" running across seven columns. About five o'clock next morning some of Bryan's friends ordered five thousand copies, which they took to the convention hall. They pinned them on their breasts and fastened them to brooms and marched round and round the hall, headed by a band, yelling "Bryan! Bryan! William Jennings Bryan!"

Mr. Bryan told me later he thought the picture had a lot to do with his receiving the nomination and asked for the original drawing, which was sent to Mrs. Bryan.

The campaign was probably the most exciting in the history of the country; street parades almost daily, and at noon and night the busy corners of the downtown streets were filled by crowds listening to free-silver orators standing on soap boxes.

All outward appearances indicated that silver would win, and good political judges predicted Illinois would give 100,000 majority for Bryan; but sober second thought prevailed, and McKinley carried the state by something like 160,000.

Millions of pamphlets written in simple language were sent broadcast showing the fallacy of free silver. There has probably never been a presidential campaign where so much money was spent, and, I believe, legitimately. There was no purchase of votes.

The silver mine owners contributed a huge sum to the campaign and paid for the circulation of a book called Coin, written by a man named Harvey. It was written simply and quoted treasury figures which to many were unanswerable. I paid Harvey to write a column a day, reserving the right to print a parallel column in reply. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, professor of political economy in the University of Chicago, answered Harvey's arguments daily. After the articles had been running less than a week Harvey came to see me and asked who was answering him. He was told Professor Laughlin. He declined to go on with his contract.

Governor Altgeld delivered a speech in the Auditorium; the house was packed. I read his speech while he was delivering it. He made such a strong argument I telephoned Professor Laughlin to come to the office. After reading Altgeld's effort he said, "If the governor's figures of the condition of the treasury were correct the speech is unanswerable, but he has deliberately lied and given false figures."

The Times-Herald printed the speech in full, but put Professor Laughlin's short statement in a box at the head of the column. A few days later I met Altgeld in a street car. He said, "Kohlsaat, that was a dirty trick you played on me."

The gold-standard people organized parades all over the country. Toward the end of October heads of business houses, bank presidents and men of large affairs, Democrats and Republicans, tramped miles through the streets, followed by their employes. As Election Day drew near business was paralyzed—the banks declined to make loans, fear took possession of the business community. Every voter was called upon to go to the polls.

Election night the streets near the newspaper offices were packed. When the returns at midnight indicated McKinley's election the clubs and hotels were filled with excited men. There was no prohibition. Volstead was unknown.

Long after midnight in a certain Chicago club one of the world's greatest merchants started the old boyhood game follow-the-leader. He was joined by bank presidents, merchants, Chicago's foremost men; they went over sofas, chairs, tables, upstairs and downstairs, and wound up with dancing in one another's arms.

A little after midnight I rang up McKinley in Canton. His nephew, James McKinley, answered the phone. I asked him to let me speak to the President-Elect. After some minutes' wait young McKinley said, "I found Uncle Will in his mother's room. The old lady is kneeling beside the bed with one arm around the governor and the other around Aunt Ida, praying. All I heard was, 'O God, keep him humble.'"

XII

TWO weeks after nomination at St. Louis the notification committee went to Canton and addressed McKinley on the porch of his modest two-story cottage. His acceptance speech reassured the country, as he stood squarely on the gold platform. About ten days later I was on a Pennsylvania train going from New York to Canton and met Mr. Hobart, the vice-presidential nominee. He was going to read his acceptance speech to McKinley before receiving his notification committee.

After breakfast in the McKinley home we went to an attic room. It was bare of furniture with the exception of a plain pine table and one chair. Mr. Hobart occupied the chair. McKinley and I sat on the edge of the table dangling our legs. As Hobart read his letter of acceptance we both made suggestions. McKinley ripped it to pieces; so it bore little resemblance when he returned to New York to the letter he brought to Canton.

The next few weeks Canton was the center of attraction to the newspaper correspondents. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Herrick, Col. John Hay and other close friends were weekly visitors. McKinley was very solicitous as to who should be Secretary of the Treasury. It is not generally known that Mark Hanna wanted that portfolio, but McKinley hesitated, first, because it would look too much like paying a political debt; and second, chiefly because he did not think Hanna had the training necessary. He said to me, "I don't think Mark knows enough about governmental finance to fill the position."

Nelson Dingley, of Maine, author of the Dingley Bill, was offered and accepted the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Along about the end of January, 1897, McKinley rang me up one Saturday night in my home and told me he had received a letter from Dingley saying his doctor had told him if he took the treasury post he would not live two years, and his family insisted that he give it up. He asked to be released. McKinley said, "That knocks my cabinet into a cocked hat; I was building it around the Secretary of the Treasury." The papers published the news of Dingley's declination the next morning.

It occurred to me that Lyman J. Gage would be an ideal man for the place. He was president of the First National Bank of Chicago, a gold Democrat, and well known to the bankers of the entire country. I called on him Sunday afternoon and suggested it to him. He shook his head and said, "I have no political ambition."

I answered: "That is just why you should take the place, if offered. The country is nervous over the money question, and faith in the man to be at the head of the treasury is vital. McKinley knows nothing of finance, he has been weak on the silver question, and confidence is of supreme importance, especially at this critical period." But he was obdurate.

That night our neighbor, O. W. Potter, gave a dinner to Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, and his wife. My wife and I were invited; so were Mr. and Mrs. Gage. I took Mrs. Gage out to dinner and told her of my visit to her husband that afternoon. She was greatly interested as I drew a picture of a cabinet officer's social position. Before we separated I had a friend at court.

Next morning Mr. Gage and I walked to business together. I urged him to reconsider.

He said, "Why should I give up a perfectly easy job

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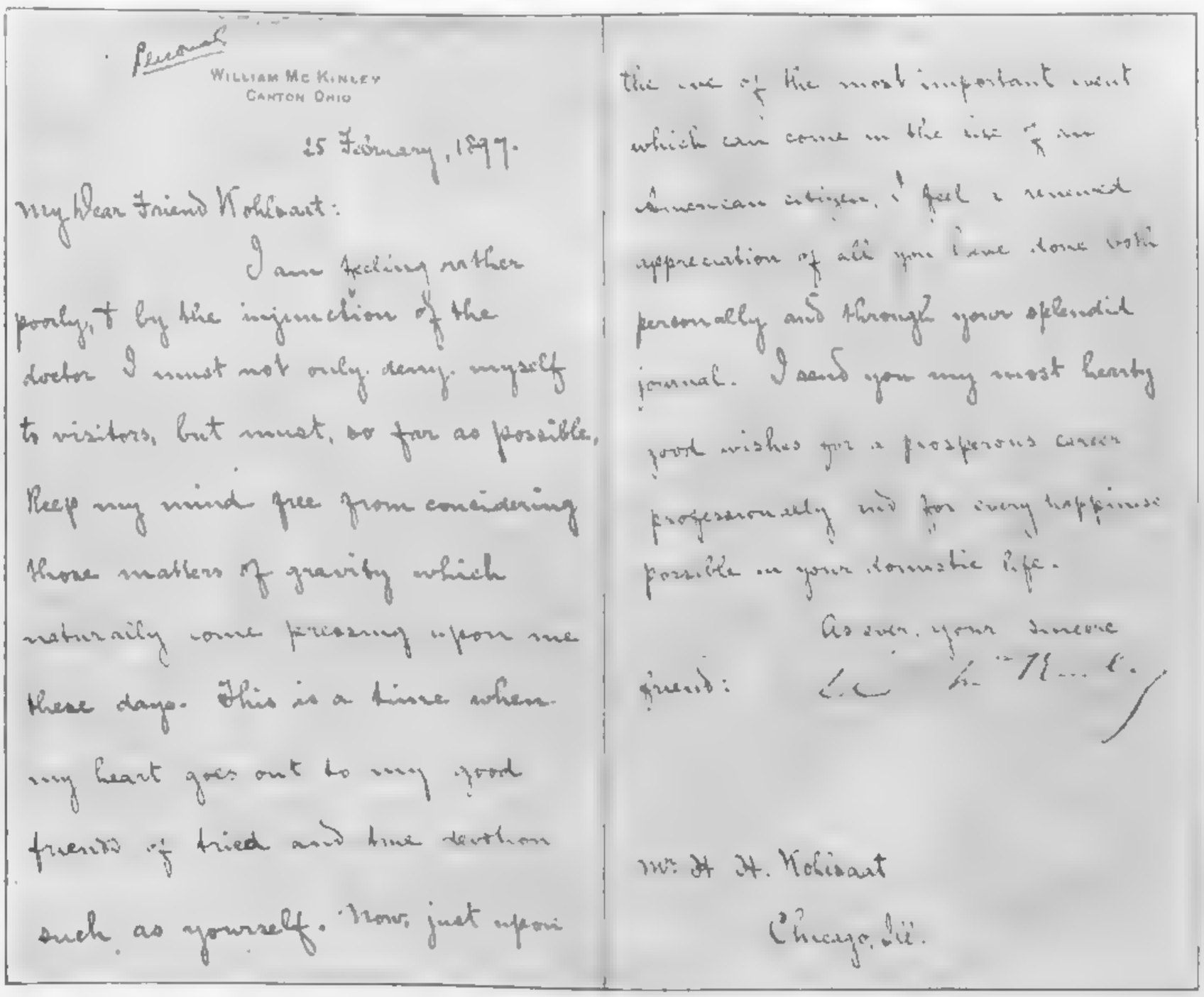


Personal

WILLIAM MC KINLEY
CANTON OHIO

25 February, 1897.

My Dear Friend Kohlsaat:

I am feeling rather poorly, & by the injunction of the doctor I must not only deny myself to visitors, but must, so far as possible, keep my mind free from considering those matters of gravity which naturally come pressing upon me these days. This is a time when my heart goes out to my good friends of tried and true devotion such as yourself. Now, just upon the eve of the most important event which can come in the life of an American citizen, I feel a renewed appreciation of all you have done both personally and through your splendid journal. I send you my most hearty good wishes for a prosperous career professionally and for every happiness possible in your domestic life.

As ever, your sincere friend: [illegible]

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat
Chicago, Ill.

The Language of the Angels

They Became Interested in the Scientific Arrangement and Apparatus of the Anteroom

By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

VI

THE Black Angel was the sole occupant of the heaven atop the foundling home throughout June. But July was fruitful in babies. Two girls came to keep Ya-he company. Their names, La-la-la-la—abridged La-la—and Goo, were derived from the sound each persisted in. They cried very little. Then came a howling male, a great fellow who should have been ashamed of himself, for he said nothing save in protest; and was dubbed by Miss Bax the White Crow. He made a noise like that, and therefore, officially, his name was Caw-caw. The fifth angel, a late July entrant, pronounced his name Gar-r-r. Then it was that the little matron, a close student of such matters, determined their respective nationalities.

Ya-he was unmistakably African; La-la was French; Goo, a Puritan from New England; Caw-caw, a Norseman; while Gar-r-r, with his Semitic features, was a young merchant prince from the ghetto.

In August came the sixth angel, weighing exactly four and a quarter pounds. She could sit comfortably in a teacup and would have been lost in a quart measure. Such a tiny thing! Yet she had difficulty slipping through the door to heaven. Old Mudgett pondered whether he would allow her to enter, but could find not a single imperfection. A wonderful miniature. Her heart couldn't have been larger than the ruby in a finger ring, and her wide eyes were priceless emeralds.

Miss Bax hung over this latest arrival in a way which might have indicated a good deal, had not the little matron herself told old Mudgett way back in March that she disliked babies tremendously.

What Did He Mean by Taking One of the Babies Out of Its Crib? The Dove, at That!

"I'm afraid we better put her on the third floor," decided Mudgett. "Get an incubator or something for her."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Bax, gazing up with eyes that, if one might believe one's senses, were quite liquid and soft. "She's going on the fourth floor. She's mine." And that settled it.

Mudgett was secretly delighted. The difficulty was to decide upon a name. Though delicate the instrument at his elongated ear, Mudgett could not hear the slightest noise issuing from the sixth crib. But Miss Bax, with veil tucked in as she leaned over the little mite, could hear the most delicious sound: "Coo-oo-oo." She named her the Dove.

The seventh was a swart Italian, hardly less of a bruiser than Caw-caw. Yo-o was his name, and his voice would have filled the Metropolitan Opera House.

All cribs were now occupied. Miss Bax moved efficiently and noiselessly through the intricacies of each day's routine: Mudgett peered through a peephole, the listening instrument to his ear. The greatest linguistic experiment of the ages was launched. And, take note, the door of this heaven atop the foundling home was securely locked against the outside world. No possibility of contamination; no, none whatsoever.

Also, listen to poor old Mudgett boasting: "I say now, there'll be something to show at the end of the first year!"

Autumn: Heaven has increased amazingly in avoirdupois. Ya-he, the Black Angel, and Caw-caw, the White Crow, are vying with each other to break the bathroom scales. Gar-r-r, the Merchant Prince, without taking any thought at all, has added a cubit to his stature.

Early Winter: La-la breaks all records of the home by exhibiting a tooth at five months!

December: The shy, pallid light of dawn creeps in through the windows. The seven white-enameled cribs are silent, the angels still are sleeping—Ya-he with his arms across his ebony face, Goo with her nose buried in her pillow, knees doubled under her, the Dove with one exquisite foot sticking through the bars of her crib, Yo-o with his mouth wide open. All are sound asleep. All are unconscious that this is their first Christmas.

Old Mudgett in the darkness before dawn has slipped into his ridiculous bathrobe, pulled on baggy breeches and crept like a shadow to the fourth floor. He waits in the darkness, with eye at a peephole, to drink at the break of day a silent sermon—peace on earth. His first thought concerns the little matron.

"I say now, how could she miss this? How could she sleep through their first Christmas morning?" Another thought pops into his curious mind, something about the parents of these foundlings, something about their mothers. "What will they think when they waken this Christmas morning?"

The light grows stronger. He strains his eyes at the peephole. Something unusual about heaven on this morning bores into his consciousness, something that changes the appearance of the room, gives it a brighter touch—something about the cribs. He blinks his eyes. "I say now!" Over each of the angels is a new eiderdown quilt. He is sure the quilts weren't there last night. Who had preceded him? "I say now, they cost something—silk-covered down quilts. Seven of them. Miss Bax? Not on her salary." Old Mudgett becomes thoughtful. He remembers that the little matron has been saving to purchase a fur coat to keep her warm on her walks through the park. "I say now!" And the sun begins to shine.

VII

THE fourth floor front presented an amazing spectacle in March of that first year. Heaven was creeping on all fours. The angels had sprouted no wings, it is true, but had discovered that their knees and stomachs were fair substitutes. Their language, too, so Mudgett maintained, was growing apace.

June was the first anniversary of the great linguistic experiment. Late in the afternoon of the first day of that month old Mudgett climbed to the fourth floor. He was carrying a square package the size of a milliner's box, and another package no longer than his middle finger. Instead of going to the anteroom he proceeded directly to the dietary kitchen, where Miss Bax found him picking clumsily at the strings that bound the packages. Without comment the little matron offered a pair of scissors. But the cutting of a string, according to old Mudgett's penurious code, was a crime against economy. He continued to fumble with the knots.

"There," said he presently, and his voice was hoarse and determined. Miss Bax regarded him unemotionally. He met her glance, then looked away. "There," said he less boldly, and frowned down at the larger package.

Miss Bax said nothing, merely looked on, somewhat curious.

"Do you know what day this is?" asked Mudgett.

"June first. Tuesday."

"Its—I mean the significance of this day?"

"No." She hadn't an idea.

He cleared his throat. "It's Ya-he's birthday. I thought—perhaps—you remember—he was the first—I thought we might celebrate his birthday." Mudgett removed the paper and exhibited to the matron's astonishment a huge white frosted layer cake. His hands trembled. He ripped the paper from the second package and revealed one red candle. "There."

Miss Bax said quietly, "They can't eat a crumb of it."

Mudgett drooped over the wondrous confection. An idea came to him. "They can see it!" He stuck the red candle into the center of the white frosting, pulled down the window shades and struck a match. Miss Bax moved a little closer in the soft dusk, illumined by candlelight.

"It's a lovely cake, Mr. Mudgett; but," she added positively, "they can't eat a single crumb."

"They can see it," he repeated. "They can see it. Put it high up on something in the front room where they can see it."

The amazement of heaven upon beholding an artificial light was evinced, unexpectedly enough, by howls, frightened grunts and the scurrying of bare knees across the cloudlike floor. The angels scattered in all directions; then with mouths gaping, eyes shining, they gathered in a mass, for mutual protection against the wall near the cribs. Miss Bax placed the candle-lighted confection on a chiffonier, and lifting Ya-he in her arms showed him his magnificent cake. He clung to her with his small black fists, he rolled the whites of his eyes, his generous mouth opened with a sound of astonishment, "Maaag," and remained open. Presently he exhibited his entire diadem of twelve teeth. Ya-he was laughing: "Ya-he-he-he." The other angels crept closer. Their mouths also opened with astonishment. "Maaag." They pulled at Miss Bax's skirt, made all kinds of noises, fought, each with might and main, to be lifted up. Fighting, alas, it must be admitted, was not infrequent in heaven.

Mudgett with his eyes to a peephole peered into the candle-lit dusk, watched Miss Bax move efficiently about with her veil tucked in, took notes on the sounds that came to his elongated ear. Presently he donned his broken derby, descended to his office and opened the secret book containing the language of the angels.

Mudgett made an entry:

"'Mag,' a sound caused by the lips being tightly closed, then opened in astonishment." He thumbed the pages of a worn volume, pored over still another tome. Finally he continued to write: "From this sound, 'mag,' comes the Greek word 'magos,' meaning 'magician'—one who astonishes. Derivatives: 'Magic,' 'magical'; also 'magi,' the learned and priestly caste of the Medes and Persians. See 'magnificent,' 'magnitude,' words derived from the Latin 'magnus'—great."

Old Mudgett spent an hour enthralled by this pursuit of words. No doubt about it, the origin of language was growing apace! "Ach!" was a common cry of pain on the fourth floor, an ejaculation which was almost exactly "ache." "Ug" was another common ejaculation signifying disgust—"ugly." And "blub-blub" was their word for "bath"; the water in the tub made a noise like that, and Old Mudgett was sure that from this infant sound had come many onomatopœic words—"bubble" and "boil" among them.

But more thrilling than any of these was that first of all baby words—"goo"; something that pleased them, a sound indicating pleasure—"good." No mistake about it, "goo" meant "good," and "good" was a derivative of the Anglo-Saxon "God." Trace it back! "Goo" meant "God," and "goo" meant "good." Take note! That was the first thing that a baby said, the first thing that every baby says: "Goo-goo." That was the message they brought with them: "God is good."

Pages of this fascinating language of the angels old Mudgett had scribed in his secret book; and the babies were just beginning to talk!

On a day in that June, Mudgett paced the anteroom. He was never more excited. Now and again Miss Bax slipped out of heaven and handed him a sheet of paper on which were a few figures. Old Mudgett would seize this, pore over it, then transcribe the figures on a large chart. Heaven was being weighed and measured—each angel. The great experiment had proved an enormous success, not alone in words but also in pounds and inches.

Caw-caw, with Scandinavian ancestry, had outstripped them all. What a tremendous giant he was, how powerful, how magnificent. This infant viking stood thirty-four inches in his bare feet, and weighed thirty pounds! The Dove was still the smallest angel. She was delicately and beautifully formed. Her gym weight was exactly sixteen and three-quarter pounds. Miss Bax tried to squeeze it to seventeen by leaving the heart-shaped locket around the Dove's neck, but to no avail. Her height was twenty-one inches, a fraction over the height a baby should boast at birth; her little chest was a perfect fourteen, five and a half inches smaller than Caw-caw's.

The aggregate weight of the seven angels was one hundred and fifty-six pounds. Old Mudgett was beside himself with delight. The records for ten years showed the average gain of babies at the home during the first year was twelve and a half pounds. On the fourth floor it had been fifteen and a half pounds.

"Doesn't that prove it? I say now, doesn't that prove that perfect quiet, no visitors, the elimination of all contaminating influences is the right and only method?"

He might have added a word about the care Miss Bax had given these fortunate babies, but that did not occur to his absorbed mind. The little matron had not left the fourth floor for an entire year save only to tramp for an hour and a half, rain or shine, each afternoon down to Central Park, and around the winding paths and back to the foundling home.

VIII

THE first bolt of a whimsical Providence struck the fourth floor that August. It was late in the month. Miss Bax appeared noiselessly in Mudgett's office.

When he glanced around she said but one word—"Measles."

Heaven had the measles. Each angel had it in turn. Not all at once; that would be too much to ask, even of heaven. As soon as one angel became convalescent another began to scratch. It stretched over a period of three months, during which old Mudgett took up his abode with a cot in the anteroom. He moved through a fog.

"I say now, how could it have happened—measles? Miss Bax, you haven't been anywhere except to the park; there isn't a sign of it downstairs; I haven't even been inside the front room. How—I say now, how could it have happened?" Poor old Mudgett! He was wholly nonplused.

"Perhaps it came in through the windows," suggested the little matron, almost as mystified as Mudgett. "You can't keep the world out. You just can't keep it out. The world is sure to creep in—over or under. A Chinese wall wouldn't keep it out."

"I'm going to keep it out! I say now, I'm going to keep it out!" Poor old Mudgett, wholly befogged.

La-la was the first. She was carried to the little gray-and-rose-tinted room in order to segregate her from the rest of the babies. Six days later Goo began to cough and sneeze. Her brown eyes became weepish. Mudgett, ludicrous in his abbreviated bathrobe with a veil over his face, solemnly maintained that Goo merely had a cold in the head. Shortly the red spots appeared on Goo's face and neck. Caw-caw was the next to fall. The others followed. Only, in Ya-he's case the red spots were not discernible in the pigment of his ebony skin.

Another shift was now made. Miss Bax's room being overcrowded was fumigated and the babies with measles and those who had passed through the ordeal were moved back into the front room and the remaining angels moved into the small bedroom. But all precautions failed; the epidemic went through heaven, end to end.

Mudgett was marooned on the fourth floor with the clear-visioned, efficient Miss Bax. He was too absorbed, however, to note her lovely hair, like Egyptian dusk, her ivory complexion and large, unsmiling gray eyes. Also, it may be presumed that the exquisite little matron was far too busy to give old Mudgett a thought. He hung like a great shadow over the tiny cribs, he paced the anteroom at night, he pried into the food Miss Bax was preparing in the kitchen. "I say now, what's that?" No matter where the little matron was working or what she was doing, he was always there and always in the way.

"Don't you think you better get a rest for a day or two, Mr. Mudgett?" she suggested. "Don't you think you better go back to your own room?"

"Why, no. I say now, I couldn't let you do all this work by yourself. Don't you want me up here?"

"Yes. Of course I want you up here."

She made no further protest, merely went about efficiently doing everything. Many were her extra steps moving out of the way and walking around poor, befogged old Mudgett.

(Continued on Page 78)

The Saxton Woman Made a Grab for One of the Flying Babies. Miss Bax Ran to the Child. "You Mustn't! Don't You Dare!"

TRUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VIII

ARTHUR NETHERBY at length roused himself from the pleasant reverie into which he had fallen, sitting on the table with his boots in the milk, and began to look about him. He enjoyed the sensations of a man who has just awaked from a particularly lovely and luscious dream.

"A lovely girl!" he was still muttering. "A lovely girl!"

But exerting his strength of mind he tried to think of others than Emily Parks; and to brush the crumbs from his person.

He had never had opportunity of realizing before how pervasive is soft icing. He gazed around him at the débris of the tea table. The room looked a wreck. And under his feet Angela still hammered.

"A broom!" Arthur muttered to himself. He went to the kitchen door, opened it a few inches, put his hand round and called, "A broom!"

"Eh, sir?" said Mrs. Stoker, thinly from a distance. "What kind of a ——"

"Don't talk to me, woman!" yelled Arthur. "I don't allow it! Give me any broom!"

A broom was pushed into his hand by invisible agency. Arthur shut the door and commenced to sweep up the place. He collected everything into a heap, and wondered where to put it. He realized for the first time that when you have swept a room, that is not all; something must be done with the litter. But after he had swept it this way and that for a while, wondering on the proper corner to hide it in, he had a brain wave. "The fireplace!" he muttered. He pushed the stuff there, and placed the fire screen before it, just as that sound for which he had been anxiously listening for what seemed hours broke upon his attention. The Hunters' car swooped up to the gate and stopped just outside the courtyard.

Arthur leaned on his broom and wiped his brow.

Cyril stepped from the car and wandered into the courtyard in his most dilettante fashion, as if his errand had no urgency at all. He looked languorously at the milk cans, and entered, but was arrested by the sight of Arthur leaning upon his broom.

"Wakefield!" said Arthur. "Good man!"

"What's all this?" said Cyril, pausing distressfully, for from Arthur's attitude it appeared that there might be some work to be done.

"Come in!" said Arthur.

"Put that away, then," replied Cyril.

Arthur placed the broom neatly in a corner alongside the gun.

"I say," he said, pausing.

Cyril came forward, looked around, and saw the sofa.

"Say it!" he replied resignedly. He lay down gently upon the sofa, but was much dissatisfied with its springing.

Arthur began to stammer.

"H-h-has it ever struck you," he began, "how-how-how darned-darned wonderful she is?"

"Who?" said Cyril resignedly.

Arthur stammered.

"Little Parks," he replied.

Cyril fanned himself with his hat. "You may as well ask me if I'm in possession of my eyesight," he said exhaustedly. "That girl—eyes—and hair—and ankles. Can you beat 'em?"

Arthur stammered a bit more.

"She has—a—a sort of little way with her," he said hesitatingly.

He began to smile again without knowing that he was doing it.

"As old Steers said to me," added Cyril confidentially, "she'll go far if she isn't stopped."

"I don't want her to go any further," said Arthur, suddenly becoming truculent.

"No further at all."

Cyril held up his hand for quiet attention.

"Your appreciations of life, old man," he began, "you've got 'em somehow pitiably wrong ——"

Arthur held up his hand. It was larger and more determined than Cyril's.

"She's here!" he said sublimely.

"What!" cried Cyril.

Arthur nodded, unaware that he was smiling.

"Give me a piece of bread and butter," said Cyril.

The bread and butter had escaped the storm and still graced the table, so Arthur handed it to him. Cyril took a slice critically.

"I don't know how you do it, Netherby," he said, biting into it, "I don't know how—you—do—it."

"I don't do it," said Arthur. "It happens. Look here ——"

A really terrific volume of knockings and muffled voices now rose, as if all the poor prisoners had been gathering strength for a last onslaught.

Cyril started.

"What's that?" he said.

"That?" said Arthur. "That's what I sent for you for. That's your little bit—your job."

The knockings continued.

"I'm damned if I do another stroke of work today," said Cyril pettishly.

Arthur approached him and stood menacingly over the sofa.

"You will!"

"Look here," said Cyril tranquilly, his brief interest in the commotion subsiding, "you may murder me, Netherby; but work I will not. Dragged from platform by sweaty son of toil who said you wanted me; brought here; no explanation; see you sweeping like mad; it's all so foolish." He closed his eyes. "The flower show was very tiring," he added. "Can't you have that row stopped?"

Before Arthur could answer the kitchen door burst violently open, and Stoker entered wildly, if reluctantly, propelled by his wife, who pushed him handily behind. "What's this?" said Arthur, very sternly turning upon the couple.

"I carn't help it, sir," moaned Stoker. "She won't stand it no longer. Let 'em out!"

Mrs. Stoker looked round her husband at Arthur.

"Let 'em out!" she panted. "We're women, ain't we? Not worms."

Cyril now sat up and regarded the Stokers with horror and amazement, his monocle screwed well in his eye.

"Shut up!" said Stoker, giving Mrs. Stoker a heavy bump with the part of his anatomy handiest. "This ain't a meeting."

"We're all sisters, we women, ain't we?" continued the intrepid female.

"Certainly we are not all sisters," said Cyril coldly.

"Let 'em out!" cried Mrs. Stoker.

She stamped and ground her teeth at Arthur. But she kept behind her husband, for all that.

"For the love of Mike, sir," moaned Stoker, "let 'em out!"

Very slowly Arthur fumbled in the pockets of his deplorable coat, and extracted three keys. He handed them to Stoker without a word. Cyril watched this proceeding with a critical detachment and easily saw that Arthur's calm was assumed. Arthur was afraid. The Stokers turned and scuttled hastily out, followed by his malignant gaze.

"Who are 'they'?" said Cyril patiently.

Arthur looked at him. He turned and walked silently to the door at the back, and stood looking blindly out at the milk cans. Very slowly he pulled out his tobacco and commenced to refill his pipe. Every gesture of his was followed with real interest by Cyril, and each gesture seemed fraught with foreboding. Arthur filled and lighted his pipe. No word was spoken. Cyril sat, fairly fascinated by the subtle mystery of Arthur. He came back and sat down gingerly in his poor father's chair. Everything he now did, indeed, was done very gingerly. And still he remained silent.

Suddenly the door on the left opened violently, and Angela ran in, sobbing.

Her frock, her hands, her face—were filthy.

"Angela!" cried Cyril, galvanized to life.

He sprang up and approached her.

"You here!" wailed Angela, sobbing.

"And you!" cried Cyril.

"Where is he?" wailed Angela.

Arthur spoke quietly from the armchair.

"Here," he said, smoking.

Angela saw him.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she gasped. "You brute! H-h-how could you?"

"Sometimes," Steers Went On Murmuring Delicately, "They Cry Because They're So 'Appy"

Cyril tried to comfort her. "Don't cry," he said. "Don't cry. Tell me all about it." He followed her about. He looked quite fiercely at Arthur, who sat immovably. "What has he been doing?"

"He l-l-locked me into the cellar," wailed Angela.

"The cellar!" exclaimed Cyril fiercely.

"All d-d-dark and b-b-beetly," wailed Angela. "And dirty. With c-c-cobwebs. And I f-f-fell down." She sank on the sofa, crying.

"Good heavens!" said Cyril, outraged.

"Don't l-l-look at me!" wept Angela, turning her face away.

Cyril went in a manly fashion up to Arthur.

"Explain your perfectly diabolical conduct," he ordered.

Arthur sat there, stoical and cruel, smoking. "Well, she came here; and I beguiled her into the cellar, and locked her in till I could send for you."

Cyril paused. "Oh, you were sending for me ——" said he thoughtfully.

"Well," said Arthur, as distant thumps and cries were still borne to their ears, "'s a matter of fact there are more reasons than one why I was sending for you."

Cyril stood there bewildered, turning from Arthur to Angela.

"More reasons ——"

The door on the left flew open, and Gwen broke in dramatically. She was dirty, disheveled. Her frock was torn. She stamped and gibbered with rage. She saw the others and paused.

"Oh-h-h!" she said, beginning to cry.

Angela turned round and saw her twin.

"Gwen!" she screamed. "You snake!"

"You l-l-look a p-p-perfect sight," sniveled Gwen. "Where's Arthur?"

"Here," replied Arthur from his quiet corner, which was growing nice and dim now that evening stole on.

"Oh! Oh!" sniveled Gwen, peeping at him in horror over her dusty handkerchief. "Oh-h-h how c-c-could you? What do I look like? Oh! Oh! Oh!" She wept pathetically.

"Tch! Tch!" said Cyril, turning from one to the other.

"Why," shrieked Gwen to Arthur, "d-d-did you l-lock me in an attic full of spiders and—and—bugs and—th-things?"

She sank into a chair by the tea table. The poor girl was fairly done up.

"The attic!" repeated Cyril, turning from one to the other. He was outraged.

"Y' see ——" began Arthur.

At this moment the door opened again, but quite comfortably and quietly, and in came Mrs. Drelincourt, moving like a mermaid, and smiling, even if there was a promising glitter in her eye.

"Good heavens!" whispered Cyril.

Arthur smoked on with the utter calm of the ultimate despair.

Mrs. Drelincourt took the center of the stage in her graceful fashion and looked around. First she regarded Gwen. She tittered—the cat!

"Oh, my dear little girl," said she, "how—how really amusing you look. Forgive me. Ha, ha, ha!"

Gwen turned upon her. "Perhaps you'd look amusing if you'd been trying to get out of an attic——"

Arthur interrupted. "You had first go; and so I did put you somewhere clean," he said, excusing himself to Mrs. Drelincourt.

The lady laughed; but there was still that nasty glitter in her eye.

"At-at-attic," sobbed Gwen, "full of dust and dirt—and furniture—pitch dark—and ——" She was unable to go on.

"Oh, this is too pitiful!" said Cyril feelingly.

Mrs. Drelincourt then moved round and treated Angela, on the sofa, to a prolonged survey.

"And you, dear," she remarked—"were you in the attic too? You look like it."

Much as she hated this most feline woman Angela had not strength of mind to save herself from another lapse into weeping.

"She was in the cellar," replied Cyril feelingly.

Mrs. Drelincourt moved lazily nearer Arthur. She got between everyone and Arthur.

He held tight to the arms of the chair which had helped him with her before.

"Horrid practical jokes you play," said she lazily to him. "Naughty boy you are, aren't you?"

She then seated herself opposite Arthur, on the other side of the fireplace, as calmly as possible.

"Jokes!" cried Arthur bitterly.

"Our little tea party *à deux* seems to have been frustrated," said Mrs. Drelincourt cooingly. She gave the twins a look full of malice.

"You are behaving abominably!" said Angela in a low tense voice.

"I, dear?" murmured Mrs. Drelincourt, affecting surprise.

Before this could develop into a fracas, however, the door on the left was thrown open once more, and Lady Hunter tottered in, tearfully. She was in a sad condition of great heat.

The first person she saw was Cyril, standing in the center of the room, trying to help everybody.

She tottered to him and fell on his shoulder.

"Cy-ril!" she breathed.

"Oh, my dear lady!" said Cyril, embarrassed, and staggering. "My dear lady! Oh, this is too awfully pitiful!"

Lady Hunter leaned on Cyril, while Angela regarded with an angry sneer the touching tableau that they made.

"Where is he?" demanded Lady Hunter.

Arthur again spoke with the perfect calm of the ultimate despair:

"Here."

"You p-p-pushed me into the l-linen cupboard," said Lady Hunter in a broken voice. "You cave man!"

Cyril was terribly anxious to be rid of her, especially in the presence of Angela.

"Dear lady," said he, "recriminations will not help us. Rest. Sit down."

He pushed her firmly down beside Angela on the sofa and stood tactfully behind them both. Angela and Lady Hunter looked at each other. Lady Hunter's hat was on one side, and Angela was wholly deplorable.

Gwen sobbed intermittently.

Mrs. Drelincourt—very cleverly—preserved her attitude of amusement, opposite Arthur.

Arthur regarded this disposition. He held his head.

"Don't let 'em settle down, Wakefield," he said brutally. "Don't let 'em settle down. Take 'em away."

Lady Hunter screamed.

"Tea!" she cried violently.

She began beating her toes on the floor, a habit which Cyril knew and dreaded. She always let go thoroughly when she beat her toes on the floor.

"Certainly," he said soothingly. "Tea. By all means. Tea at once, Netherby. I'm surprised at you."

Arthur was beyond protests. He extended a hand and pulled the bell rope.

"I shall never be surprised again," he remarked.

Stoker crept in.

"Fetch my secretary," said Arthur. "I mean, my housekeeper."

While he had been sitting there he had thought of little Parks upstairs, fetching her things. He wondered if it were faintly possible she had not fetched them yet.

"The last lady, sir?" bleated Stoker.

"Yes," said Arthur.

And with the prospect of little Parks he heartened himself, and got up, and stood on his own hearth, like a man.

Stoker crept out.

Mrs. Drelincourt broke the ensuing silence.

"The last lady!" quoted she in an unusually high key.

"A secretary!" screamed Lady Hunter, beating her toes incessantly on the floor.

"You said a housekeeper," said Gwen brokenly to Arthur.

Angela spoke brokenly from the sofa: "He said a secretary."

Arthur stood among them, a sheep for the shearing.

"Well," said he, "if she wasn't so young she'd be a housekeeper, but when they're so young it's better for them to be secretaries."

Cyril gazed at him, aghast. "Does the man know what he's doing?" he thought. "Or saying?"

"Who's 'them'?" screamed Lady Hunter.

"Housekeepers," said Arthur.

"You said secretaries," said Angela.

"I don't know how you do it, Netherby," murmured Cyril, appalled. "I don't know how you do it."

Arthur replied with that extremity of calm which has been noted before: "I don't do it. It happens."

"Yes; but look here," said Cyril hopelessly. "Attempt some explanation, Netherby. Just attempt it."

(Continued on Page 37)

"She Can and Will Sit Just Like Other People," Said Arthur. "Sit, Cook." "Oh! Thank You, Mr. Arthur," Repeated Cook

THE PIONEER FAMILY

By George F. Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE one constant unrelieved worker in the pioneer family was the woman. To whatever class she belonged, the tale of toil was never-ending. Whether wife or daughter of the doctor, the storekeeper, the farmer, the mechanic or the laborer, her devotion to the industry of the time was incessant. Husband or son might get some respite; she had little or none. If one order of her work declined, there was always something to take its place. Her home required unremitting attention. Her house, however small, or however it, like her family, might grow with the passing years, as the center of this home, always had its list of insatiate demands, few of them for herself, almost wholly for others. Until her children passed out of infancy, it was impossible for her to procure any steady or regular help. From the time her daughters were eight years old, now and then she could save herself a step, though seldom a thought. Her boys were, perhaps, more useful to her than to the father, until at ten or eleven they were drawn off to the more exacting outdoor exertion to which destiny called them. Even then they generally relieved her in what Isabella Bird Bishop had properly termed the difficult art of milking cows; but if this relief came, if, as a business matter, she could turn over marketing to her husband, those concessions were accompanied by an increase in the purely household duties incident to her expanding family and larger house.

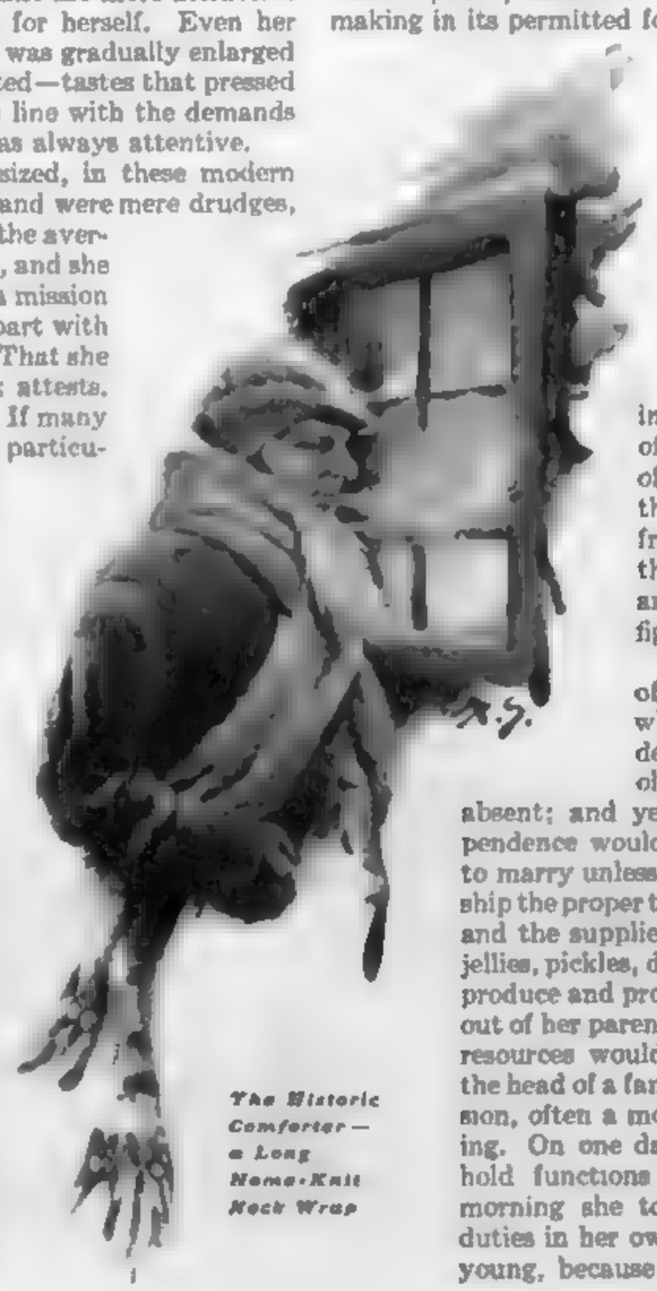
She Recognized That She Had a Mission in Life

Indeed prosperity, however much it increased, brought little relief. It involved new and heavier responsibilities, not only round about her but also in church, charity, and in service and anxieties for those nearest her. It rather added to her burdens than eased them, as within the whole period no effective outside help became available. While the necessities of her home remained, its amenities made encroachments, which, though gradual, were irresistible. She must have homemade carpets and rugs; more attention had to be given to curtains; the demands for wardrobe increased; hospitality, with its exacting duties, pressed upon her as she carried out the determined policy of the true pioneer in seeking to make life more attractive for her children than it had been for herself. Even her larder, always plentifully supplied, was gradually enlarged as new or strange tastes were adopted—tastes that pressed from every direction. To these, in line with the demands of the thing called progress, she was always attentive.

The impression is often emphasized, in these modern days, that this woman and her husband were mere drudges, without ambition or outlook, like the average peasant; but they knew better, and she especially recognized that she had a mission in life and that she must do her part with devotion, intelligence and energy. That she did these things well her life work attests. She builded better than she knew. If many of these early housekeepers were so particular that a spring cleaning might have suggested the painting of the rose; if they were often credited with having scrubbed themselves into heaven—they were only perpetuating, unbroken, the traditions of their type.

Simple Weddings

WEDDINGS in the pioneer life were almost as simple, as devoid of ceremony, as in the days when marriage by capture was the prevailing mode. In the days of religious rigidity, when the dance was still a signal that the fires of hell had been relighted, there was but little chance for this form of gayety. Most marriage ceremonies were performed at the bride's home by the squire or the preacher. There was no temptation to have a church wedding, mainly for the reason that churches were seldom found, schoolhouses, which stood in their stead, never being used for purely social events. Wedding journeys and formal honeymoons had not come down in the social descent; so that the couple went at once to a new home and began life with as little regard as possible to friends or the public. In the evening intimate friends would drop in—music being absent or forbidden—to make an uncertain amount of noise with tin pans and any other available instruments of torture fitted for making night hideous, until the doors, when opened, disclosed a prepared treat while merrymaking in its permitted forms went on. Among the more dignified sort it was prearranged and understood, and had the qualities of their kind. It took the place of the time-honored wedding breakfast and its successor, the genteel rice and slipper throwing; but like other social customs it had its series of imitations, rough and rude. It was the time-honored charivari. In its descent it was maintained, in their dialect, as shivaree, and often became a boisterous display of coarseness little, if at all, above the dignity of a mob; generally friendly, but sometimes drawing the rowdies of the neighborhood, and ending not infrequently in fights, shooting or bodily injuries.



The Historic Comforter—a Long Home-Knit Rock Wrap

That open, conscious bargaining of material things in marriage which has become one of the saddening features of modern life in old societies was almost wholly absent; and yet no bride of spirit and independence would have thought herself entitled to marry unless she could bring to the partnership the proper trousseau, significant in all times, and the supplies of bed and table linen, jams, jellies, pickles, dried fruits and other articles the produce and proof of her skill. She thus stepped out of her parental home equipped, so far as her resources would permit, to take her place as the head of a family. Her new life was an expansion, often a modest copy of that she was leaving. On one day she was pursuing her household functions in her mother's home; next morning she took up automatically the same duties in her own. Almost universally she was young, because the girl unmarried at twenty looked upon herself, and was dismissed by her friends, as a recruit in the army of old-maidhood. Such a girl, however deficient may have been her education, judged by modern standards, was as well trained for her matronly duties as if she were ten years older, her whole life having been an uninterrupted lesson. If ever she was to be a real woman she had already reached this position.

The wedding present had not yet become a fad, a form of extortion or the outward expression of vain display. The useless silver, the impossible books, the hideous glassware or china, no two pieces akin or of the same quality, each staring the other out of countenance, did not confront a bride in ragged Falstaffian array, to tax her house room for storage or her pocket for return payment during the coming years. What was needed and could be paid for without pressure was bought, and the new home, outwardly small and humble, started on its way without mortgages, either real or invisible, upon its land or equipment. Now and again there was an heirloom in the shape of a piece of solid silver or fine glass or china that had successfully made the long journey from a home in more settled surroundings, perhaps from across the seas; but in the majority of families such articles were unknown. If possessed they were hidden away somewhere along with the wedding gown or the fine black silk dress—the proper, inevitable possession of every woman.

Houses were for use, not showrooms for bric-a-brac. As prosperity came, and with it new or revived tastes, the house of the pioneer woman, like that of a similar personality anywhere, adapted itself to new conditions, so far as household amenities were concerned. In a period when even sacramental vessels were still plain it was little likely that individual households should have either desire or ability to indulge in premature display. When the old-time solid furniture, adapted to the successive order of houses occupied by a family, was of the best available, necessity and comfort were the prime requisites, luxury and the gratification of the higher tastes biding their time. The form of the metal knife, as used throughout all the periods of civilization since its discovery—probably about the time that the caveman abandoned his primitive habits—upon whose introduction the cry of the conservatives of the day was doubtless "Fingers were made before knives," had little changed.

The Old, Old Servant Problem

GREAT progress had been registered when the steel fork with three tines succeeded that with only two; but as the fork itself was comparatively an innovation, the pioneer had, fairly early in his wanderings, a choice in this important matter. If he could not get spoons made of the so-called German silver of the day, or a similar amalgam, then, like his ancestors, he must be content with steel, iron or tin, according to the time or place in which he found himself. It was seldom that, outside an inheritance, he could buy or even see a piece of real pewter, that shown or offered being of a cheap imitation order.

The problem of the domestic servant—always known as the help or the hired girl—was almost as serious as in the early times in Massachusetts when vain attempts were made to institute a selective draft among Indian girls. In Virginia and the Southern colonies there was some relief from this difficult condition owing to the earlier introduction of slavery, both white and black. But by the time the pioneer came upon the scene the sentiment against servitude had become strong, while the much-abused apprentice system which had supplied the bound boy or girl, gradually came to complete failure owing to the lack of material and a broadening human spirit. It was common to utilize the assistance of aunts, cousins, sisters and other relatives, who were often relieved from their disagreeable fate by the demand for wives, accentuated as it was by the disparity between the sexes.

There was no fixed class from which such help could be drawn. The element that furnished the hired hand among men was not available. It was all very well for the man to go into any other man's field, but for the woman of like order to enter somebody's kitchen was not permissible; often she could scarcely be induced to work in her own. The inducements offered in wages were not alluring, the

average rate in the earlier phases of settlement being about a dollar a week with board. It must, however, be borne in mind that at this time a man worked for from four to six bits—fifty to seventy-five cents—a day and found himself. So the poor housewife fared on as best she could, working without ceasing with crude tools, under many discouragements, and showing a cheerfulness garnished by her devotion to duty and her belief, accordant with that of her husband and her time, that she was one of the heralds of a new era for humanity.

In dealing with social conditions sight must not be lost of the fact that attention is centered upon the various classes or elements of which it is composed. Generally speaking, I must deal with the best, because it is only among them that constructive features can be found. They are founders; all others followers or imitators. Thus the servant problem did not concern the two lower classes; they neither knew nor could deal with what, if available at all, was rank luxury. The same conclusion applies to standards of living. The only general consideration is the universal need for work; even here there are differences in the ways of going about it and in the results attained.

Housekeeping Facilities

WHATEVER mechanical aid might be available was adopted and well cared for and made to last as long as possible, until, following the traditions of the American, it was succeeded by some improved article which was better looking or made work easier. The accusation that only the pioneer man availed himself of improved facilities for saving labor is a base libel. Nobody could look out upon life with eyes wider open for any possible help than did the American pioneer woman. When the cookstove succeeded the old Dutch oven and other archaic devices, a step in domestic progress had been taken that made it necessary to wait a long time for any decided improvement in domestic equipment. It carried with it attachments for baking, boiling, broiling, frying, and heating water, which, by enabling her to carry on many operations simultaneously, indefinitely expanded her working power. Additions were constantly made, so that it required no long period greatly to add to her equipment. In this, as in other matters, the woman was both independent and progressive. She soon saw, at the county fair, or often even in the stock carried by the enterprising storekeeper, the improved articles with whose making she had familiarized herself in the county or church paper or the widely read weekly from some distant city. Money, scarce though it was, could always be found for anything that increased labor power, whether in man or woman.

As for the farmer, he was seldom inclined to meddle overmuch with home management; he had his own work, with its troubles and responsibilities. Besides, he was too much interested in his wife as a helper to protest seriously at anything that enabled her to do more work in less time. As for the woman, she did not have to ask for improved facilities, because if the means could not be provided from the ordinary budget there were plenty of ingenious ways of increasing it when the return in health and working power was so assured and obvious.

The sleeping arrangements in a pioneer house would not have passed muster in these days of tenement-house inspection and other forms of interferences with individual tastes. Often families of ten or twelve would live, cook, eat, sleep and dress in a single room of moderate size. Such an arrangement would seldom continue after the first year or so of settlement, when a shed or lean-to would be built in leisure time for cooking and laundry purposes. Naturally, within a few years the prosperous man would live in a succession of houses expanding in size. In the extreme heat of summer there was also relief when the larger boys made dormitories of haymows. The beds were of the old-fashioned feather variety, the material being slowly gathered from the home-bred flocks of ducks and geese or from the wild fowl that fell as victims to the man's gun, great care being taken to separate, for use in pillows, the down from the feathers. These articles were a source of great pride in the housewife, and it was a sign of low caste if chicken feathers were used. The beds were wide, generally one old-fashioned four-poster in the main room being capable of accommodating, in addition to the father and mother, one, sometimes two or three, of the smaller children. Underneath would be shifted during the day, to be withdrawn at night, the inevitable trundle-bed, a space saver flexible as to accommodations.

The cradle was generally full, while the older children would be bestowed in a garret with sufficient openings to utilize the heat from the great fireplace. Blankets were dear and scarce, their place being taken by quilts made from cast-off garments, these bedcoverings being the fruit of many a jolly quilting bee. These were supplemented with heavy comforters and sometimes with coverlets in some fancy pattern. Only a single sheet was used, and if a blanket chanced to be a fortunate possession it was placed immediately over the body, its warmth being welcome.

The Pioneer Woman Was Not Devoid Either of Taste or the Desire to Adorn Herself

When hot weather came the feather beds were retired to packing boxes in the barn and their places were taken by separate bedticks filled with the choicest of cat straw taken from a special stack carefully preserved for this purpose. Often the straw bed took on the character of a mattress, and with the surmounting feather mountain, retirement for the night suggested an athlete's leap or a ladder as a means of approach. The modern mattress was unknown, while the stringing of a bedcord so that it would have both solidity and flexibility when the beds were placed upon it was almost entitled to rank as a work of art, a strong and skilled neighbor often being called in as an aid. To the male mind the making of such a bed was always among the insoluble mysteries of life. When the house expanded into one of several rooms, the parlor, which was a sort of holy of holies, and the best bedroom, a pompous looking structure, combined to attest the universal hospitality of the time. When company did actually come this latter room was duly aired; otherwise it remained there unused, in the minds of the children a thing of awe, an exciter of wonder about its mission in the world.

The methods of living, so far as food and its preparation were concerned—not only so far as these related to the pioneer, but all along the line of our colonial and general development—have been subject to much misrepresentation during recent years, chiefly due to the ignorance or the deliberate misrepresentation of the sensational novelist of a later day. These writers, dealing with the part of the population far below the average in prosperity, outlook and social standing, have carried the impression that the living was limited mainly to salt pork, the most indigestible of saleratus biscuit, the worst of coffee or tea, the coarsest of sugar and salt, and sweets beneath contempt. In other words, the pioneer has been put down as a lank, half-starved human being, the dweller in a vast outdoor slum. Of course, the writers or travelers who prompted this idea little knew the lavishness, verging upon waste and extravagance; the nervous care devoted by the housewife to cooking; the regard for wholesomeness; the knowledge of dainties; or the amount and variety of food that day by day loaded the table in an average family of industry with its resulting prosperity.

Food the Prime Necessity

OUTSIDE the tests fixed by character—those that circled round the coveted position incident to good citizenship—the first question asked about a husband was, "Is he a good provider?" and about a wife, "Is she a good cook?" These reflected, with accuracy, the standards of the community.

In the provision of food the first concern of the pioneer was to make sure that it could be obtained. On the way through the wilderness the prudent mover would not settle in a place so remote that it did not afford a supply of fresh meat. If at first he had to rely upon his faithful rifle he would only live within the areas where deer, wild turkey, wild geese and ducks, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels and rabbits were found in sufficient numbers to afford him an assured reward without having to range over so wide an area that he could not meet the wants of his family without undue loss of time from his regular work. He did not hunt merely for sport—in this respect he was still the primitive man. Nor did he hunt in companies—the game he had to get was too wary for this—hence the contemptuous proverb, applied to all the operations of life, about hunting ducks with a brass band. Naturally a modern battue—in which game is shot to satisfy an instinct for killing, or for association with fellows, or for vanity and show—was unknown.

The pioneer's hunting was as much a part of the business of life as planting or grinding corn or milking a cow or raising hogs or cattle.

The true frontiersman was not much of a fisherman, and when he indulged in it he fished as he hunted—for use, not for recreation. The streams that he crossed or along which he lived were not generally remarkable either for the quantity or the quality of the finny life they contained; besides, fishing was altogether too slow a thing for him to follow. It did not yield an adequate return in the way of food to justify the expenditure

(Continued on Page 54)

Such a Child Became an Interested Spectator Long Before It Was Fairly Out of Its First Order of Clothes

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 10, 1922

Our Runaway River

EXAMINATION of the conditions that made possible the recent devastating floods that took heavy toll in life and property the length of the Mississippi Basin, from Cairo to the Delta country, affords as clear a case of cause and effect as is often to be found. The wonder is not that thousands of square miles of fertile territory, spotted with densely populated towns, were at the mercy of the runaway river, but that men should have ever closed their eyes to the obvious fact that the recurrence of such disasters is inevitable as long as water runs downhill and causative factors remain unchanged.

If a conspiracy of malevolent engineering experts had been formed forty years ago for the express purpose of so treating the Mississippi Valley as to make recurrent flood and disaster a moral certainty the conspirators could have scarcely brought about a set of conditions more favorable to their project than that which now exists.

The surest known way to produce floods is to see that all rainfall runs downhill over steep surfaces without having an opportunity to sink into the soil. This is most effectively accomplished by cutting down every hillside forest and removing all porous forest carpet, such as moss, mold and decayed leafage, that might check or absorb the smallest trickles of rainfall. Flood every rill and runnel with the rains of spring, and the creeks and rivers will take care of themselves. This is just what has been done—not through the plotting of foreign enemies, but by honest, ball-playing Americans whose hands are never raised against their native land except when they go into a forest with an ax or commit themselves to the feeding of a pet sawmill. Eventually they learn the evils of reckless deforestation, but not until their timber has become joists and shingles or sad, smoking ruins.

Downstream in the Mississippi Delta country there are those who appear to entertain the theory that the way to prevent a boiler explosion is to clamp down the safety valve as they did in the palmy days of river racing; for acting by analogy they have closed the river's natural outlets to the sea without creating artificial outlets to relieve the resulting strain. The consequences are precisely what might have been expected.

Flood, like taxation, is most effectively controlled at its source. Plow furrows in Wisconsin or Missouri can hold back tiny streams which, if allowed to march down into Louisiana, gathering reënforcements at every bend in the river, would form a torrent that the stoutest levee cannot withstand. Levees are all very well as far as they go and as long as they stay; but when the big river is on the rampage man-made walls are as futile as he who would bind behemoth with a hank of baby ribbon.

Inasmuch as the broad valley of the Mississippi yields nearly ninety per cent of the iron, coal, food and cotton produced in the United States, it would seem as if economic as well as humanitarian considerations dictated the immediate study and the early solution—in practice, and not on paper only—of the very vital problem here presented.

President Harding has already expressed lively interest in the definite and clean-cut remedial program proposed by the experts of the New Orleans Association of Commerce. In addition to a more adequate system of levees and controlled outlets below the Red River, these proposals outline a comprehensive system of source-stream control. The simplest recommendation is that of general contour plowing—that is to say, plowing hillsides round and round, so each furrow will be a miniature dam that will hold back the thin trickle of water until it can sink into the ground. Reforestation on a large scale, by correcting in part the blunders of the past and by restoring natural conditions, would reduce the strain upon protective engineering work. Diversion dams in the Upper Missouri and works in the Ohio and its tributaries, such as those reported by the Pittsburgh Flood Control Committee, for retarding and averaging the run-off, would prove of incalculable benefit; and great basins for the retention of excess flood waters would proportionably take the stress from protective works below.

There is no mystery about the methods to be employed. The questions are: Will Congress take the matter in hand and authorize the necessary work and expenditure? Will it initiate a well-considered comprehensive engineering project, or will its appropriations be parceled out to meet political exigencies?

We have long vaunted ourselves that the East and the Middle West are finished country; that they have all the railway facilities they need, that their streams have been bridged, that their roads are good and transportation is generally easy; but the boast will not ring true until the Mississippi drainage system has been put in its place with valid assurance that, except for minor outbreaks, it will stay there for all time.

Substitutes for Men

WITH the death a few months ago at the age of seventy-eight of a modest and self-effacing but brilliant and fearless journalist, the newspapers with which he had been associated pointed out how the eventual downfall of the corrupt Tweed Ring in New York City politics had been largely due to this one man's masterly handling of the opening assault a full half century before. Only a few weeks later Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the clergyman whose crusading efforts did so much to defeat another corrupt political ring a generation later, reached his eightieth birthday. In speaking of the crime wave which has disturbed the metropolis for several years he said:

"It is true that he"—the police commissioner—"has summoned to his aid an enormous multiplicity and variety of instrumentalities, but we ought to be discriminating enough to understand that the power of an executive does not reside in the machinery that he sets in operation but resides in the man's own interior genius of command—as when the Almighty said 'Let there be light, and there was light.' That is executive power. All else is the simulation of power, and so evidently counterfeit as to be ineffective.

"I learned that lesson twenty-five years ago in my two years' conflict with the Tammany superintendent of police, Thomas Byrnes. If he wanted a thing done he said 'Let it be done'; if he wanted every rum shop and disorderly house in the city to suspend operations he simply said 'Close up'; and they were all closed up and remained so till he said 'Open up.'"

Every now and then we are told by someone whose positiveness is equaled only by his lack of historical perspective that all the old-time leaders have gone and mass or group action is the dominant force of the day. "The great editors, preachers, business men and educators have passed away," says one exponent of the new order. "We don't think of Rockefeller in oil or of Carnegie in steel. We just think of great companies and syndicates."

But common everyday experience proves that such a statement is untrue. Just because prominent figures in industry or reform or journalism are passing away at eighty or thereabouts, why necessarily jump to the conclusion that the work of the world is being carried forward only by companies, syndicates, masses and groups? The old conspicuous leaders are always passing while the new are in process of development. The importance of the mass and the group is not belittled merely because no clean-cut piece of work, no real achievement is possible without the devoted effort of one man or a few individuals.

Victory over one or more of the world's worst diseases has been achieved largely through the efforts of a certain liberally endowed foundation for medical research. Shall we ascribe this to the foundation itself, to the efficacy of a massive institutionalism? Tommyrot! All the money was given by a single individual who happened to be a genius in an important industry, and the actual work of discovering and combating the causes of disease has been done by a handful of scientific specialists, a dozen at the most.

Does any city clean up its crime, does any court system clear away its calendar, does any Federal department make a record, does any state charitable institution substantially reduce the sum of human misery, does any city drive out commercial frauds or financial swindles unless a few individuals or more commonly a lone individual exercises real power and works for a desired end, regardless of his own comfort and leisure? For that matter, does any banker lend freely to a corporation, does any investing group believe in a stock or bond, unless there is confidence and trust in both the integrity and the ability of a small group of executives or even of a single executive?

Whenever a business enterprise falls upon evil days—and thousands of them have in the last year or two—no one attempts to diagnose the trouble or prescribe a remedy without first making sure whether those in command are honest and able or dishonest and incapable. The very writer and lecturer who says that the great leaders have passed away would not think of investing his own savings in an enterprise whose executives he positively knew to be without qualities of leadership. Only a mental defective would dream of deliberately intrusting money to persons known to be totally devoid of such qualities.

It has long been said that if you want to get a thing done go to someone who is already very busy. Why is it that in every town and village a comparatively small group of people serve on nearly all the committees and carry the burden of civic work? In a town where there are scores of childless married women with ample means, several servants and good health, a few busy mothers of several children, in none too good health, with relatively little money and only part of the time of one maid, are constantly asked to undertake various forms of work for the public benefit. Why? Because everyone knows they have the essential qualities and capacities.

If leadership is a thing of the past the outlook is dark indeed. But the evidence is strangely lacking. Even labor unions, where group action is magnified to the utmost, have their leaders, and very able, influential and conspicuous they often are. Indeed both in this country and England a few labor leaders have been accused in recent years of running the country, of vetoing policies of government itself, of forming a supergovernment. Socialist parties have their leaders, men who make themselves heard, and even in that paradise of proletarian dictatorship, in that Mecca of the downtrodden masses, Russia, there seem to be a number of astute and outstanding leaders—Lenine, Trotzky, Tchitcherin, Krassin, and so on.

Human leadership is an inheritance of the race. It is due to the possession of superior qualities, or at least of outstanding qualities; and those qualities in turn are found in some men and not in others because of the slow process of evolution through untold ages. Leadership may take new forms, but the thing itself is embedded in the very nature of man. One might as well talk about new conditions doing away with hunger and with love.

HARD TIMES IN SCANDINAVIA

By IRA NELSON MORRIS

Minister to Sweden

DURING a recent visit in America I was frequently faced with the question: "Are conditions as bad in Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries as they are in America?" Both in the Eastern States and in the Middle West the business men were anxious and worried. They wanted me to tell them in detail how the period of depression affected the countries of Northern Europe and what means were being used to regain a secure balance in national affairs. I know that Americans generally appreciated the fact that the rest of the world was suffering, but I think many held the belief that America was burdened more heavily than the countries across the Atlantic. It would be unwise to make a sweeping statement including all Northern Europe, but I am sure that the people on the Scandinavian peninsula have been hit just as hard as Americans. It has been a terrible winter from every viewpoint—the worst in a quarter of a century.

The difficulties in Sweden and her neighboring nations have been very similar to those in the United States. With the wave of depression came unparalleled displacement of labor, each month witnessing big increases in the number of unemployed. The taxpayers groaned under their burdens and bitterly criticized their governments. Arctic winds brought lower temperatures than had been recorded since 1893, and froze the lines of water traffic so solidly that shipping remained paralyzed for over a month. An epidemic of influenza raged over Sweden and Norway, and a host of minor ailments affecting the masses added their share of torment. Such was the situation in general terms. It was a gloomy picture, but upon close inspection there could be seen high lights and bright spots. An optimist would stress the fact that through the adversity of the present will evolve a better understanding of the problems that have aggravated peoples and governments for years, while in a broader sense a closer bond of sympathy will be drawn between the nations through their mutual suffering.

The French Steamer Rodfaxe Encountering Difficulties With the Ice in the Sound

Relief Measures

BY FAR the greatest problem of the period of depression in Scandinavia was that presented by the huge number of unemployed. In the summer of 1921 the various industries affected by hard times began discharging employes. Big mercantile concerns in the cities reduced their staffs to the minimum, and by the time winter set in there were in Sweden over 80,000 jobless, in Denmark 65,000 and in Norway nearly 50,000. These figures increased rapidly through the early winter, and during January the number of unemployed in Sweden rose to about 160,000, which compared to the population, slightly over 6,000,000, made the percentage of workless very heavy. In Denmark the unemployed numbered somewhere about 100,000 out of a total population of 3,000,000, and in Norway the figures reached 75,000 out of a population of 3,000,000. In judging the extent of the unemployment, however, it must be borne in mind that the figures represent only those wage earners thrown out of jobs. In many cases they have dependents. In Sweden, for example, it is estimated that 87,000 unemployed have others to support, in most cases two dependents, making a number of people suffering through the closing of factories or the reduction of staffs close upon 300,000.

To help the workmen during the period of depression the Swedish Government decided to appropriate a large sum annually, to be doled out in allotments to the jobless. This appropriation amounted to an equivalent in Swedish money of about $12,000,000 last year, and an appropriation twice as heavy is asked for the forthcoming twelve months. Whether this method of dealing with unemployment is beneficial for all concerned is a matter of much debate. It is complicated by many disputes over the individual payments and the status of men employed upon temporary work conducted by the state and municipalities, as well as the right of workmen locked out by their employers to be classed as unemployed. Proof of the worth of unemployed allotments by the state will develop only after industry has recovered and it is possible to observe the effects upon labor generally. The heavy appropriation required for the allotments was one of the burdens shouldered by the taxpayers, whose complaints against the measure are as strong as those of the American taxpayers against the multitude of their difficulties. During January of this year the Swedish Government paid out a sum equal to $1,350,000 to the unemployed, with no hope that the drain on the treasury could be lowered during the ensuing months.

Swedish Ice Breaker No. II Arriving to Assist Two Swedish Steamers Caught in Ice for Four Weeks

Conditions in Denmark

ALTHOUGH the taxpayers complain, at the same time they feel a deep sympathy for their less fortunate fellows and they express that sympathy in many practical experiments for the benefit of those who are involuntarily idle. Schools for the unemployed were opened in Stockholm shortly after the first of the year and at the first session, held in a theater donated for the purpose, over 900 were enrolled for the term. The courses covered technical training in a dozen different trades, lectures on art, music, literature, economics, and classes in languages. Noted professors, actors, musicians and leaders in various industries gave their time free for the benefit of the workmen enrolled in the schools. To each member of the school for unemployed a ticket was issued entitling the holder to a free meal. The plan was adopted in other cities and will continue as long as the number of unemployed makes the venture worth while.

In Denmark the unemployment situation has been greatly aggravated by a fierce contest between the powerful employers' society and the labor unions. Employers were faced with two problems, just as employers were in England and America: First, they determined to reduce wages; and second, to increase output through the extension of working hours. In their proposals for wage reduction the Danish employers announced their intention of heavily lowering all wage scales, and simultaneously demanded a relaxation of the eight-hour-day law. To enforce their terms they instituted a lockout, thereby adding to the already large number of unemployed nearly 80,000 others who might have continued, at least on part-time work. The result of this fight is unknown as this article is being written, but regardless of which side comes off with the victory, the effects will be hard on both. The lockout has already cost Denmark $10,000,000 according to the estimates of the officials, while the keen competition from neighboring countries, especially Germany, which the Danish employers seek to overcome, grows apace.

Scandinavian shipping has been dealt blow after blow by trade conditions, by the elements and by the rapid decline in freight rates. All last summer the Swedish, Danish

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A JITNEY GUIDE TO THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

IN ANOTHER year or so they are going to need traffic cops on the Santa Fé Trail all the way from Broadway and Forty-second Street to San Bernardino, California. And it is for the benefit of those who want to join the crowd that this article is written. Having made the trip myself and suffered upon it from lack of certain knowledge, it occurred to me that perhaps a lot of folks who contemplated motoring across this trail might like a little practical dope on the trip. So here you are. Tear this out and stick it in your wallet. You can depend upon its being the real thing.

To begin with, it is possible to cross the continent by motor at any time of the year, but it is not probable. Take it all in all, the best bet for general good weather and good road conditions is from the first of June to the first of September. I wouldn't, however, advise making the start from the East after September first, as on the Lincoln Highway snow would very likely be encountered on the Continental Divide and through the Rockies. As for the time it takes, George—that's my husband—and I drove across in eighteen days, actual driving time, without any night driving at all, taking our way in leisurely fashion and seeing everything as we went.

In talking to prospective motorists about the transcontinental journey I find that two principal terrors loom largely in their minds—to wit: Crossing the desert, and the fear of not being able to get adequate supplies for the motor and for their living. Both of these fears are chimeras. There is a gasoline station every seventy-five miles all the way across the desert, and other supplies may be purchased anywhere along the route. There is no Sahara stuff about it, except that which is derived from the Eighteenth Amendment.

Once you have made up your mind to go, the question that follows in natural sequence is, Which way? There are no less than six main roads from coast to coast, and the first thing to do is to obtain a good road map and look it over carefully. A good one is the Transcontinental Map of Main Traveled Roads issued by the American Automobile Association, which may be secured from their national headquarters, Riggs Building, Washington, D. C., or their New York office, 501 Fifth Avenue. This is not only a clear and well-arranged map but has a great deal of valuable detailed information printed on the back. In the Far West good maps are to be got through the Automobile Club of Southern California, Figueroa and Pico Streets, Los Angeles, California.

The Route From Coast to Coast

EVERY trail is worth taking of course, but the route offered for your present approval is a good one for a first transcontinental journey. Here is the itinerary. Read it over, and then look at your map, and you will see why it is so good.

New York to Baltimore, Maryland.
Baltimore to Wheeling, West Virginia.
Wheeling to Columbus, Ohio.
Columbus to Indianapolis, Indiana.
Indianapolis to Terre Haute, Indiana.
Terre Haute to St. Louis, Missouri.
St. Louis to Columbia, Missouri.
Columbia to Kansas City, Kansas.
Kansas City to Hutchinson, Kansas.
Hutchinson to Syracuse, Kansas
Syracuse to Trinidad, Colorado.
Trinidad to Las Vegas, New Mexico.
Las Vegas to Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Albuquerque to Magdalena, New Mexico.

Outlook From the "White House" Cliff Dwelling in Cañon de Chelly, Near Gallup, New Mexico

Magdalena to Springerville, Arizona.
Springerville to Winslow, Arizona.
Winslow to the Grand Cañon.
Grand Cañon to Seligman, Arizona.
Seligman to Needles, California.
Needles to Barstow, California
Barstow to Riverside, California.

These are comfortable jumps, that any average driver can make, and are based primarily on the fact that excellent hotel accommodations can be secured in all the places mentioned.

I especially recommend the Santa Fé route for its infinite variety. Beginning with the charming Southern city of Baltimore you will next in order come upon the quaint little town of Frederick, which looks exactly as though it had been plucked bodily out of a set for a Civil War motion picture. It's all you want and expect a small Southern town to look like, and then some. Next you get a good glimpse of the Western Pennsylvania coal fields and mining towns of which you read in the newspapers whenever there is a big rumpus going on in the coal industry.

Leaving this behind you will come into Wheeling, West Virginia, a charming city, alive, yet with a touch of quaintness, too, and from there to Columbus, Ohio. This is agricultural country, and so much of a muchness as there is of it! From there you go to Indianapolis.

During the rainy season—or any other season for that matter—it is quite possible that you will find mud in this district, but there is always a way to get through.

Cornfields in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are not measured by the acre but by the mile, and the growth not by the foot but by the yard. One passes literally through forests of corn and, I might say, shoals of pigs. There is a richness about this entire stretch of territory that is enheartening to the Easterner, to whom bugaboos of Bolshevism and labor conditions are constantly presented. From Indianapolis you come into St. Louis over the Mississippi bottoms, a fertile flat land which in September is a blaze of golden bloom. St. Louis is a true city in the sense in which we know the word in the East. The rest of Missouri is interesting chiefly because here begins a succession of beautiful little cities which are, so far as I know, unique and which continue from St. Louis through and beyond Kansas City to La Junta.

The next stop is Kansas City, which truly calls itself The Gateway to the West. Almost imperceptibly the whole journey has so far been leading up to the great change from the East to the West, but here it is as though the curtain had suddenly been lifted up on the play itself.

You leave Kansas City for Hutchinson all prepared to endure enormous stretches of flat country filled with wheat and nothing but wheat, but as a matter of fact Kansas is one of the most varied states in the Union, and one of the most scenically dramatic.

Trinidad comes next, and from this place one makes the Raton Pass over the Rockies, a drive that leads one to enormous heights over extraordinarily well-planned grades, a beautiful safe road, offering views that are like something you have dreamed about.

Alas, alack that I should have to say it of so marvelous a country as New Mexico, but it is the truth that the roads leave very much to be desired. There is a great deal of volcanic ash over this country, a substance which in its rough state is hard on tires, to say the least, and though it is an interesting experiment to cross an extinct volcanic cone heaped with black bowlders, it is not good motoring. But it is worth any trouble to reach the city of Santa Fé.

There is situated one of the most interesting and important institutions in the country—to wit: The Institute of American Archæological Research, housed in buildings that are perfect reproductions of old Spanish and Indian structures. The original Spanish governor's palace is preserved in character.

From Santa Fé to Albuquerque

ALSO the finest of the prehistoric ruins and the Cañon de los Frijoles are easily accessible from the town, and tremendously well worth seeing, even though it is necessary to stay over an extra night in order to do so. An excellent road leads right to the edge of the thousand-foot cliff at the bottom of which a prehistoric community house lies, and to see this at sunset is to find suddenly at your feet the civilization of a bygone age, revealed as if by magic, in all its strange beauty.

The town of Santa Fé is itself remarkably beautiful and picturesque, replete with old churches and walled gardens. One is reluctant to leave it.

I note with interest that none of the big road maps mention the La Bajada grade. But believe me, anyone who has once been over it is likely to mention it—considerably! It consists of a series of sharp turns, and if you like the shoot-the-chutes at Coney Island you will be strong for it. In Santa Fé they told me it had originally been a mule trail used by the Indians and Spanish as far back as 1600, and all I can say is that it sure was some mule that first made the grade.

The drive from Santa Fé to Albuquerque, a large and prosperous town, is a dramatic one, good for dry weather, but in the event of a cloudburst in the mountains it is sometimes impassable. I have known of cars being stalled between washes for twenty-four hours at a stretch, unable to go either back or forwards.

In Albuquerque one must decide which route to take to Holbrook, Arizona, and to do so is an extremely difficult thing. If your time is somewhat limited and the upper road is in good condition I would suggest taking that one, as it makes the Laguna Indian Reservation very easily accessible, and there are no Indian villages on the southern trail. Los Lunas is the turning point where one must make one's final decision. As a matter of fact both ways are interesting, although, all things considered, the northern

(Continued on Page 28)

THE GREAT BREAKFAST FOOD—GOOD HOT SOUP

She's a dandy housekeeper
So I said, "Let's go!"
For she's a Campbell's housekeeper
And has her soup just so

"—and they lived long and happily ever after."

Let Campbell's Soups help. Every taste of them puts an extra sparkle in your meal—they're so delicious and nourishing and tempting. Go to your grocer today and select an attractive Campbell's assortment, including your favorite soups and several "new" kinds for variety. Then see how much more everybody enjoys their food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the favorite of millions—the best-liked soup in the world. Taste it and you'll know why! Luscious sun-sweetened tomatoes—aristocrats of the vines—give to it their pure tonic juices, enriched with smooth, golden table butter and the most delicate of piquant spicing. A bright spot in any meal!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox-tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

route is perhaps more picturesque. On the southern route the Datil Forest offers a relief from the desert country and is extremely beautiful in a friendly and more intimate manner, and one rides for hours through great cathedral-like columns of fox-tail pines, an uncommonly straight tree with red bark and dark green needles. This route is unquestionably cooler than the other.

From either Winslow or Gallup it is possible to go out into the Hopi Reservation. On the map you will find a large square marked Moqui Reservation. According to the inhabitants themselves this is incorrectly named, as Moqui means Dead Indians and they like to call themselves the Happy People, which is translated into Hopi. The surrounding country is the real Bad Lands, full of color and extremely picturesque. The Hopi villages on the three mesas are really primitive and unspoiled as yet by tourist travel, and can be reached only in good weather, as there is, properly speaking, no road out to them, but only a trail leading through the sagebrush. It is inadvisable to attempt this trip without a guide, but perfectly safe if you take help along. It is necessary to camp overnight at Oraibi or Walpi, for there are no hotels or accommodations of any kind.

Not Like the Sahara

THE road from Winslow to Flagstaff is through a mountainous pine-clad country, and both roads up to the Grand Cañon are passable but not good, having sand in many places, but no very bad grades. But from Williams to Needles, California, is perhaps the most difficult part of the trip, for the roads are undeniably poor and it is desert country. Kingman is the only large town en route. It is one of the biggest mining centers in America and is the focusing point of all the mining interests for hundreds of miles around. This is gold country, silver country, and one of the principal districts from which copper, zinc and our semi-precious stones come.

Needles gives one the first glimpse of what California is going to be like, for there are palm trees in the square and the color in the mountains is more intense than it has been heretofore. There are two ways to reach it from Kingman. One is across a rather bad stretch of alkali desert, through Yucca and Topock. And the other is by way of Goldroad, directly through the mountains over very bad roads and dangerous grades, but passing through several real mining settlements that bear all the earmarks of a gold boom town in a moving picture. Exceptionally careful driving is certainly necessary hereabouts, for the roads are full of blind turns and there is a long and usually muddy stretch of bottomland approaching the Colorado River, which must be ferried on this route. The other route, which crosses the alkali stretch, is much longer, but the approach to Needles is over a bridge. When one reaches Needles the real desert, the part of the trip which most people fear, is still before one. But here begins the work of that astonishing organization, the Automobile Club of Southern California, which has attempted to lay a hard road over the face of the desert. In point of fact it has actually done so, though succeeding at times indifferently well, and after wading through heavy sand for a few miles immediately out of Needles one comes upon this paved boulevard in the middle of nowhere. It is an unexpected sight that raises one's hopes unduly, for the character of the ground is such as to make a permanent road little short of impossible. Nevertheless, their attempt has resulted in good stretches, although the frequent sandstorms have completely buried it in places. Very likely even as I write this condition has undergone a tremendous improvement, but it is true that the terrors of crossing the desert have been greatly alleviated by the work of the club and you can now drive and still look at something besides the wheel and the road immediately ahead of you.

You mustn't expect the desert to be like the Sahara, because it's not. There is growth of one kind or another on every bit of the stretch across which the road passes, except that one piece of alkali country between Kingman and Needles. It is mountainous country, instead of being flat as one naturally presupposes, and occasionally enormous dead volcanic cones appear upon the horizon. Some people fear the desert, and some, having crossed it, dislike it still, but to me it seems almost the only part of America where man has not yet interfered with God and where your soul can get out and stretch to its fullest extent. If you can see nothing else upon the desert be sure you train yourself to perceive its shifting color and the weird tricks the light plays.

More than this I cannot say. If you can't see what is there I can't tell you about it; it is one of those things that everyone must find for himself.

From Daggett to Barstow the road is difficult; sandy, rough and high crowned; and from Barstow to the head of the San Bernardino Pass is also poor, the roadbed being of loose gravel, and the grades stiff. But at the end of this pass the miracle of the California roads begins. At the very summit, sharply divided from the crude trail as though a knife had cut the black tar ribbon off abruptly, the paving starts, and from there on into San Bernardino, and thereafter, the beauty of the roads and the charm of the scenery both exceed the Eastern motorist's wildest dream of perfection.

The first question which comes naturally to any woman's mind in connection with going anywhere is, What shall I wear? And it's the truth that the choice of clothes for a transcontinental motor trip is a good deal of a question.

To begin with, one wants to be thoroughly comfortable through the day, have a change for the evening, especially if one intends to stop at hotels, and plenty of linen because of the difficulty of getting overnight laundry done. And against these necessities stands the even greater necessity for making your baggage as small in quantity as possible. An overburdened car heaped with bags and suitcases, blanket rolls, and so on, in addition to the necessary extra appliances for the car itself, is enough to destroy the pleasure of the trip—that is, if anything could destroy it.

What Women Should Wear

EAST of the Mississippi George and I found it practicable to wear just such motor clothes as we would use around home. But we both made one serious mistake—to wit: We started out in dark clothing. Believe me, before we'd gone very far we found that what you want is dirt-colored clothes. West of the Mississippi khaki for all hands becomes positively *de rigueur*. After we left Kansas City I put on a pair of riding trousers, and oh, the joy of that! I need not sing their praises to any female who has tried them, but for the encouragement of those who have not, allow me to insist and reiterate that they are the only thing to wear in thorough comfort west of the Rockies. Everyone from grandmamma to the snappiest chicken in the snappiest roadster that you pass wears 'em. Do not dream of going without a pair. Every department store that boasts of a motoring-goods department now carries coat and knickers of khaki for women as well as for men, and these suits are remarkably reasonable, being purchasable for as little as six dollars; and believe me they will give six hundred dollars' worth of comfort and ease. I assure you, ladies, that you can walk into the best hotels through the Far West in the aforesaid garments without the slightest embarrassment, and the clerk will not even smile after your back is turned. And if you are going to camp out such a costume will be absolutely indispensable. Curiously enough it is necessary, even though you start in the hottest weather, to take a couple of winter-weight you-know-whats. You will need them in the high altitudes just as sure as shooting. You will actually find frost down in the mountains of a country which looks, geographically, as though a Palm Beach suit would be the only tolerable costume. A sweater and a raincoat are absolutely necessary. Ask for a rubber fishing shirt and helmet, and take one along. This excellent garment slips on over the head, has elastic bands in the wrists and around the neck, and a helmet with a visor, and a curtain which

(Continued on Page 30)

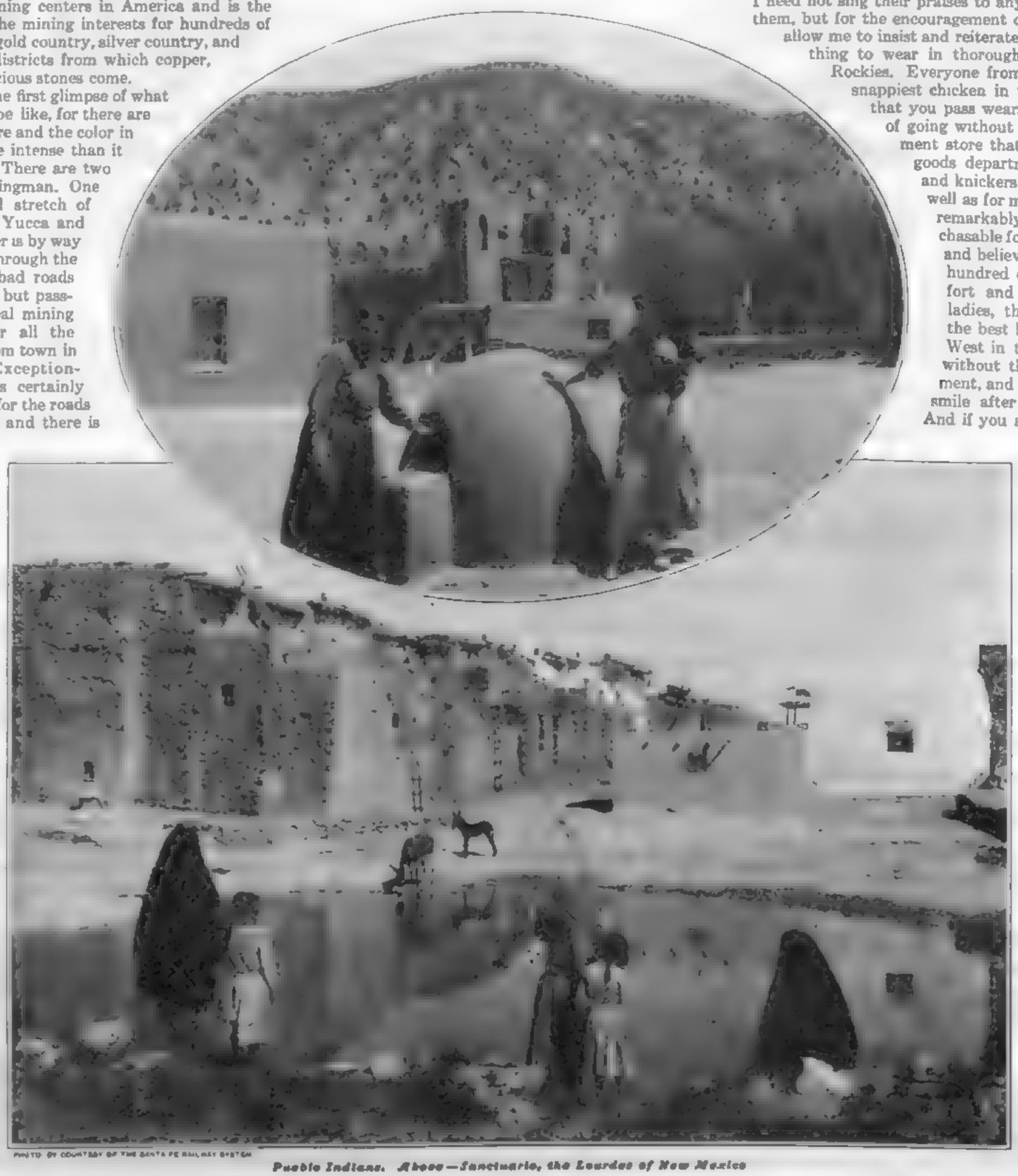
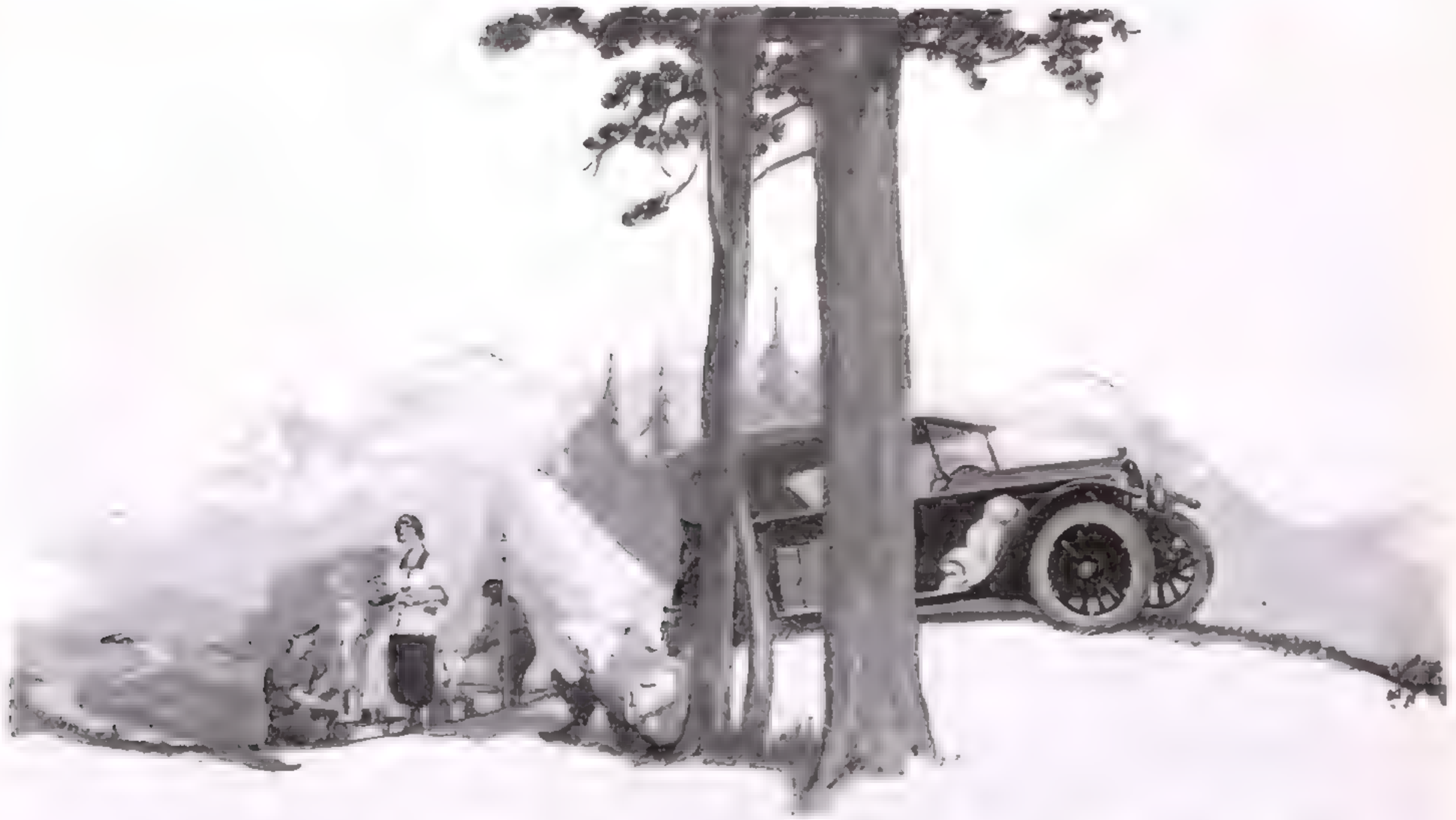


PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE SANTA FE RAILWAY SYSTEM

Pueblo Indians. Above—Sanctuario, the Lourdes of New Mexico



Long-Proven Value Now Breaking All Hupmobile Sales Records

The story of the Hupmobile business since the first of the year is an inspiration.

In all the 14 years of our history, there has been no such succession of shattered records. Never has the factory been called upon to meet such a tremendous demand for its product.

In January the increase in sales began almost with a rush. That month was the greatest January on our books.

April Outstrips All Previous Records

Like a huge snowball, sales have kept on rolling up and up. February showed a 35 per cent increase over January, and the March business leaped ahead so far that it made the first quarter our largest by all odds.

Then came April with 3806 cars shipped, thus outstripping all of these 1922 records, and registering an increase of 180 per cent over the first four months of 1921.

May orders in hand as this goes to press indicate still another record-breaker in the greatest year the Hupmobile has ever known.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is perfectly plain. It is the Hupmobile that people want, now that buying has settled down to a basis of real dollar-value. They want it because for 14 years it has been known as an exceptionally good car. Because today it is proving its greater value by what it is and what it is doing every day for its owners.

In economy, the Hupmobile stands almost alone. Records carefully kept by business houses which operate fleets of cars show its upkeep and running costs below those of cars whose chief appeal is price.

In performance, it is known everywhere as the remarkable equal of cars which cost a great deal more and are therefore expected to do a great deal more.

New Buyers by Scores and Hundreds

The higher prices which the used-car markets put upon used Hupmobiles—when they can get them—indicate the preference of their buyers, and the higher value everyone concedes to this car.

All of these things, which are known to other owners almost as well as to Hupmobile owners, are working together to attract new buyers by the scores and hundreds, and to make this year the greatest our history has ever recorded.

Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster-Coupé, $1395; Coupé, $1835; Sedan, $1935. Cord Tires on all models
Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 28)

protects the back of the neck. It is easily folded away into a small rubber envelope, which comes with the set. These are much cheaper than the ordinary raincoat and if you are driving an open car you will probably find more use for this outfit than for any other one item of your wardrobe, even though you should have very little rainy weather, as they are light in weight, windproof and of course dustproof.

So many women have asked me what clothes I took upon the big hike that I am moved to give a list herewith:

1 Gray-brown-mixture tweed suit.
1 Medium-weight topcoat.
1 Pair low-heeled oxford ties.
6 Very plain tailored shirt waists for use in the East.
1 Silk crêpe dress, high necked.
1 Khaki-colored flannel shirt, boy's model.
1 Small motoring hat.
1 Boy's tweed cap, with visor.
1 Plain black evening gown, of uncrushable silk.
1 Pair of dress slippers.
Driving gloves.
Khaki riding clothes.
1 Pair high boots, of the type known as Pioneer.
1 Rubber fishing shirt.
Small compact toilet roll.
Underwear and a pair of goggles.

These last are especially important and great care should be made in selecting the proper sort.

The clothes George selected after the usual husbandly performance of packing and repacking his bag not over seven times and constantly interrupting my own packing by yelling out questions such as Will I take the old gray sweater or the one Cousin Mary knitted for me? and other equally important queries, were as follows:

1 Cloth cap.
1 Rubber fishing shirt.
1 Medium-weight overcoat.
1 Sweater.
1 Tweed-mixture lounge suit.
1 Dark suit for evening.
2 Flannel shirts.
1 Pair khaki breeches.
2 Pairs golf stockings.
2 Pairs shoes.
6 Soft shirts with collar attached.
Underwear and socks.
Jar of cold cream.

This last item may seem a curious article for a man to take along, but the action of alkali dust upon the skin makes it necessary. In the Southwest it is an excellent plan to start out in the morning by rubbing in a small quantity of cream upon the face and allowing it to remain throughout the day, as soap and water are not a sufficient agent as a cleanser, and besides, without it the heat and dust make shaving next to impossible; or so George says.

Tools and Equipment

DO NOT turn up your nose at taking something fresh and a little dressy to put on in the evenings if you are going to stay in the hotels. The midcountry towns are not hick villages, and you will need and want one attractive costume when you hit Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and many other points along the road. Furthermore the refreshment that comes from a bath and a change at the end of the day grows to be an absolute necessity on a long motor trip; so don't make the mistake of thinking you can live in your motor clothes day after day.

Camping is another matter, but even in that case I would suggest taking along some costume, no matter how simple, which you do not wear in the car. You can pretty nearly pack your bag in sequence for the trip, so that it is unnecessary to disturb the garments in it until you come to the part of the country where you are actually going to use them. Start out with your Eastern clothing on top and your khaki things below, and you will have the comfort of not being obliged to unload the car completely every night. We had our bags so arranged that they could be padlocked to the running board, and sometimes for two or three days at a time it was unnecessary to take anything into the hotel except our dressing cases. The first law of long-distance motoring is one big bag apiece, and that's a generous allowance.

Don't take good new luggage, for it surely will be ruined; and cover what you do take with a tarpaulin.

So much for what the well-dressed motorist will wear. But all the equipment necessary for the trip does not go upon one's back. Though there are many fancy motor accessories upon the market, the inventions of numerous ingenious persons, beginning with the devil, these are mostly hokum, and can be perfectly well dispensed with. However, there are a few tools it is foolhardy to go without. When you read the list of them over don't get cold feet, because you're not going to the North Pole, although I know it reads that way. These are the tools of common sense, and you will be glad to have them along before your trip is finished, or I miss my guess.

To begin with, you must have a complete set of chains for your tires. Four chains. That's what I said: four. Of course you may have great luck and never be obliged to put them on at all. But through the high-crowned dirt roads of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and parts of Kansas, take my advice and put them on instantly if you get a sudden shower, no matter how light the shower may be. The soil all through this part of the country is so constituted that a light shower makes more dangerous driving than a really heavy rain.

Take along a good strong tow rope. We used ours twice to tow somebody else out of a ditch, and once to bind on the spare wheel after the leather straps had broken. A good rope has many uses.

A block and tackle is a splendid thing to have along. Next you need a collapsible water bucket, preferably one with a spout. These come made of watertight canvas and take up very little room. They are practically necessary if you have to fill your radiator from a brook or a spring. Then—perhaps most important of all—is your desert water bag. A five-gallon size will take good care of your car and is about as large as the average automobile can carry comfortably. This water bag is absolutely essential, and should be filled upon every possible occasion. If you don't do it, just as sure as you're born you'll spring a leak in your radiator; and the desert water bag must be carried on the principle of an umbrella in fair weather if on no other basis. You will principally find it useful on the steep mountain grades, where there may be no springs and where your car will very likely boil. Don't forget a tarpaulin. The three dollars that it costs will save you twenty times your investment. A folding shovel is also most important, and so is a strong practical ax.

The above-mentioned are all essential. If you have them you can safely ignore the fancy additions that may be offered for your consideration.

Now there is a third class of personal equipment that it is well to consider, and foremost in it is the vacuum bottle. You will not want to drink from your water bag, and a very large vacuum bottle is indispensable. Keep this full of something cold to drink, whether you think you're going to need it or not, because you will. A compact picnic case is a good thing to have along, and when you are at a hotel or in a town where good food is easily obtainable it is a splendid idea to have a lunch put up. I would further suggest that the car be equipped with iron rations at all times. We found fruited crackers the most satisfactory thing. Chocolate is impractical because in the intense heat it melts so quickly. A few oranges kept in the car help a lot, both for thirst and nourishment.

There are several types of excellent gasoline stoves on the market now, and these are splendid if you are going to camp, but we were at no time so far from hot food that we needed one. If you want something that will give you a quick and ready flame the gasoline stove is, however, better than the compact alcohol ones, and you have your fuel right with you in the car.

If you do not take a luncheon kit be sure you have drinking cups, and, apropos of nothing at all, I highly recommend carrying a pair of field glasses. You will frequently come upon a wonderful bit of scenery that you will be able to appreciate far better for them.

And now, last but not least, be sure always to have a gallon of oil and five gallons of gas parked somewhere in the car. I know you think you're not going to need it. We thought the same, but we know better now. At one time we ran over a stump in the middle of the desert and broke off the oil pump and would have been wholly unable to move without that hitherto unused and rather scorned extra gallon of oil. At another point we became so interested in the scenery we forgot to watch the gas tank and might have remained on that delectable mountain until the present writing had it not been for the five gallons of gas in its pretty little tin box. I know that all these things will take up precious room, and that you'll have to keep them covered with newspapers or something in order to stop their spoiling the rest of the articles in the car—but take them, just the same. You never know your luck.

And oh, I nearly forgot! Be sure to take a good flashlight and a couple of extra batteries to fit it. There may be a dark night when by its aid alone you can make your light to shine.

I suppose that every car made is capable of crossing the continent. This is certainly true if we are to believe what the advertisements say, but everyone knows that though the advertisements say a lot, advertising writers are possessed of that great human tendency to tell only that which they want known. And anyone who has ever bought an automobile is only too well aware of the fact that, like marriage, a car has got to be tried to be understood. No one but the car owner, if he is also the car driver, knows every little thing about its moods, its fits of temper, its little meannesses and its bursts of generous good behavior.

The Choice of a Car

PERSONALLY I have been wedded to four makes of automobile, divorced one of them, two have died on me, and I am now living with the fourth in as much peace and happiness as can reasonably be expected from a road companion costing in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars.

I have also learned that town merit is not country merit in a car, and that there is a time and place for almost any type of bus you want to name.

The high-priced, powerful and heavily built type of automobile is not necessarily the best car in which to cross the continent. A sturdy medium-priced car is also desirable for the transcontinental trip and will remain so just as long as road conditions are uncertain.

To begin with, one must have plenty of clearance, as many of the roads are high-crowned; and clearance is also important where mud is encountered, and where it is necessary to ford a river. Strong springs are another very important item, as there is a great deal of rough going; and reasonably deep upholstery is likewise desirable when one is sitting upon said upholstery eight to ten hours a day for upwards of fifteen days.

It is a fact that the garages along the Santa Fé Trail are on an average only seventy-five miles apart, and in some districts of course are much closer together. Pretty nearly any one of these repair shops will be quite able to make light repairs. Of course running expenses are also to be considered, especially as through the desert transportation facilities are difficult and the cost of gas and oil jumps one hundred per cent, and sometimes more. At Peach Springs, Arizona, we were even obliged to pay for water for the radiator, so difficult and expensive is it to obtain. The local garage is, at a considerable expense, obliged to import water from nearly one hundred miles away.

As far as the most desirable type of body goes, nothing has yet been invented that supplants the good old-fashioned touring car as the most practical and convenient for long-distance travel. Though the sedan has many excellent points in its favor so far as varying weather is concerned, and though the transcontinental traveler will unquestionably find the journey more comfortable with the top up most of the way, the really practical touring sedan body has yet to be invented, and on the long grades all closed cars have a tendency to topheaviness.

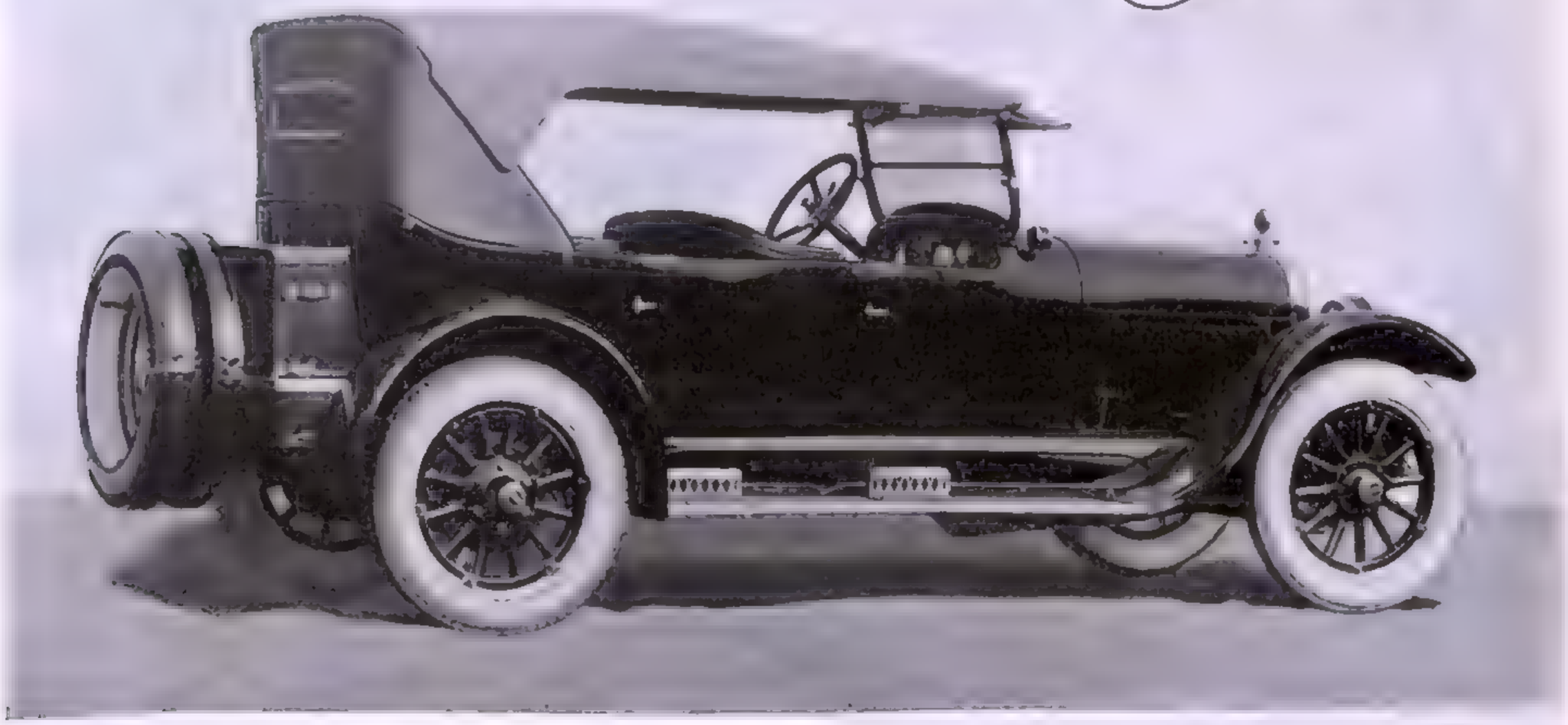
But whatever bus you select for the journey and however convenient the facilities for its care along the road, I would suggest that you take along some extra spark plugs, an extra fan belt, and a set of magneto points—which are the most difficult thing to obtain along the way—and of course make certain that your tool box contains a complete equipment. A little extra insulating wiring is an excellent addition, as is a package of flaxseed,

(Continued on Page 76)

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SANTA FE RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Rainbow Bridge, Utah. Largest Natural Bridge in the World—309 Feet High, 279 Feet Span

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS



$1785 f. o. b. factory

The Special 6-55 Sport-Touring

A patrician motor car with every appointment found in the finest automobile—

And, with all this—the certainty of Buick performance, Buick sturdiness and Buick power.

The Special Sport-Touring is built in response to the demand of the motorist who seeks Buick's kind of motoring with the intimate comfort and refinement of the sport design.

No detail of convenience has been omitted. No effort has been spared to include every comfort and every appointment that could be sought in any motor car. The rugged, powerful, Buick driven chassis gives it the speed, endurance and smoothness that make touring a pleasure and not an uncertain adventure.

The Special Sport-Touring is finished in dark Buick maroon with wheels to match—which with the beautiful trimming, binding and finish give this special model its tailored appearance. Nominally four passengers are accommodated in the roomy body but five can ride.

The demand for this handsome model at the remarkably low price will tax factory production to the limit. Consult the nearest Buick dealer for detail specifications and delivery dates.

Additional Equipment of the Special Sport-Touring

Khaki top of exclusive Buick patented design with no bows to obstruct vision; khaki adjustable sunshade; two-piece full ventilating windshield with wiper and mirroscope; glass-covered ignition and lighting switch with push button dash lamp; combination gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge and ammeter; combination clock and speedometer; cigar lighter; handsome, heavily nickel-bound luggage trunk mounted on permanent specially designed base; Buick design drum-type head and cowl lamps; front snubbers; carpets in both front and rear compartments; walnut steering wheel with walnut control lever knob to match; heavily nickeled radiator, step plates, guard rails and all other fittings; Tuare steel wheels built to Buick specifications are optional equipment at an added cost of $50.00 if installed at the factory; extra tires or tire covers not included.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars *Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE TWO-JOB GIRL

I'm Dashing This Off Before Dinner at Atlantic City, Where We're Spending the Week-End Honeymoon

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SPRADLING

ATLANTIC CITY.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: Permit me to present to you Mrs. Stephen A. Sheridan, née your beloved namesake, who's been and gone and done it proper. Steve and I were married at two this P.M. It's now 7:03, and I've been married all of three hundred and three minutes. Can't say I feel any different. No strange sea change. Pulse normal. Temperature fair and warmer. Gay on top but sort of thrilly away down deep. Steve looks rather solemn.

I'm dashing this off before dinner at Atlantic City, where we're spending the week-end honeymoon. The family thinks I'm all wrong. I know I'm right. You see, this is the point: Steve's salary, at present, is not big enough to support two, and so I'm going to continue my job as secretary to Old Joplin. And that's the rub. They all want me to wait. Papa's agin it. Mamma's agin it. And, worst of all, deep down in his heart of hearts my Steve's agin it too. He hates it! Doesn't want his lovely young wife to be a sordid, money-grubbing wage earner. Wants to support said lovely young wife himself without pecuniary aid or assistance. Aren't men funny? And the nicer they are the funnier they are.

We had one of those fine old free-for-all family rows, with everybody sticking in and handing out free advice, and wanting to settle my matrimonial hash; and the upshot of it all was that I settled it for myself: Namely, to get married and to continue with my work. Why not? I'm free, white and over twenty-one. In fact, I'm twenty-three this month. And everybody's doing it these days. Self-expression, economic independence and all that sort of thing. Why hasn't a woman as good a right to go on with her job after marriage as a man? She has!

It all boils down to this: We couldn't marry on Steve's salary, on account of the h.c.l. in New York and Steve's work keeping us in the city, but we can on his salary and mine put together. I've got it all figured out. Hence and wherefore, Q.E.D.

But that's not the biggest reason. Dollars-and-cents reasons are never the big reasons. The real reason is because I want to. I simply couldn't endure this business of going on being engaged indefinitely year after year. And so I looked and then Steve and I leaped together. We spend the week-end at Atlantic City, and on Monday Steve gets up and departs to his downtown job, and simultaneously Mrs. Steve gets up and departs to her downtown job. And that's that. So here we are, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, e pluribus unum forever—and the great experiment is on! Don't you think I'm right? I know I am—but the family don't. So stick up for me, like a darling! Your loving namesake, CECIL SHERIDAN.

PLEASANTON, IND.

MY DEAR NIECE: Heartiest congratulations upon the leap! Give Steve a buss from his new old-maid aunt. I'll give you youngsters something more substantial when I get around to it. Just at present I'm up to my eyes in making apple butter and taking care of two lovesick girls. This business of being resident house-mother and chaperon at a country club for the week-end parties of young people is no sinecure. My hat! I could write a book on the present generation that would curdle the conservative blood of your poor old father and make him believe we were going headlong to the devil—and yet, even at that, I can't see much difference between this generation of girls and the last. These talk more at their petting parties and wear less, but fundamentally, at bottom, it's just the same old, immemorial questing girl. Let her quest, I say! Just now, in addition to getting the house to rights for the coming jamborees, I have two bad breakdown cases on my hands which I'm trying to coax back to life—one a fine little girl who tried to kill herself over a good-for-nothing fellow not worth his salt, and the other a thoroughgoing little egoist eaten up with self-pity.

About your question: Do I think you're right? Well, it makes absolutely no difference whether I do or not, if you're sure of it yourself. It's your party, not mine. I'm not much for butting into other people's private affairs. You have a good headpiece; use it; I guess you do. As a matter of fact, however, I do think you're right—thus far. Right to get married, I mean, and tackle the odds. For you've got odds against you; don't overlook that little fact. I see one big risk in particular. From now on you're a two-job girl. And one of your jobs is going to take you out of the house. Now I'm only a tough-grained sporting old spectator of the last generation standing on the side lines of to-day, while you're a combatant down in the ring, and I don't want to cramp your style for a second by offering suggestions on how to play your game. But I do want you to see the issues clean-cut, for I'm placing my bets on you. Now the big trouble is, these two jobs you're holding down are mutually antagonistic; each tends to compete and encroach and swamp and swallow up the other. The wage-earning job demands a certain expenditure of time, thought and vital energy. Your wife job also makes deep emotional and vital demands. Each job has its own inalienable rights. And it's you who must fit those two sets of warring rights together each in its own place, and see that you don't make a wrong of it. Mind, I don't say you can't do it. I only say you have two sets of rights or necessities, each with a strong natural inclination to swallow up the other side, and it's up to you to maintain an even balance between them. Right there's your danger. Can you hold the balance true?

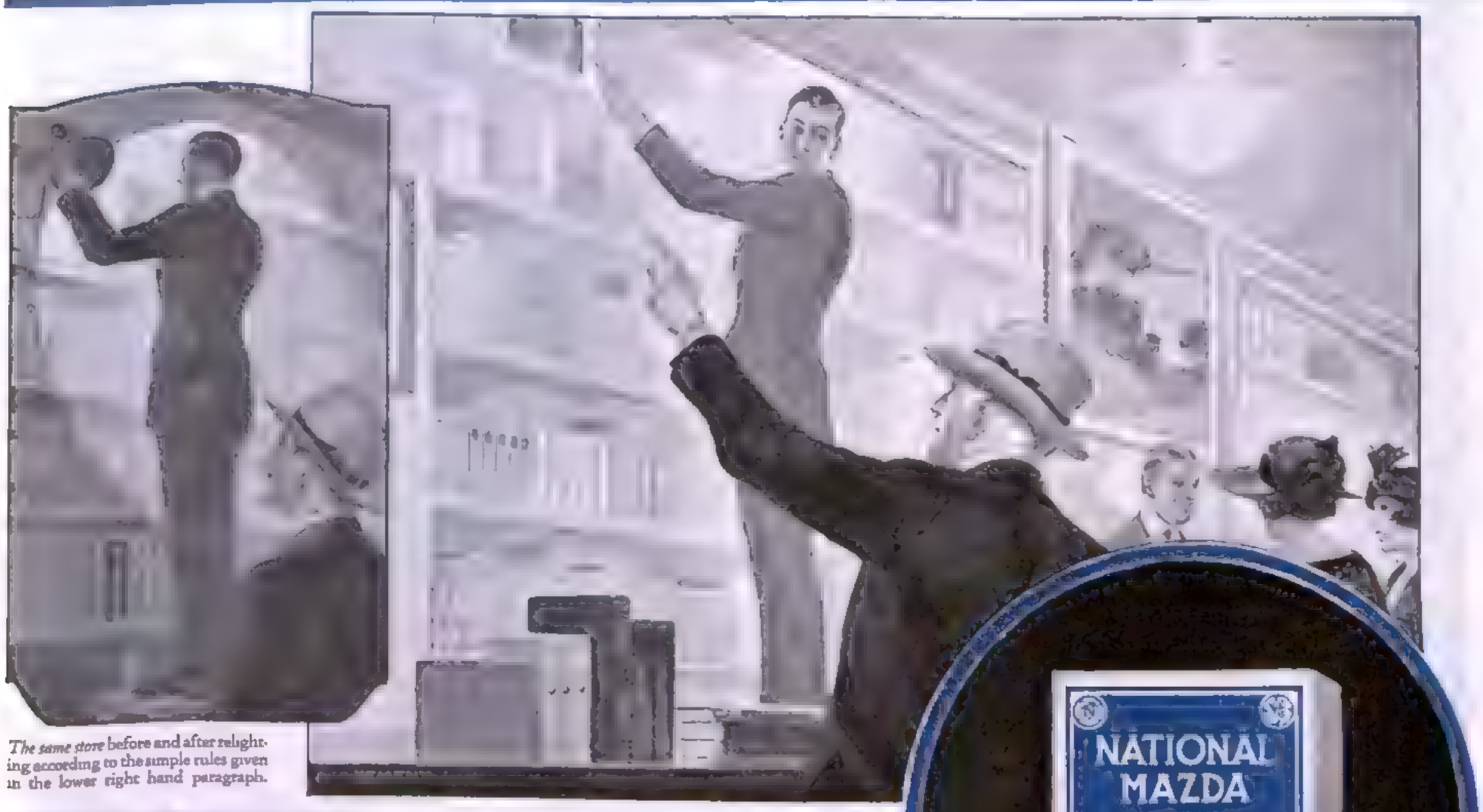
Of course I don't know all the ins and outs of your particular case, and why you chose to marry and continue working rather than wait. But anyhow, it's done now, and I believe that it will all plot out right in the end. Of course your parents objected. They've had a hard time making ends meet on a meager professional salary, and it's natural they should see the harshness of the road they've traveled over, and want you to wait until it's steam-rolled and oiled. Never mind us oldsters. But remember that one of the chief ingredients of success in marriage, just as in everything else, is brains. You won't be penalized for using your gray matter. Tell me about Steve's disposition. A good deal may hang on that. YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

P. S. Self-expression? Yes, we had that in my day, too, but we called it having our own way.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: You ask me whether I have taken into consideration the fact that henceforth I'm a two-job girl. Why, for a whole blessed month I did nothing

(Continued on Page 35)

The Big Job in 1922 is SELLING



The same store before and after relighting according to the simple rules given in the lower right hand paragraph.

The Biggest Salesman at the Lowest Salary is Lighting

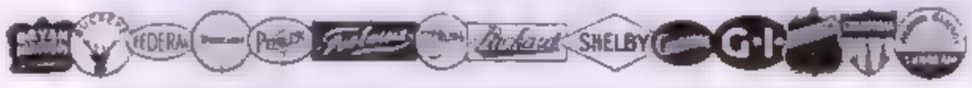
If you sell books, hardware, drugs or other "shelf goods", the interior of your store becomes one vast silent salesman. Each piece of merchandise tries to call for individual attention. Permitting any single item of stock to become hard to see, or its label hard to decipher, means just so much valuable salesmanship removed from active duty while it still remains on the payroll.

Why make it *hard* for a customer to buy? What easier or less expensive way is there to aid vision, examination and selection than by driving out *gloom, glare* and *shadows?*

Investigation shows that even the better stores frequently have less than five "foot-candles"* of illumination, while careful tests show that ten to fifty foot-candles are usually none too much. That "too much light" is rather difficult to attain is shown by the fact that in a shady spot outdoors in the summer time the intensity is 500 candles and upward!

For satisfactory lighting of the average store, the rules in the next column may be followed, or more detailed instructions will be mailed on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 305 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

*The "foot-candle" is a measure of intensity of illumination. It is no more mysterious than inches, degrees, gallons and other familiar units of measure. Ask the National MAZDA lamp agent to have foot-candle readings taken throughout your store.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

One Recipe for Good Store Lighting

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should surround or enclose the lamp. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

Distinctive, Colorful Roofs at Economy Prices

For centuries, throughout the Old World, clusters of cheerful-hued roofs have smiled a welcome from town and countryside. And now throughout America, these friendly, colorful roofs are becoming more and more numerous. We see American homes, churches, schoolhouses and farm buildings without number made attractive by the soft red and green shades of Barrett Everlastic Shingles.

Expensive? Fortunately not. The first cost is low, laying expense is small and upkeep negligible. Frequently the shingles are laid right over the old roofing. They are made of a thoroughly waterproofed heavy sheet roofing with an everlasting mineral surface, that is weather-proof and fire-resisting. A special "seal back" protects the underside from air and moisture.

There are six styles of Barrett Everlastic Roofings—one or more for every type of steep-roofed building. Satisfaction and economy are assured by The Barrett Company's sixty years' experience in the manufacture of high quality roofings.

Be sure you get a Barrett Everlastic brand. *Booklets free.*

Your Choice of Six Styles

Everlastic Octo-Strip Shingles. The latest development in the strip shingle. Beautiful red or green mineral surface. Made in a unique form that offers a variety of designs in laying

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. Four shingles in one. Made of high grade waterproofing materials with a red or green mineral surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Fire-resisting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same mineral-surfaced material and red or green art finish as Multi-Shingles, but made in single form; size, 8x12 ⅜ inches.

Everlastic Giant Shingles Identical in shape with Everlastic Single Shingles but heavier and thicker. They are "giants" for strength and durability.

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring [illegible] Supplied with everlasting mineral-part shades of red or green. Combines real protection against fire with beauty. Requires no painting.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited, Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

(Continued from Page 32)

else but weigh pros and cons, and work out budgets—city budgets, suburban budgets, commuters' budgets—to see if we couldn't by hook or crook squeeze through on Steve's pay. Morning, noon and night, working and eating, and even in my dreams, I was forever trying to jockey the proposition around onto a marriageable basis, with papa hammering away on one side that it wasn't fair to Steve and that I was steering a straight course for the divorce courts—he gave me three years!—and a lot of silly stuff about modern women biting off more than they could chew and advising me to look at mamma's career and how they had married on less than twenty dollars a week—as if it were the same thing now as in those prehistoric days!—and quoting to me about savage women and the future race and the primordial urge. You see, Aunt Cecil, dad's writing a book on Some Biological Aspects of Marriage, and my conduct in going on with my job after marriage gives all his pet theories a straight swipe in the eye.

Well, that was papa, laying down the law in his very best scientific manner. On her side, moms said very little, but that little hit the bull's-eye every time. And between the two of them hammering on both sides, I felt like one of those steel plates they use in the water-tight compartments of a ship's bulkheads which is subjected to all kinds of tests for stresses and strains. And then, as a climax, along came a letter from Steve's mother—twice divorced; when Steve was a baby of three months she deserted him, quit her husband cold, and ran off with another man—who never writes to her son unless she wants some cash, saying she was sick and asking him to fork out a sum which coincided with startling exactitude with the sum he had scraped up to get married on. And, of course, Steve came across. She's never been decent to him and that's the reason he's so decent to her; her dishonor makes him all the more honor-bound. Strange, isn't it? And then what do you think she did with our marriage money? Booked passage on the very next steamer to Europe—fairly scorched the soles of her boots in her haste to get off!

Well, that piece of bad luck fairly knocked me flat, for it postponed our marriage indefinitely. And I couldn't endure the sight of Steve's bleak face. The very thought of his mother freezes him, turns him cold and rigid and hard. His entire nature shuts up like a clam. You see, she's been working him like an easy gold mine all this time. We'd already been engaged two years, and there seemed to be no way out except to go on waiting two years more—with his mother always in the offing ready to grab. She always starts her begging letters "My darling boy," and when he reads that salutation you should see her darling boy's eyes—ice-blue and diamond-hard.

Well, that was one element in my final decision—Steve's mother. Another was Steve's salary—at present a bit under two thousand a year. It's in a splendid business firm, with opportunity to forge ahead. And what do you think—they've not laid off a single man on their force on account of the depression. They saw it coming and prepared. But of course they're not raising salaries! And when you begin to stretch Steve's pay out to cover the weekly budget for two husky adults—so much for rent, so much for food, clothes, insurance, car fare, legitimate pleasures, the same including movies, an occasional spree to the theater or trip to the country—well, it simply won't stretch. Not in New York, in the present year of grace. There are gaps all along the line. No emergency fund; no insurance; no fun. Then I worked out a commuters' budget; but what we gained in rent we lost in railway fares, and besides, sometimes Steve has to work nights at the office. So that was out.

Papa gave my budget the once-over, shook his head and said, "Wait—that's your answer."

"Or keep on at my job with Old Joplin," said I. "That would give us an increase of eighteen hundred a year."

Upon which, papa loosed his biologic thunders. But the way I looked at it was this: Is it better to marry a man before he can afford to support you—which means, in my case, continuing my job after marriage—or to go on working and waiting, hoping, like Micawber, that something will turn up? Reduced to its lowest common denominator, the proposition stood thus: To marry and go on working, or not to marry and go on working. I work, you see, in either case. But in one instance I go on slaving, hoping that some day my dream will come true; and in the other I go on working, to be sure, but with the reality instead of the dream. Looked at from that angle, Steve is pure velvet, net gain.

But in addition to these reasons, Aunt Cecil, there was another bigger, deeper one. Steve and I had already been engaged two years when his mother decamped with Steve's extra cash; and with no definite prospect of marriage in sight the situation was beginning to chafe us both, to get on our nerves. Steve had silent, moody, irritable fits when I could scarcely get him to laugh. He thought he ought to free me, and talked wildly of lighting out to British Columbia. Actually the inability to see his way clear was like a fretting sickness in his blood. These long engagements, when there's no end in sight, seem somehow like fighting Nature, and Nature retaliates.

And about that time I was further upset by Sally Parmelee and Tom Powers. They met at a dance in my own house, fell heels over head in love with each other, became engaged, and then things began to go consecutively wrong with Tom. First his father fell sick so that Tom had to steer the family ship. Then his firm blew up and with it Tom's little stake which he had invested there. Finally his father died. And so the engagement dragged on and on, until Tom and Sally, from being wildly in love with each other, began to make cruel, stabbing or sarcastic little remarks to each other in public, laughing to take the edge off. They were forever catching each other up on small points and making an issue out of nothing at all, and half the time they seemed secretly antagonistic and bitter toward each other, and the other half cool and indifferent—an indifference touched with contempt. And finally when Tom did fix things so they could be married Sally threw him over at the last minute and married Ned Whitehouse, who wasn't a patch on Tom for real he-manliness. Well, that was a horrible example to me—horrible because they both did honestly love each other and both suffered, but the prolonged postponement embittered them. Their love just couldn't make the grade. And I didn't want that to happen to me! Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. Better a shot at matrimony with Steve, even with risk and before we can afford it, rather than the constant hidden sense of bafflement, of hope deferred, of beating against the strong stream of youth and love and desire. I've heard of people being engaged five, ten, twenty years—but it must have been a mighty cool, shadowy, undesiring, white-corpuscled kind of affair. As for Steve and me, we'll take the cash and let the credit go nor heed the rumble of the distant drum. Let 'em come on with their drums! Lovingly, CECIL.

P. S. Steve and I have been married a fortnight at two this P.M.—and already there is a serpent in our Eden. Its name is Old Joplin. How I detest that man! I've been utterly mistaken in his character.

MY DEAR NIECE: Inclosed find check for wedding present. Are you setting up housekeeping, and if so, how many rooms, what rent, and who gets breakfast? If you are, I suggest that you invest my check exclusively in pots and pans. Say what you will, a due regard to the commissary department has won many a domestic battle. An army fights on its stomach, and that applies to the great civilian army of husbands as well. So keep your ice box well stocked and give your happiness a chance. Whatever else you stint on, don't stint on food. Have everything the best of its kind—not necessarily the most expensive—well-cooked, tasty, and served piping-hot. And you'll find Steve still crazy over you, I warrant, when you're eighty years old.

Materialistic? Well, what of it? I'm pasting up a cook-book for you—recipes I like myself. You didn't say, but I hope you're not living at home. That's the worst beginning possible. Hunt up something, if it's only one room, and kick off for yourself.

Since when has Old Joplin changed his skin? The last time you wrote you seemed to think he was the greatest business giant that ever hit Lower Broadway. You were so enthusiastic that I even meditated dyeing my hair a splendid Venetian red and coming on to New York.

This week I feel blue. I'm a failure. One of my girls died. Not the egoist, of course. The other. I just couldn't hold her back. A great little girl, potentially, but she just couldn't stand life's gaff. YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: Your letter containing that fat lusty check was just about as welcome to me as is a life belt to a sailor who's fallen overboard in boiling seas and doesn't know how to swim. For that's my case. I've been swept overboard into the raging seas of matrimony without knowing how to swim—and already I've swallowed a few mouthfuls of brine. The fact is, I'm in debt. I've had to buy a lot of stuff on the installment plan. Steve doesn't know and I don't intend to tell him. I'll just keep my failure a secret and pay it off, month by month. This business of furnishing an apartment from stem to stern and from draperies to dust rags runs into tall money. And if in addition you have an extravagant streak in you you're in wrong from the start. Money dribbled from my pocketbook those first few weeks in a thin but steady stream, and first thing I knew I was bled white.

The trouble was I splurged on the nonessentials, and then had to buy the essentials on tick. I began, you see, wrong end foremost, with rugs and draperies, and an antique chest of drawers and a strip of old Spanish brocade picked up dirt cheap at an auction, and first thing I knew all my cash had trickled right through my fingers and there was not a single serviceable stick of furniture in the house! Not a chair or a table. Nothing to eat with or on. Nevertheless, I don't regret it, for the apartment is—gorgeous! It's the whole top floor of an old house in the unfashionable part of town away down on the waterfront. One simply superb room, thirty feet long, overlooking the harbor so that we can see all the shipping in the bay, and on misty nights we go to sleep to the hoarse, melancholy Moo-oo-oo! Moo-oo-oo! of the foghorns, which sound like a herd of sea cows bellowing through the dark for their calves. Steve's simile. And in the firelight, with Steve sitting in his big, comfortable, overstuffed easy-chair—bought on tick, ten dollars down and five dollars a month—or writing at the center table—terms ditto—or rising to put a record on the phonograph—also ye good old installment plan—or strolling over to part the draperies—paid for, thank goodness!—and leaning out to listen to the hoarse river sounds, with that old strip of Spanish brocade rustling and whispering against the wall like some restless ghost of the past, Aunt Cecil, it's magical, enchanted, a place of dreams!

The big room, Steve says, is our chief asset. All the others are strictly liabilities. There are only two—the kitchen, a dark, unventilated serving closet about as big as mother's ice chest; and the bedroom, a tiny cubicle, scarce large enough to squeeze in the twin beds, mahogany four-posters—dad's gift; very handsome—and at the foot a lane just wide enough for two slim-jims to pass.

In the morning it's icy cold, being right on the bay and the steam heat not coming on, and so Steve ducks out in his pajamas to plug in the electric percolator and turn on the gas heater while I take my bath; and then I boil the eggs and burn the toast while he takes his—after which we breakfast. Business of wolfing down hard-boiled eggs and singed toast with one eye on the clock. The mornings are one mad scramble—especially if we've been out playing the night before. And, of course, we can't live exactly like hermits. We both work hard and need a little diversion to keep us fit. We've entertained once or twice, very simply; and several times Steve has brought home a friend to dinner, which I like him to feel free to do. But, oh, the devilish price of food! My budget's all shot to pieces, and it worked out so beautifully—on paper. It's the extras, which I didn't leave any margin for; and married life seems just one blamed extra after another.

What I tripped up on first was the servant problem. On mother's advice—she said I'd break down if I tried to do everything myself, which was what I had planned to do in order to cut down expenses—I arranged for a maid to come in at noon, tidy the house, get dinner, and prepare the breakfast, working from twelve to eight. It was a fine scheme; the only trouble was that it didn't work. It lasted a week and then blew up with a bang. Anna decamped with Steve's best pair of boots, and I discovered that she'd started bills with every grocery in the neighborhood—though I'd given her kitchen money each day. She kept the cash and let the credit go! After her I hired and fired six in a row, and during the intervals we either went out to restaurants or else I stopped on my way home and bought something in cans at the delicatessen, and then I would be so dead played out by the time it was on the table that I couldn't eat, and still had to pretend, so Steve wouldn't call matrimony a dud. That's his word for failure—a shell which fails to explode. All our maids have been duds. A delicatessen dinner is a dud. The Versailles Treaty was a dud. Our rooms, save the big one, are duds, and even that without heat has duddish qualities. Steve loathes canned stuff and eating at restaurants, for that's what he's had all his life, having no home. I know he considers his mother a dud—but wild horses couldn't drag it out of him.

The other night I had a narrow escape. Of course my budget for the money has gone on the rocks, for living at restaurants and out of cans is expensive. We had just sat down to the table, I nervous and strained—it had been a heavy day at the office, with Old Joplin cross as a bear; and I had cut my thumb with the can-opener—and Steve whistling softly under his breath in the unconscious way he has when he senses a discord in me, when there came a sudden sharp knock at the door. Aunt Cecil, I had a premonition of danger right then! You may laugh, but it's true. I knew Trouble was standing outside that door. I stood up to meet it.

Steve sprang to his feet, saying, "I'll go. Sit still."

And when he opened the door, there stood the installment agent! In a sickening flash I recalled that I was behind a month with the pay. He'd come at night to collect the bill! For a moment my brain reeled. Of course I could have told Steve right then and there, but it would have taken a lot of explaining, and he would have kidded me to death, and besides, I was rotten tired, and the dinner was a dud, and my thumb was throbbing like fury. The collector looked at me, and I looked back at him—and laid my finger on my lips. He got it in a flash! He saw that I didn't want Steve to know, and he rose to the occasion like one of Nature's noblemen.

"Party by the name of Smith—Jacob Smith—live here?" he inquired gruffly, looking down at the bill he held in his hand.

I choked back a hysterical giggle, for Jacob Smith is his own name! It was the best he could think of in the crisis.

"No," said Steve, "party by the name of Sheridan lives here. No Smiths in the house."

"Sorry. My mistake. Wrong number," muttered Smith, and he turned, without ever a glance in my direction, and clumped downstairs.

Jim Henry's Column

Do you believe me?

An advertising expert told me the other day that if every man who reads my stuff should believe it and act upon it, the avalanche of orders would probably put Mennen out of business. I guess he's right. Imagine my whole audience of ten million men all deciding overnight that they wanted Mennen's!

I'm puzzled. I'm wondering how many of you fellows do believe me—how many of you I can get to confess a genuine interest in Mennen's Shaving Cream.

I wonder how many of you I can get to gamble a dime to prove to your everlasting satisfaction one of two things. Either I am the possessor of a high speed imagination—or Mennen's is the greatest preparation ever produced for reducing a growth of he-bristles to a state of pitiable non-resistance.

Either you believe me or you don't. If you do, you probably belong to the select class of men who are enjoying a blithesome Mennen shave every morning of their lives.

Now, if you are in doubt, why not at least put it up to me to prove my case? Forget reason, prejudice or habit and act on your regular-fellow instinct. Obey that impulse and send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and dare Mennen's to give you the kind of shave you've always wanted. Dare it to flower into the most gorgeous bank of lather that's ever decorated your facial landscape. Settle once for all this question of my veracity by using three times as much water as usual—and try cold water if you like it. Let your razor sink into the snow drift and dare it to give you the best shave you ever had in your life. That's all I want.

I'll go you one step further. When I get your dare-devil dime, I'll send you along a sample can of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum for after shaving or bathing. It's fine for the skin—and it doesn't show.

If you're a sport, come through.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Nice of him—wasn't it? He was trying to get me out of a hole, and he landed me in a deeper one, for Steve smelled a rat right away.

He said thoughtfully as he closed the door, "Funny guy! Acted as though he knew you."

And he strolled over and sat down in the very identical overstuffed chair that Smith had come to collect the bill for, the springs of which as he settled down gave a sort of lugubrious squeak, as if to say, "Could I but speak instead of squeak, I could tell you, young man, what he came for!"

"Don't you think he acted funny?" demanded Steve.

Here again was my chance to explain, but now it was harder than ever; for the man had stood by me and I was bound to stand by him—wasn't I?

And so I said, "Well, now I think of it, he did look a trifle surprised."

"No," said Steve, still thoughtful, "not surprised. It wasn't that. That guy came for something. I got that, clear as day. And then when he saw me—or, rather, when he looked behind me and saw you—he suddenly stalled, backed down, and invented that yarn about looking for a man by the name of Smith. I'd give a penny to know what his game was. How's the thumb?"

"The thumb feels like two cents, and so does its owner. Steve, how would it be if we sold out all this junk—did you notice how that new chair has taken to squeaking?—and went to board?"

"No!" said Steve quite loudly—and I knew I had reminded him of his homeless days and his mother. I felt like the woman in How She Lied to Her Husband. But the funny part about it is this: If my thumb hadn't been cut, and if I hadn't been tired, and the dinner hadn't fizzled, I shouldn't have minded telling Steve at all. It was just the darned climax of it. Lovingly,

CECIL.

MY DEAR NIECE: Your two jobs seem to be getting their hooks in you. But keep a stiff upper lip. Try to find a good, reliable, middle-aged housekeeper who'll take all the responsibility. She may come high, but she'll be cheap in the end, and that's the only solution so long as you work outside.

Of course I think it would have been far better had you told Steve about the collector; but as you didn't, the thing to do now is to remove the cause of further trouble by squaring off all the rest of your indebtedness at once. In order that you may do this, if you'll send me the dem'd total I'll loan you the amount—at the usual rate of interest. Ordinarily I'd let you sow your own little financial wild oat and reap whatever is coming to you, but you seem to have your hands overfull already, what with Joplin changing into a snickery old snake, and Steve developing an antimother complex.

I note you dodged my question about Joplin. What does he look like? And what is his advanced age, anyhow? I figure him as sort of like one of these unscrupulous, domineering, big-business pirates of Wall Street that the story-writers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST tell us about—a hard, mean, impassive guy, with an overhung jaw, a trap mouth, cold, narrow-set eyes, the kind that has no friends and never forgets a foe—a combination of Sitting Bull, Napoleon, Old Scrooge and Simon Legree all rolled into one. I don't know where they get that stuff, for I never saw a big or little business man look like that—but, anyhow, that is the picture I've formed of Old Joplin: the man with the cast-iron face. Am I right? YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: How on earth did you ever get that notion of Old Joplin? I read your letter down in the office, and I burst out laughing right under his nibs' high-bridged, aristocratic old nose. No, you're not right. You're away off. Before I was married I used to think he was the handsomest man I knew, and so kind and just and fair. Now he's showing up in his true colors. As to looks, he's tall, spare, rather elegant—something of a dandy, in fact—with thick, curly chestnut hair which he has hard work to keep smoothed down, dark blue eyes, often quite merry, a big mouth, but not a bit traplike, nice hands and voice, and a very spontaneous laugh. He must be all of forty-six twice my age! but he doesn't look it: and he prances about with a sort of false sprightliness, pretending he's about thirty-five. Why can't old people admit they're old?

About my job—well, if you must know, things haven't gone very well; on the contrary, they've gone steadily crisscross. It's all Old Joplin's fault. He's got it in his head that I'm slacking and that it's his duty to keep me up to the mark. And he's doing that little thing. He used to tell me that I ran his business better than he did himself. But no compliments now. Oh, no! The change in him began the very morning I told him I intended to be married.

"Well," he replied after he'd congratulated me, "that means I'll have to look out for a new secretary. And that's bad—right now."

"You don't have to look out for one unless you especially want to," I laughed.

"How's that?" he asked, genuinely surprised.

"I'm going to be married—that's true," I explained, "but I've planned to keep on with my work."

He raised his eyebrows in an ironical manner he has.

"Oho! So you're that kind of a girl!" He added soberly after a pause, "You need the money, I suppose?"

"Partly," I said stiffly. "But I'd keep on, anyway. I don't see why a business woman should give up her career after marriage any more than a man. It's horribly unfair."

He smiled rather grimly. "It makes precious little difference what you or I think. Nature's the old girl that holds the trump cards here; and she'll play the game along her own lines, no matter how much we squeal. But there's something else to be considered here. This job's not going to grow any lighter with time. I'm expanding this business, reorganizing some of the old departments and adding new ones; it'll take all my brains and vitality to put the thing across. It goes without saying that I must have a secretary I can rely on, and even overwork at times." He looked at me hard. "Think you'd best tackle that?"

"Have I failed you thus far?" I asked indignantly.

"No. You've done fine, but ——"

"Well, then," I said, "I'm going to keep right on doing the same thing, and if at any time I fall below grade you can fire me!" I laughed when I said it, but he took me right up.

"I certainly will!" he assured me genially. "With promptitude and dispatch. There's a lot of money invested in this enterprise—not all my own. And I can't take on a single ounce more of risk. So if you keep the job you may be prepared to be the hard-worked secretary of a hard-working man beginning from to-day."

Of course I agreed. Well, Aunt Cecil, he's been even better than his word! It's been drive, drive, drive. The very first day after my return from our week-end honeymoon that man kept me until seven o'clock—and he'd have gone on indefinitely if he hadn't seen something in my face that made him pull up short, glance at his watch, burst out laughing and say, "Good Lord, it's seven o'clock! And you've just achieved a husband. He's probably tearing his hair out in clumps. I certainly am sorry. Well, tell him we're reorganizing. If he's a business man he'll understand. And I do my best thinking when it's quiet at the end of the day. But I'll see this doesn't happen again. It was your expression put me wise. By Jove, your face was as long as my arm!"

And he laughed again—but just the same, Aunt Cecil, away down deep he was irritated through and through. He can't fool me. I can read him like a book. He wanted to go on working while he felt like it, and he wanted his secretary to go on too. It's perfectly true that he works better at the end of the day when the office is still. And before, I didn't mind. It was even rather fun. He can concentrate just like father. But the devil of it is, he insists on concentrating at the end of the day, just when it's time to begin to think of getting ready to go home. And when he starts one of those séances along about five, I just can't help sneaking a glance at my wrist watch. Of course Old Joplin catches me; then out comes his lower lip, his brows draw down, and he shoots me a steely, blue look, keen as a razor blade, as much as to say: "Is this time yours, or have I bought and paid for it with cold cash?" To have me glance at my watch as a gentle reminder riles him like old Ned. But what am I to do? There's no such word as "stop" in his bright lexicon. He's detained me over and over again.

Steve, you see, gets home before I do. Even when Old Joplin doesn't keep me, he beats me by half an hour. And that's the trouble! He hates to come home and find me gone. I know how it is. It's just the way I used to feel as a child when we'd come pelting home from school, hurl down our books and make a bee line for mother's sitting room. If she wasn't in her accustomed chair by the window, sewing or reading, we had a distinct sense of dismay, catastrophe, alarm; and we'd go ramping all over the house, screeching "Mother-r-r!" We just wanted to see her, to assure ourselves by looking at her that all was well with the world. I asked mother the other day if it was sheerly by accident that she sat in that particular chair at that particular hour all through those years. "Gracious, no!" she laughed. "I made it a special point. If I was at a neighbor's I excused myself and came away. I wanted to build up in you the feeling of confidence that mother was always there."

And it's that sense of goneness, of momentary dismay that I fancy Steve has when he comes home and finds me away. But I can't help it. I can't change Old Joplin's habits. I tried to! I suggested to him one morning that he do his heavy thinking earlier in the day, after lunch. You should have heard him snort.

"Now, Mrs. Sheridan," said he, biting his words off short, "don't try fitting me and my habits on to any little private Procrustean bed of yours and chopping me off where I don't match up with your domestic schedule; it won't work. As I see this proposition, the job doesn't belong to you; you belong to the job. The job can't be cut and hacked and added to and subtracted from to fit your own private and personal convenience; it's you who must fit your private convenience to the requirements of the job."

One good thing—we now have a splendid cook. Mother shopped around and found her for us—an old Frenchwoman called Philomene, who adores Steve and is forever concocting new dishes to tempt his appetite. I'm glad, for these days, with Old Joplin bearing down harder and harder, I come home too exhausted to do much but crumple up on the sofa. She stays all day and sleeps in the house. That means extra pay, extra food, and the rent of an extra room. But she's worth it at the price, for now Steve and I have some time to ourselves, and we've even given a dinner or two and had some friends in for a buffet supper after bridge. Of course, with all this drain, we're not saving a single bean.

We're going with a set of young married people the husbands of whom have been in business five or ten years, and so, naturally, have bigger salaries than Steve. Steve says we're trying to beat the game five years by competing thus socially with people beyond our class. He says we're trying to telescope five years, and he claims that it's my salary which has been the accelerator.

The other day he brought home a flivver, and when I scolded him for the extravagance he replied, "Want to know why I bought it? You're getting between your eyes two perpendicular lines which only require an S to change into a dollar sign, and it's the express purpose of this flivver to expunge that sign from your lovely map."

That purchase was pure inspiration, for we've had some wonderful Sundays in the country, with a delicious cold lunch which Philomene puts up. Those Sundays keep me alive. Steve increasingly hates me to work. But he doesn't say a word. That's Steve. Some nights I'm ready to drop with nerves and fatigue. Of course, I'm dead beat physically—but that's not all. I feel torn between two contending forces: Joplin trying to absorb me at the office, and Steve equally determined that business shall not interfere with his home. It's a war of two strong personalities, and I catch it on both sides. Old Joplin's not giving me a square deal. His character, as I told you before, has utterly changed. He's a regular slave-driver, scarcely ever laughs, and sometimes won't even say good morning. All the old cordial feeling between us is completely gone.

Once or twice, when he's shown signs of keeping me late, I've had to say, flat out, "Sorry, Mr. Joplin—but aren't we running overtime? I have an engagement to-night."

That always wins out of him a steel-blue glare. It's like pricking a caged animal; he almost growls out loud! It's true he works

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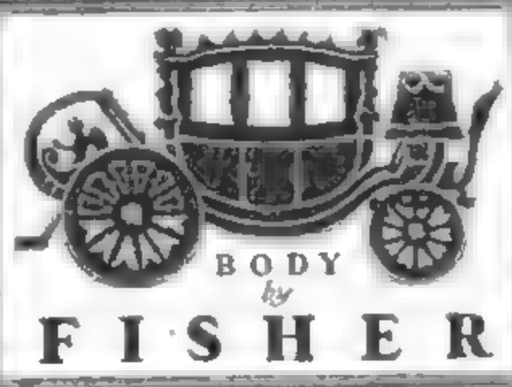
FISHER BODIES



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like a horse himself. But it's his business, not mine. Good night.

YOUR LOVING TIRED-OUT GIRL.

P. S. About that furniture loan. It's all right—thanks just the same. I blurted it out one night to Steve, and I needn't tell you he was a prince. Of course he kidded me some. Steve's some kidder. He admitted, moreover, that he had exactly the same luxurious streak in him—which made him willing to marry me before he could afford me!—like a black zigzag streak running through pure Carrara marble—his simile, not mine!—and so we made a solemn compact: He's to keep an eye on me and I'm to keep an eye on him. Why can't Old Joplin be square like that?

MY DEAR NIECE: Dancing, dinners, flivvers, bridge—you and Steve seem to be having a high old time. Who's paying the piper? In my day the first few years of married life were largely given over to the practical undertaking of raising a family; that was the chief investment of those first years; it was a woman's major responsibility, her major contribution to life. And during that period it was the husband's business to earn the living; that was his job, not the woman's; she generally had her hands full inside the house. That's the eternal triangle: Father, mother and child—father out rustling the grub, and the mother, of necessity, sticking pretty close to the child. It's on that triangle we've built up our laws. Now, up to the present generation, that's been the normal rule of life for an American family. The husband's the natural provider; if he fails to provide he's liable to a severe manhandling in the courts. It's a thing in America we're rather strict about. The time, of course, may come, when this country is so densely populated and its resources exploited down to the vanishing point, that every moderately placed woman may be forced out into a gainful occupation, because the man, working alone, cannot earn enough to support a family. That's how it is with the working classes in Europe right now. But that day in America has not yet arrived. The average, moderately placed young American woman hasn't engaged in a gainful occupation after marriage because she hasn't been financially forced to do so, and because she's been otherwise engaged in raising a family.

But you and Steve seem to be starting in at the other end of the game. You're investing your time, money and vital energies, as nearly as I can make out, in having a royal good time, and I'm wondering what kind of a balance sheet of net gains you'll show in ten years from now. Mind, I don't say you're wrong. There are thousands of young married women who are doing exactly the same thing; trying to make a go of marriage and of business life at the same time; wanting the double experience—and also the extra cash. I don't blame them.

Thanks for your description of Old Joplin. The imperial, ineffable arrogance of that man astounds me. The only theory on which I can explain his ogreishness is that he's not in love with Steve. Which explanation doesn't get us anywhere—for why isn't he? I give it up. The real trouble is, to him his business is life; to you it is a weekly envelope. He feeds himself to his job. You make it feed you. A slight difference in the point of view. Be kind to the doddering old gent; he can't help loving his business more than Steve.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

Sundry weeks later.

MY DEAR AUNT: If I've not written before, it's because these days I seem to be pulled all ways at once. At night, if we're not outward bound, I turn in after dinner while Steve sits up with his work or to read. Things are going better with him financially. A small raise. I think Old Joplin might raise me! Steve came home as excited and jolly and mysterious as a kid on Christmas Eve. He'd phoned Philomene to prepare a bang-up dinner, and sent home a bunch of red roses. And over our coffee and cognac—thanks to Philomene's special *ami*, a purser on a French boat—Steve sprang his little surprise. He announced his raise, and then—and here's the joker!—suggested that I give up my job. Aunt Cecil, you could have knocked me down with a pinfeather. Just when things seemed to be going more smoothly!

"Why, Steve!" I gasped. "We can't do that not now!"

"Why?" demanded Steve, with a glint in his eye.

"Why, because——"

"Well, go on—trot out your becauses."

"Because we'd have to start in all over again at the foot of the ladder."

"That all?"

"Because we'd have to stop giving parties and having in friends, and start to save and scrimp. And besides——"

"Yes?"

"What would I do with my time—not to mention my brains? I don't know how to cook, and I loathe housework. And also, now I've got Old Joplin just like a trained dragon so that he lets me go on the dot without letting out a single roar."

"All right," said Steve stiffly. "Have it your own way. But I'd like to know one thing: When we were married you said you were going on with your job because I didn't earn enough. That was simply a little bluff, eh, to get what you want, to have your cake and eat it too? Now come across with the straight goods—is it the job with Old Joplin you can't give up—or is it the extra cash?"

Well, Aunt Cecil, I thought and thought, and finally I said, "Honestly, Steve, I can't tell. It's about fifty-fifty, I guess. But one thing's sure: I don't want to start in at the foot of the ladder again. I hate to scrimp and save."

"All right," said Steve, with a poker face. "That's settled. I just wanted to know where I stand."

And then, Aunt Cecil, I suddenly thought of another reason. And just as a flyer I said, "Besides, why haven't I as much right to self-expression and self-determination in a career as you?"

I don't know why that should have made the lid of Steve's temper blow off—but it did.

He stood up suddenly with a kind of suppressed violence and he almost yelled, "Why can't you be inside of a room and out of it at one and the same time? Why can't you be married and single too? Why can't you live at the North and the South Pole both? Why can't you be my wife and Old Joplin's secretary, and mingle in society, and give sparkling little dinners, and spread yourself generally all over the map? Why doesn't two and two make ninety-eight? You can self-express yourself from here to Halifax and back, and I shan't say a single word."

And he flung himself out of the room, leaving me too astounded for words. But I know I'm right!

YOUR LOVING CECIL.

MY DEAR NIECE: Don't be forever harping on your rights. An American woman these days has the right to do just about anything she can get away with, short of homicide. And I've known her to get away with homicide—with a male jury. Self-determination is a very highfaluting word. I almost wish it hadn't been introduced into the best circles by a certain brilliant man; he started a whole lot of trouble just with that one word. It's something like calling a workingman Nature's nobleman. Maybe he's a nobleman, and maybe again he's nothing but a lazy loafer, too proud to work. Self-determination and self-expression, as I've seen them work out in real life, usually mean doing what you want to when you want to, and letting the other fellow pay. In your particular situation it's for you to decide whether the game is worth the candle. Nobody else can settle that for you. And I know of no better way of discovering just how high a price you are willing to pay for the particular brand of self-expression you seem to be going in for than by the course you're now pursuing—namely, by actual personal experience—trying it on the dog. Of course it's rather tough on the dog, but that's the dog's affair.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: Who's the dog—Old Joplin or my Steve? I know what I am—a little buffer state between two big encroaching powers; and when both begin to squeeze me—ugh! And I know what Old Joplin is—a big, surly bloodhound with his nose down to the ground keen on the scent for the trail of gold. How can he think so much of a little extra cash? A mere money-grubber! But I don't care what happens to him, and that's not what I started to say.

Aunt Cecil, I'm nearly frantic with worry! It's about Steve. I'm afraid something terrible is happening inside of him. I'm not absolutely sure. It may be nothing but my own silly imagination; but lately he's been talking very strangely in his sleep. And when he's awake he's silent, glum. And how he throwa money about! To put it baldly, I fear Steve's not only becoming reconciled to my helping with the financial support but he's swung around to where he believes that I ought to, that it's my right, my job. The other day he gave me a shock. He suggested, cool as a cucumber, that we pool our salaries, dollar for dollar, and go even-steven all the way. You see, since he got his raise we've been living on his salary and piecing out with mine, and what was left over I spent as I pleased.

"Why, Steve!" I gasped, so hurt that the tears sprang into my eyes. "Do—do you actually want to spend my little money that I earn with Old Joplin by the sweat of my brow?"

"What's sauce for the gander's sauce for the goose," said Steve. "What's mine's yours, but what's yours appears to be your own. That's unfair. I've got a right to self-expression too."

His coolness took my breath away. It was so petty, so—so ungenerous and mean.

"But, Steve," I faltered, "I—I work extra for that. Of course you may have it all."

"No," said Steve doggedly, "I don't want it all; I only want my share."

His share—of my money! Aunt Cecil, I thought my heart would break.

And here's another thing: Steve has a friend, an artist, called Bill Eames. Steve, who is a pretty good judge of those things, says Bill is a fine artist, but he's had a tough time financially. He paints the kind of stuff that won't buy him a dairy lunch but that'll bring him fame when he's dead. Steve says he can't help it, that he's built that way. About four years ago he married a girl, and just for his own amusement he taught her to paint. Now here comes the ironic twist: He uncovered in her a fine talent, not for his kind of art but for commercial advertising, pictures of Bon Ton shaving soap, and so on; and inside of a year she was making ten times as much as Bill, who'd put everything else aside to stage-manage her, be her errand boy, run out and buy her paints and peddle her stuff to the firms. He stopped his work to push her, and she became a howling success. I've seen her. She's a thin, dark, feverish, aggressive, big-boned, masterful woman with a big nose. A human dynamo. This year she divorced Bill, giving as a reason nonsupport. She said he hadn't contributed a dollar toward her support for two years, and she was tired of having him forever dipping into her purse. Steve, of course, sided with Bill and has been bringing him home to dinner about five nights in the week, just to buck him up, and has also lent him some money to get on his feet.

Steve and I had a grand discussion over the whole case. He says that competition in the same household between man and wife is the death of love. I wonder! He contended that the proper kind of a wife for a modest, self-doubting chap like Bill was one of these sagacious, soft, clinging little girls who would bring out every ounce of responsibility in him and make him believe he was the finest fellow on top of the earth. I don't care much for Bill's wife, but I think she had a good right to work if she wanted to—and I'll stick to that until I die. But it makes me sort of sick in my soul to be at odds with Steve.

Query: How far is it wise for the average, ordinary woman to take the weights of responsibility off the average, ordinary husband if she wants him to remain a good provider, as the saying goes?

YOUR LOVING NAMESAKE.

MY DEAR NIECE: What you write about your friends is mighty interesting to me and I've been mulling it over in my mind. Sometimes an innocent old bystander like myself gets a few things the active combatants can't see. First of all I'll tell you why in my judgment that marriage didn't stick. It's been my observation that in every real union worthy the name there's a he and a she, the attraction of two poles. If the man's a he-man and the woman's a she-woman the probabilities are that they'll pull through their difficulties. Or if the man's a soft, woman-natured chap and the woman wears the pantaloons they will, for that's the same combination the other way around. But if it's a man mated to a man-minded woman there's no necessity for a merger, being nothing to merge;

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they're two of a kind. And that, I suspect, was the case with your friends.

As to this business of competition in the same line between man and wife, in my opinion it's a highly dangerous thing. Only a very big man and a very big love can get away with it. Partly it's because in America it's the tradition that it's the man's job to support his wife. If he doesn't support her it argues some inherent flaw, some lack of manhood, some yellow streak in his nature. We're not yet civilized up to the European aristocratic point of view that a man has a dashed good right to be supported by his rich wife without soiling his hands. We may be primitive, crude, vulgar in this respect; and then again we may be nearer the straight biological norm, the deep guiding race instinct which runs truer, stronger in a fresh vital young nation than in an old worn-out stock.

So if Steve is sensitive about wanting to support you during these first years of your married life and flares up, don't lay it on to him individually; lay it on to the American tradition; lay it on to race instinct which commands that a male shall take care of his mate when she's otherwise engaged and can't take care of herself. The fact that you individually are not otherwise engaged does not alter the universal law. And don't worry about Steve. He's probably giving this experiment the intellectual once-over—and testing you out too.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

P. S. What does Steve say in his sleep?

MY DEAR AUNT: I have been ill and in bed ten days. Nothing serious—a nasty cold aggravated by nerves. It's really not bad, resting like this, for it gives me time to think. I've made Steve Secretary of the Treasury and of the Interior and Foreign Affairs. It's now a one-man show; the strain of my being sick is telling on him; he looks a bit gaunt. To add to his afflictions, last week his mother landed down on us without warning, and asked him for money to go to the Hot Springs for a cure. I don't know what Steve said to her, or even if he said anything; he may have just looked at her; but she decamped the same afternoon—*sans* cash. Steve's character is developing a bite—but no bark!—at the rate of a mile a minute these days.

Old Joplin has been most kind—for him. He sent around his cousin, Doctor Hoyt, a perfectly charming woman, with four children and a paralyzed husband to support. Her history is interesting. While she was still a medical student she fell in love with the man who was giving one of the lecture courses—a very brilliant but conservative research doctor. They were married, but he objected strongly to her practicing her profession, so she gave it up, had four children, and at the end of ten years he had a stroke of paralysis—a judgment of heaven, I call it!—and the entire burden of the family fell upon her. There was nothing for it but to resume her profession—ten years late.

Now, Aunt Cecil, don't you think she did wrong to give in to that reactionary, hidebound old Turk, who wanted her all to himself? I want your flat answer—yes or no. It seems to me, reading between the lines of your letters, that you think I'm wrong in continuing to work for Old Joplin, but you're afraid to come right out plump and say so. Now I'm going to call your bluff. Hands up! Right or wrong—which do you say? CECIL.

DEAR SILLY-BILLY: You and your little abstract rights and wrongs! Don't you know yet that what may be all right for Sadie Smith may be all wrong for Sally Jones? That circumstances alter cases, and that each case must be judged on its own merits, in relationship to the particular facts? With regard to your own concrete case, all I have to remark is this: You've got there not one right to adjudicate, but three, each separate and distinct—your own, Old Joplin's and Steve's. Now you may try to fit those three rights together, whittling each one down a bit so as to give them all a fair show; or you may sink your own rights; or you may sink those of Joplin and Steve and play your own up strong. It's your game, not mine. Then play it. But don't be so muddle-headed that you can't see the real issues involved.

I've always believed it was a fine thing for a woman—or a man, for that matter—to have an occupation, by means of which she could gain her livelihood in time of need. Nothing so broadens her, shows her the actual practical stuff out of which life is made. It teaches her the value of money, gives her the discipline of regular work and hours; it takes the conceited crimps out of her nature by showing her that what she considers good enough and what her employer considers good enough may be two vastly different things. But whether she's to go on with her job after marriage is a matter of prudence, advisability and plain common horse sense. The doctor manifestly studied her particular problem from all angles, looked at her right, her husband's and the public's right, and decided that her major contribution lay in the home. Yes, I think she was right; I think that, taking it all in all, she made a wise investment, as the result amply demonstrates. But her case is not your case.

There is staying with me now a teacher, a brilliant, accomplished, magnetic woman, with a real flair for her vocation—delights in her work and wields great influence over the girls—the rare case of a round peg in a round hole. She is happily married, has a husband and three children, and has continued more or less irregularly with her work. Just now she's deeply disappointed over a splendid position for which she's eminently fitted but failed to obtain on account of her children. It was in a large private girls' school of excellent standards and reputation, and the principal liked her immensely—beyond all the other applicants; but there was also to be considered the responsibility to the students as well as to the parents who were paying a heavy tuition to have their daughters prepared for college. The absence of a brilliant teacher from her classes, or her irregular attendance at a critical period, might dislocate the entire course and prevent some of the students from passing their examinations.

The principal thought deeply and finally she said, "How many children have you?"

"Three."

"And their ages?"

"Four, eight and eleven."

Just the disease-catching age!

The principal continued, even more thoughtfully, her questionnaire, "And in case one of your children fell sick, which would you choose—your duty to your child or your duty to the school?"

Quick as a flash the teacher replied proudly, "To my child—naturally."

The principal nodded. "I think you're absolutely right!" she agreed warmly.

But notwithstanding, she did not engage the lady for her school!

"They penalize you for having children!" said the teacher bitterly, recounting the story to me. "If I'd no children she'd have taken me like a shot."

No doubt—for then the situation would have been materially altered. As it stood, the two sets of responsibilities clashed, and both the teacher and the principal were right. Now—would I have that brilliant woman give up her teaching? Lord, no! Would I have her give up her children? God forbid! But I would have her realize that she can't have the privileges of married life without accepting its disabilities; she can't be married and single at the same time. Each state carries its own advantages and its own disabilities.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

Old Joplin to Aunt Cecil.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your interest in your niece must be my apology for intruding my personal affairs upon you in this unconventional fashion. But before her marriage your niece was wont occasionally to read choice portions of your letters aloud to me, and the quality of native common sense which I so greatly admired in them is the quality in their owner to which I now address these words.

The fact is I am in an awkward predicament concerning Mrs. Sheridan, and I should be deeply obliged for your advice. To be brief, my business is amplifying by leaps and bounds. It necessitates my absence on frequent trips, and during such absences I must have in my office someone who is absolutely competent, absolutely devoted to my interests and willing to take infinite pains. Hitherto your niece has been satisfactory in these three important respects; but since her marriage I am bound to state that this is no longer the case. Speaking as a private individual, I do not blame her; on the contrary, I admire her more as a woman for putting her marital responsibilities before her responsibilities to her job. Nevertheless, the fact that she does so lands me, as her employer, in a hole. The candid truth is that she is worth less to me commercially since her marriage than she was before, because her heart's not in her work; I can't rely on her in a pinch. In addition, the increased volume of business is bound to make still heavier demands on my secretary and I intend to raise the salary.

Now here is my quandary: Two alternatives present themselves: First, I can dismiss your niece, and, frankly, that seems the most practical course; second, I can find for her a subsidiary position in the office and place somebody over her head, a course which I have no doubt your niece would deeply resent. But it becomes more apparent each day that my business cannot be run merely as a side issue in the self-development of your niece. It is because of the very real regard and admiration I entertain for her personally that I am venturing to disclose my predicament to you. Thanking you, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
WINFIELD SCOTT JOPLIN.

Aunt Cecil to Old Joplin.

MY DEAR MR. JOPLIN: While deeply sensible of the honor you have paid me in thus consulting what you are pleased to term my "native common sense," I am bound to say that I cannot advise you on how to run your business any more than I can advise my niece on how to run her marriage and her job. How can I, an onlooker, with just this brief glimpse, so to speak, over your shoulder at your hand, and without knowing what cards are out, advise you which suit to play?

There is, however, this to say in a general way: More and more young married women who don't absolutely need to work for a living are going into business. You and I can't stop them or turn back the tide. For better or for worse, the movement's already under way. Marriage grips some women profoundly; some it leaves practically untouched. Personally, there's no doubt in my mind that some young women can hold down a business job after marriage in a thoroughly competent and satisfactory fashion—and that's the sole fact with which you, as an employer, are concerned. It's equally true that some women cannot. It all depends on the young woman. Each case is a special case. And I know of no way of discovering which can and which can't, save by actual open experiment in the business world. Some of the girls marry and continue their jobs; the majority marry and drop out. You may say it's hard on the employer to have them quit on you. But is it any harder than when a bright, up-and-coming young man, whom you've come to rely on, suddenly sees a wider opportunity and leaves you flat? Of course it's not! But you're used to a man's considering his own self-interest first, and so it doesn't seem such an enormity.

Now to which category does my niece belong—to the fairly small class of women who after marriage can and do continue to swing their business jobs out in the industrial world with competence, success and poise; or does she belong to the fairly large class of girls whose interest, after marriage, in the home waxes as their interest in their outside jobs wane? I suspect you and I know the answer to that question even better at this point than Cecil herself. But she has common sense and character, and if you'll give her an easy rein I think she'll find her own way safely to the place where she belongs. Thanks for your interest in my girl!

Very sincerely yours,
CECIL CONVERSE.

P. S. Why not offer her the increased responsibility, emoluments and all?

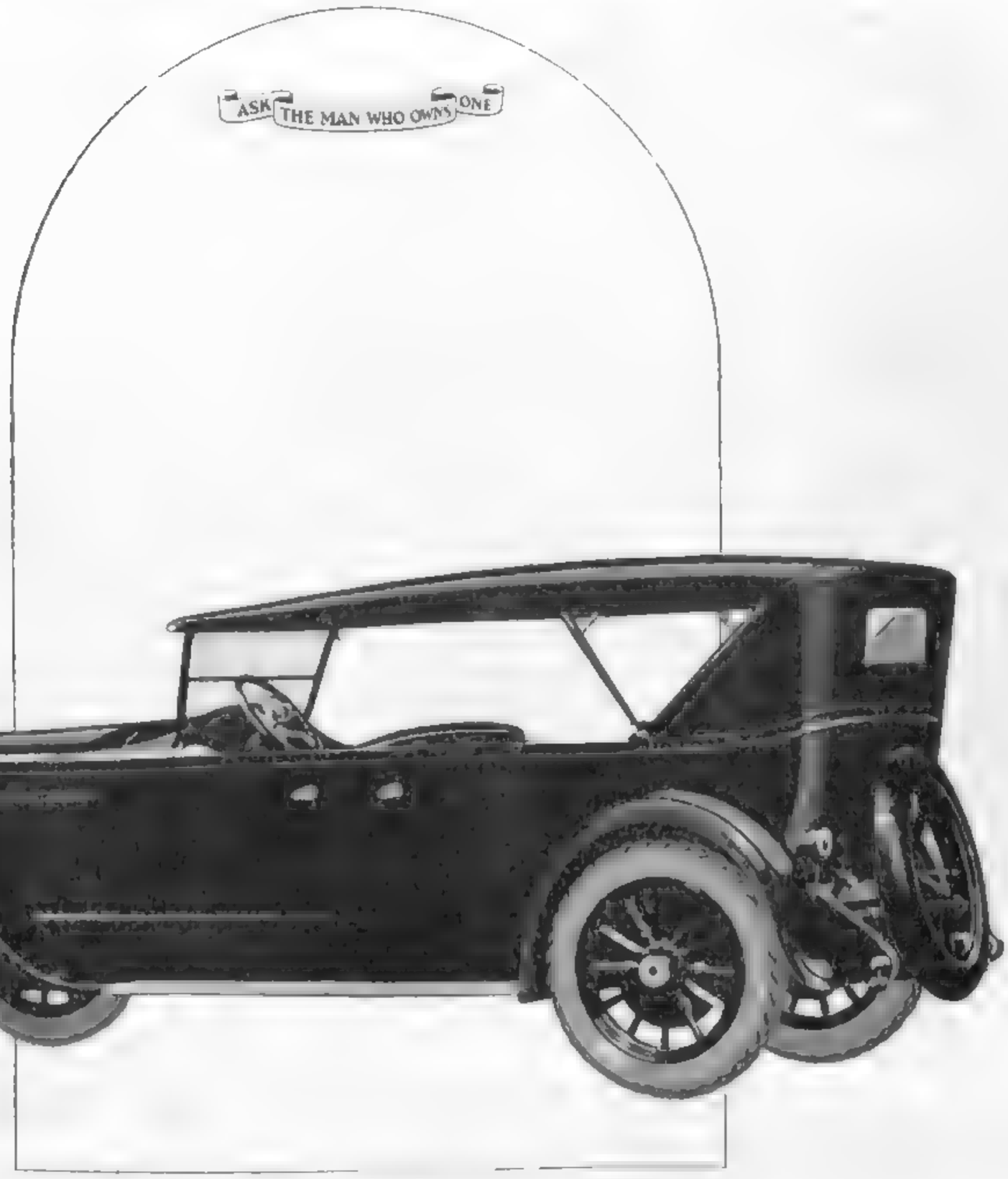
Old Joplin to Aunt Cecil.

MY DEAR MADAM: In all my rather extensive experience with the breed of secretaries I've never yet found one that didn't consider he or she was worth all, and just a trifle more, than the employer paid. I doubt if your niece will prove an exception to the rule. It is my opinion that she has already bitten off more than she can chew, and yet you propose that I shall offer her a bigger bite. And I thought you were a sensible woman! Yours very truly,
W. S. JOPLIN.

Telegram from Aunt Cecil to Old Joplin: "You asked my advice. That's it."

DEAR AUNT CECIL: There's been a regular blizzard of happenings in my part of the world of late—exciting

(Continued on Page 42)



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Comfortable the day you take them from their smart blue and orange box. Comfortable until you discard them, many months later, for a *new* pair of Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs.

The *width* of the soft pliable Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web—this is what does it. The wide holding surface gives perfect garter support—no tightness, no binding.

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PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

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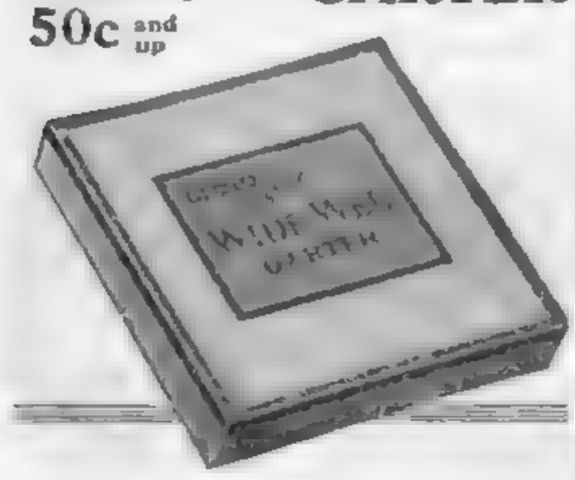


(Continued from Page 40)

events hailing down so thick and fast that actually I nearly lost sight of the old familiar landmarks for a while. First of all, Old Joplin offered me a raise! Think of it - Old Joplin! Of course I know I'm worth more to him than he pays! Why, I do about everything. Half the time he just sits around, waiting for me to jog his elbow! For a while I was too staggered to do anything except gape at him dizzily while he outlined the new duties which went with the increased pay, and to wonder where the joker was. For I knew there was a joker somewhere. Old Joplin's no plaster saint. He doesn't consider me a howling success where now I am since my marriage; then why should he suddenly offer me a bigger position with better pay? There was more in this than met the eye.

I needed time to figure it out, and so I said sweetly: "Mr. Joplin, I can't deny that I am deeply pleased with your offer—chiefly, I think, because it shows you still have confidence in me. As to accepting it, it wouldn't be fair to you unless I could devote to you considerably more energy and time; it would mean giving up housekeeping and going to board; it would mean—well, a reshaping along the whole line—less time at home and a concentration of interest here. I'd like to take time to think it over—if you don't mind."

"Take all the time you need," he said with a smile. Old Joplin's smile is not half bad. Of course nothing like so sunshiny as Steve's.

"I think I could pull it off all right," said I.

"Oh, yes," replied Old Joplin quietly, "you can do the job all right—or I wouldn't have offered it to you. It's just a case of paying the price. And it's only you who can decide that. This is your little ship and nobody can steer it but you."

Well, Aunt Cecil, he was so simple and friendly and—yes, human—as if he knew all my inside troubles. I mean—as he sat there staring meditatively out of the window in that immaculate get-up of his, that without warning the tears rushed into my eyes and spilled over; I choked up; and without any reason at all I suddenly burst out crying like a kid.

Why? I don't know. It was just as if he had touched some secret chord or put his finger on a sore spot which had been paining me, unaware, all the time. And in one single clear flash of vision, between the act of pulling out my handkerchief and blowing my nose, I knew I couldn't make the grade. I couldn't make the grade because I wouldn't pay the price. And I wouldn't make Steve pay the price. He'd paid so much with his mother that it seemed as if he'd earned a little leeway with his wife.

Old Joplin pretended not to have noted the sudden shower, so I put on my things and slipped out. And as I closed the door I heard him mutter to himself: "That aunt must be a remarkable character!" Some character in a novel he was thinking of, I suppose. For a business man he's rather well-read.

Well, in the Subway on my way home I decided I'd be an idiot to throw up the job with all the extra pay; and all that day and the next I chopped and changed and played with the idea of taking or leaving that job the way a cat plays with a mouse; and I didn't say a word to Steve. He's been so preoccupied and glum and secret of late that I obeyed a little inner voice which said "Keep this business to yourself." Our cook has left, and we've been going out to meals, Steve silent, moody, with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Steve," I said suddenly one night, "suppose we try boarding for a while?"

Steve looked up from his book and favored me with a long quiet stare, then without reply dropped his eyes to the page. I let the idea sink in.

"What for?" asked Steve at the end of half an hour. That's Steve.

"Oh, nothing special," I said lightly. "More efficient, that's all. Less expensive. Less wear and tear on the nerves when we both work."

"What would we do with all this junk?"

He spoke carelessly, but my heart gave a great leap and I nearly sprang out of my chair, for, Aunt Cecil, those were the very words he had spoken out loud in his sleep! He had turned over and muttered as distinct as could be: "Sure. Separate. That's the dope. But what would we do with all this junk?"

I suppose I whitened—who wouldn't? But I saw I must walk softly, like Agag, for one false step would be fatal, and so I laughed as I said, "Why, Steve, it wouldn't hurt my feelings if we scrapped every blessed thing in the place except mamma's linen and dad's beds."

At that Steve rose, came and stood over me, his blue eyes boring me through.

"You know! You've known all along - you star-spangled little fraud!"

"Oh, Steve!" I made a wild guess, judging it must be some good luck by the glow in his eye. "Is it —— It is!—a raise!" He nodded. "Then why have you kept it so secret? Why didn't you speak?"

I was still miles away from knowing what was going on in his head.

"Well," he replied soberly, "I have been figuring on this married-and-stay-in-business stuff from the husband's point of view; and the way I figured it is this: If I've no right to stand in the way of your self-development in a business career you have equally no right to stand in the way of mine. That's logical, isn't it? All right. Then suppose my self-development required that I accept a bigger job out of town—let's say away off in the desert—while yours required that you stick right here in town? The logical result is—separation. Well, when I'd doped out the logical moves on the board thus far, what does the chief do but call me into his office one morning and tell me I'd been promoted to be manager of their new plant ——"

"Oh, Steve!" I broke in, grabbing him. "How glorious!"

"—— out in Arizona," he finished grimly.

Aunt Cecil, have you ever gone down in one of those express elevators that drop through space at such insane speed that your whole interior system seems to surge right up and your eyes feel popping out of your head? That was just the way I felt. I saw the whole situation then in one swift flare, just as I had in Old Joplin's office—but as through a glass, darkly.

"Arizona!" I gasped.

"Quite so!" said Steve dryly. "A bit too far, eh, to commute in from Arizona to Old Joplin's office each day?"

Old Joplin! I'd completely forgotten him and his raise. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell Steve, but I decided that would keep. One mix-up at a time.

"And—and you're going out there?" I asked, trying to get the thing straight in my head. I saw there was still a kink in Steve's mind.

"I'd like to see anybody try to stop me!" said he.

"And—and what about me? Have you figured out that move too?"

"Sure!" he replied. "I've no right to stand in your light any more than you have to stand in mine. Ergo: I go to my little place in the sun, and you stay right here with yours. With me out of the plot you'll have more time to devote to Old Joplin. You say his business is increasing. Inside of a month I wager you'll land a raise."

"But that means sep——"

I just couldn't get it out; my voice, in spite of me, broke. Steve still stood over me with a hard smile.

"That's right," he said. "You've got it. Spit it out."

I looked at him, but he had on his poker face and even the expression of his eyes baffled me.

"And—and that's why you want to sell off all this stuff?"

"Well," said Steve, sort of jovial and hard, "no use paying storage. We might as well clean up as we go along. All but the beds. That might make your father feel bad. I'll tell you what: You keep yours and I'll keep mine—ship it out to Arizona. Sort of symbolical—eh? Can't you see it in the morning papers: Cruel Tragedy of the Twin Beds. Twin Beds, Created to Live Together, Forced to Separate and Follow Their Master and Mistress on Divergent Business Careers!"

I don't know why it was, Aunt Cecil, but that last silly remark just about finished me; although I knew there was a joke somewhere I couldn't seem to put my finger on it; I laid my head down on the pillow and began to sob. Steve sat down and began to comfort me.

"Cheer up!" he said presently, laughing. "They're not separated yet!"

"I think it's frightfully bad taste to jest on such subjects," I told him. "And I knew you were making it up all the time."

"I wasn't though," said Steve soberly. "It's all Gospel truth—just as I told you. I've had the refusal of that job for two weeks."

"And you're going to take it?" I demanded.

For reply Steve fished in his pocket and brought out a letter, addressed and sealed.

"Here you are—here's the answer, inside."

"But what?" I cried.

"Can't you guess?" asked Steve quietly.

"You've never turned it down?" I gasped.

"Sure I have!" said he with a laugh. "Don't look so frightened—that's not the only job on this planet. You don't suppose I'd force you to come with me? Or that I'd go without you? Not a chance! But I had to prove to you that this theory of self-expression worked out to a logical finish between man and wife is as full of leaks as a sieve. If love doesn't mean something bigger than the self-expression of our own little picayune personalities, then I'm going to lay off some morning and invent a new word for the feeling I have for you."

And so, Aunt Cecil, the upshot of it was that I didn't even tell him about Old Joplin's offer at all! You see, there wasn't time. Steve's chief had to know his decision the next day; and if we went we had to pack up and get off inside of a week. Of course it was sheer moonshine about his giving up his chance on account of Old Joplin. I succeeded in convincing him that I might find means of self-expression out in Arizona as well as here. So late that night I got Old Joplin on long distance and told him that important business detained me at home the next morning, but that I'd drop in toward the end of the day and explain.

And that was my last afternoon with Old Joplin. He'd saved up quite a bit of work for me—trust Old Jop not to squander the shining hours!—and that final afternoon was just the same as any other one. I saw the new secretary, a woman—not very competent, I fear. I caught her, during dictation, sneaking a look at her wrist watch, from which I augur ill!

So to-night, Aunt Cecil, Steve and I sleep for the last time in our apartment and listen to the melancholy mooing of the fog-horns down the bay. It seems strange, breaking off with Old Joplin. The work was absorbing. He was an absorbing man. I don't know what he'll do without me! That other woman won't suit him, I know. What a mix-up life is! And how hard to pick the right right! But I know I've picked it this time—haven't I?

YOUR LOVING, FROM-NOW-ON ONE-JOB GIRL.

MY DEAR NIECE: It makes no difference what I think if you're sure you're right yourself. As Old Joplin said, it's your own little ship and nobody can steer it but you. You've given up your job for to-day, but you may need one the worst way to-morrow; so don't lean too hard on Steve's gray matter and don't lose your grip on the outside world. If you really consider that new secretary incompetent, and it's not just female jealousy on your part at seeing her in your place, what's the matter with my applying for the job myself to your Mr. Napoleon-Scrooge-Simon Legree? I don't wear a wrist watch, and I have no Steve! YOUR LOVING AUNT CECIL.

P. S. Am meeting you at Chicago with some damson-plum preserves.

This curious, fibrous rock is the basis for all Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings. It gives them fire-safety, of course, and, in addition, durability and permanence. It keeps roofing costs down.

For $30 more he could have prevented this with an Asbestos Roof

A SPARK from the chimney flue . . it falls on the roof.....a tiny, ominous flame.....and soon the whole house is ablaze—betrayed by the roof that is supposed to protect it.

All because somebody grudged the few dollars necessary to make that roof a real protection. The cost of a few shrubs from the lawn would have given that home the fire-safety of Asbestos Roofing.

Perhaps they did not know this. Many people are inclined to think Asbestos Roofing expensive because it is always so highly spoken of.

But this is not so. Anybody who can afford to set up four walls can afford to protect them with Asbestos Roofing. On such a house as that in the picture the difference is less than thirty dollars. It is worth it.

For the same indestructible rock fibre that gives Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings their fire-safety also gives them permanence. Weather, rot and corrosion have little effect upon asbestos. These roofings never need painting, refinishing or other protective measures, and they should last as long as the home they protect.

There is a roofing of Johns-Manville Asbestos, either in shingle or roll form, for every type of structure. Select yours from the chart on the right.

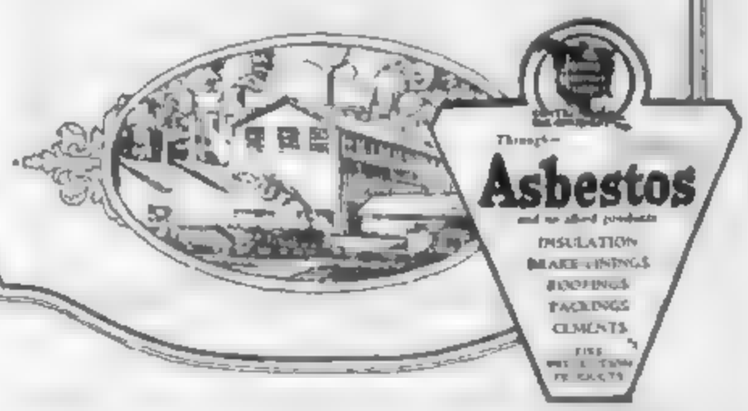
Ask your roofing dealer or builder for samples and prices of the roofings. Each is given the highest rating in its class by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or [illegible] red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—Everlasting brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice
A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches



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For June Days

These Bubble-Grain Delights

In the Morning

Mix Puffed Rice with your berries. These flimsy, nut-like morsels add a delicious blend.

Consider how Puffed Rice tastes served with cream and sugar. It is like nut bubbles. Then imagine what it adds to fruit.

Afternoons

Lightly douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Then it forms a food confection.

Use as garnish on ice cream, as leading chefs are doing.

Use like nut-meats in home candy making.

Also as toasted wafers for your soups.

At Night

The ideal dish for children is Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat, with its 16 elements, forms a practically complete food.

Whole wheat, with every food cell blasted, easily digests.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size

Made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is broken, so digestion is made easy and complete. High heat makes them flavory. Puffing makes them thin and flaky. So these—the ideal foods for children—are the foods they love the best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Everybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Household Saving

HARD times ended the orgy of spending. Personal incomes were reduced. Nine families out of ten must even yet give thought to ways and means to get the most out of every dollar. The chief expense of the average American is in maintaining a home and supporting a family. It follows, therefore, that the greatest opportunity to save lies in reducing the outlay of each household for the so-called necessities of life. The wisest kind of economy is that founded on the fuller utilization of the things we use rather than doing entirely without them. It is also a fact that the greatest waste in the home is from little leaks that are cumulative; not the glaring losses that are plainly evident.

Food is the principal item of expense in most homes. Through improper handling large quantities of vegetables and foodstuffs are wasted. Here are a few simple suggestions for everyday saving: Lay in quantities of vegetables in season, for later use. Keep potatoes in a cool, dry, dark place. Edible roots such as carrots, parsnips and turnips should be kept in earth or sand filled boxes in the cellar. Sweet potatoes can be kept until January if first cleaned, dried and packed in chaff. Tomatoes can be kept for some time if gathered immediately before frost and placed on straw-covered racks in the cellar. Celery should not be cleaned or washed until the day it is to be eaten. Oranges and lemons should be wrapped in paper, for their skins provide a good feeding ground for mold.

Sugar is best kept in tin; salt in wood or crockery. Cornmeal spoils more rapidly than flour, so it is best to buy it in small quantities. Rice, tapioca, macaroni and practically all the dried fruits should be kept in covered crocks in a clean, dry place. Breakfast cereals and crackers remain fresh longer when kept in air-tight receptacles—tin boxes or jars—in a cool, dry place.

Every household refrigerator should be supplied with a thermometer, which should be read at frequent intervals. The growth of bacteria in foods increases rapidly when the temperature of the ice box gets above 55° F.

In a large household where the refrigerator has a capacity of more than one hundred pounds of ice the side-icer is best. The box should be kept in a dry atmosphere, and not be exposed to drafts or rapid changes in temperature. Clean the box with cold water and washing soda, followed by a rinse with clear cold water and a careful drying. Much ice is wasted through the frequent and unnecessary opening of the refrigerator door. Investigation showed that the temperature of an ice box rises about two degrees every time the door is opened. The lowest part of a refrigerator is always the coldest. Ice is useless in a refrigerator unless it melts. Covering the ice with a blanket is a bad practice.

Dollars are wasted through carelessness in cooking. No matter how furiously water boils, cooking does not proceed any faster. Many people waste gas and oil in boiling away more water than necessary. The instant boiling begins the gas or oil flame should be turned down as low as it will go and still continue boiling the water. Equipment that permits fireless cooking is now looked upon with much favor by people who practice economy. The combination fireless cooker and gas range not only saves fuel but helps keep the kitchen cool in the summertime. In such a system the cooking continues after the gas is turned off, for the ovens of these ranges are insulated, and the final cooking is accomplished by the retained heat. An oven regulator or thermostat attached to a gas range saves time, energy and fuel, besides insuring accuracy in cooking. The flow of gas is regulated automatically by the oven heat.

If an electric range is used the housewife should cultivate the habit of turning the switch to medium or low, instead of always keeping it at high. Kerosene stoves are generally used in homes where gas and electricity are not available. In using a kerosene outfit always take care to see that the stove is set level so that the flow of kerosene will be uniform. Instead of trimming or scraping off the tops of wicks, press the carbon down evenly with a piece of paper.

It is always possible to conserve fuel by planning meals with reference to the dish whose preparation takes the most time. If steaks or chops are to be used, select vegetables which cook quickly on the top of the stove, like boiled potatoes or green peas. For meats cooked inside the stove, such as roasts, use the oven at the same time for baking potatoes or for preparing scalloped dishes. By following this plan the long-time heat needed for cooking the meat is fully utilized. In the case of cooking a stew on top of the stove it is possible to steam rice or other things on top of the stew.

Dietitians suggest the substitution of fresh or dried fruits, with cereals, for sugar. Raisins, dates, and the like, can be cooked with the cereal. Syrups may be used instead of sugar. The housewife should always ask for the trimmings of the meat she buys, for soup and like purposes. In the case of a large family it is often cheaper to buy the whole carcass of a small animal. Bargain hunters are often inconsistent. It is no economy to spend carfare and an hour or more of time traveling to a distant market just to save ten or fifteen cents.

One expert contends that shopping around at cash stores is not always an economy. The trade of a small family will appeal to one grocer or butcher, but if divided up among a number of merchants no one of them will be greatly interested in the patronage. A cash purchase cannot be returned. In dealing with one tradesman in each line follow the practice of returning every wilted vegetable or other unsatisfactory article. Give the merchants to understand they can have your trade as long as they come up to the standards you have set.

The campaigns to save fats carried on during the war have been largely forgotten if we are to judge by recent analyses of contents of garbage cans in several cities. Many fats can be clarified and used for cooking. One scheme is to cut the fat in small pieces, cover with water and allow to soak for a day. Change the water once during that time, and then drain it off and empty the fat into an iron kettle, with half a teacupful of skim milk to every pound of suet. This is cooked slowly until all sounds of boiling entirely cease. When the mixture has partly cooled it is poured off carefully. This fat may be substituted for butter in many recipes, for it has no unpleasant taste or odor. Lard has a lower melting point than beef fat, so some authorities suggest adding one pound of leaf lard to four or five times that amount of suet to make a softer fat.

A material loss results from neglect in caring for shoes, clothing and household furnishings. Shoes when wet are often ruined by being placed on a steam radiator or too close to a fire. Wet shoes should be dried slowly. Insert shoe trees or pack the shoes solidly with paper. Shoes should be cleaned before being put away, and should be stored where there is circulation of air. Castor oil will make shoes nearly waterproof, and is a particularly good dressing for patent leathers. There is an old and true saying that two pairs of shoes worn alternately will outlast three pairs worn consecutively.

Woolen clothing or furs are often ruined by the buffalo beetle and moths. The first step in preventing waste of clothes, rugs, and such things, is to subject them to a thorough cleaning before putting them away. If possible, it is frequently best to have such articles steam-cleaned. Some authorities claim that if this precaution is taken furs and woolens may be safely packed away for the summer in ordinary pasteboard suit boxes by merely sealing the boxes with strips of cloth or heavy paper pasted over the edges. No matter what protective coverings are used, clothes, furs and rugs should be cleaned before being stored. To get rid of beetles fill cracks in the floors with crack-fillers. A good vacuum cleaner is an enemy of the beetle. Sulphur fumes will destroy pests. Allow two pounds of sulphur to each thousand cubic feet of space to be fumigated. Gasoline may be used to destroy beetles and moths which

(Continued on Page 46)

Further Facts -

Back of Oldfield's Increasing Success

OLDFIELD successes in 1921 are being outdistanced by the achievements of 1922.

In the first four months of this year, 216 established tire dealers—leaders in their communities—adopted the Oldfield line.

In one week eight distributors ordered carload lots of Oldfields.

To date, there have been 98 of these carload buyers.

It takes a carload a month to supply users in Mexico City alone.

From November to April, the number of Oldfields sold increased 165%, and tubes 174.9%, over the same five months of the previous year.

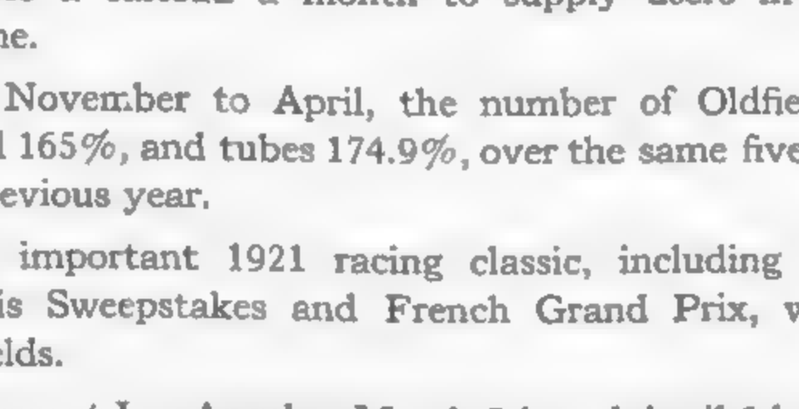
Every important 1921 racing classic, including the Indianapolis Sweepstakes and French Grand Prix, was won on Oldfields.

This year at Los Angeles, March 5th and April 2d, Tommy Milton was again victorious on Oldfields, setting a world's record for 50 miles in the second race.

Covering 150 miles at 102.8 miles per hour without stop, Jimmy Murphy on April 27th, at Fresno, Cal., broke the world's record for one-mile track in his Oldfield-shod racer.

Everywhere such striking examples of Oldfield superiority are being recorded and an increasing demand for Oldfield quality is making itself felt.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO



TIRES

"999"

The guaranteed Oldfield "999" the market's biggest value in light car equipment. Built of four-ply 17¼ ounce cotton fabric—with rugged tread, scientifically designed to prevent skid. The same notable value in both 30 x 3½ and 30 x 3 inch sizes.

30 x 3½ Full Size Anti-Skid

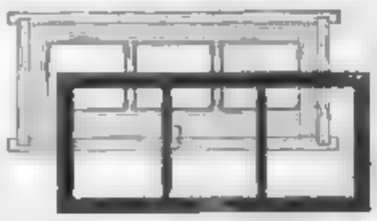
Oldfield Warehouses

Akron, Ohio
Atlanta, 20 Walker Street
Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
Dallas, 2121 Commerce St.
Kansas City, 2001 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1165 S. Figueroa
San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness Ave.
Minneapolis, 444 Stinson Blvd
New York, 1871 Broadway
Seattle, 1518 11th Ave.

What Are Basement Windows For?

You put windows in a building for one principal reason—to let in daylight and fresh air. The more light you get through a given window opening, the better. So in the first place, you buy basement windows

to let in the daylight

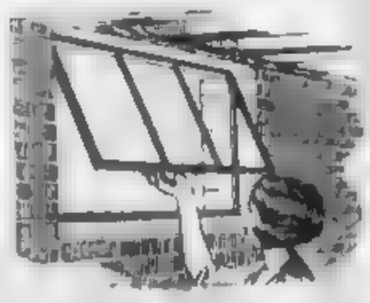


The accompanying illustration shows a Truscon Steel Basement Window and a wood window for the same sized opening. Note the difference in the amounts of daylight obtained. With Truscon Basement Windows, there is a gain of 50 to 80%, depending on the size of opening. So you are buying daylight at a greatly reduced cost.

to keep out weather

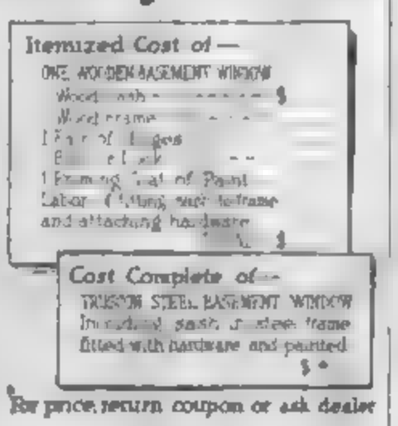
Basement windows must not only admit the light, but must shut out the storms. Any window which shrinks will develop cracks and crevices through which wind and rain can enter. The continuous overlapping double-contact weathering around Truscon Steel Basement Windows makes them tight against even driving rains.

for ease of operation



Basement windows, being near the damp ground, are subject to the effects of moisture. Truscon Steel Basement Windows, being made entirely of steel, cannot warp or swell or stick or lose their shape. They therefore operate easily under all conditions. A spring latch locks them automatically.

for economy in cost



For price, return coupon or ask dealer

With all their advantages, Truscon Steel Basement Windows actually cost as little as the old-fashioned wood window. In some localities they cost considerably less. For your own satisfaction fill out the items in the accompanying cost sheet. You can get the price of Truscon Steel Basement Windows from us or dealers.

Return Coupon Below!

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

TRUSCON STEEL
BASEMENT WINDOWS

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, O.
Send me information on Truscon Steel Basement Windows. I am ☐ owner ☐ architect ☐ contractor ☐ dealer
Name _____
Address _____

(Continued from Page 44)

have invaded rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture. Take the articles out-of-doors, saturate them with gasoline and keep them outside until the gasoline has evaporated. The common practice of placing newspapers under carpets and rugs to protect them from insects is a wise one.

Placing furs in cold storage during the summertime tends to restore their glossiness, for the low temperature is that of their native element. Furs packed away with cayenne pepper, tobacco or insect powder are fairly safe from beetles. If a family cannot afford a mothproof cedar chest a substitute may be improvised by using red-cedar shavings or chips in an ordinary trunk having a tight-fitting top. Many cigar boxes are made of red cedar, and these are utilized by some housewives in providing themselves with the moth-defying chips.

Ants are a destructive pest in many localities during the warm months. These insects usually succumb to kerosene, turpentine or quicklime. An ant nest can be destroyed by boiling water. Powdered cloves keep away red ants, while all varieties dislike camphor. One remedy is to make an ant tape by soaking an ordinary cotton tape in a solution of corrosive sublimate. In making the solution place an ounce of corrosive sublimate in an unchipped granite-ware vessel and dissolve the poison in water. After soaking the tape in this solution hang it up to dry. Later wind the tape around the legs of tables, refrigerators and other furniture used for storing food. The efficiency of the tape will last for at least a year. Do not let the sublimate solution come into contact with iron, tin or steel.

Mildew is a fungous growth found in places where there is a relatively high temperature and poor circulation of air. If goods are attacked by mildew wash immediately and expose to sun and air. In every household there are many articles made of rubber, and although these will last for years if handled carefully, they can be destroyed in a few weeks by failure to observe a few simple rules. Heat and sunlight hasten the deterioration of rubber goods. Waterproof coats, rubber shoes and hot-water bags are frequently ruined by being placed on radiators to dry. Oil destroys rubber, as is well known by the owners of automobile tires and inner tubes. Rubber articles are best preserved in a cool, dark place.

Many things are purchased by housewives which could easily and cheaply be produced at home. Any number of articles are thrown away which might be recovered and utilized again. Gasoline, benzine and other liquids used for cleaning fabrics, after serving their purpose once, can be used over again if they are first strained through filter paper, which can be procured at any drug store.

There are certain kinds of saving that are poor economy. One example is the hoarding of old medicines. Many medicines lose their potency after a few weeks or months, and are without benefit when used at a later date in a similar illness. The very presence of a bottle of medicine in the house is likely to cause it to be pressed into service for some specific ailment for which it is entirely unsuited in strength or dosage. Even with two people having the same complaint a certain prescription may help one and harm the other. It is wisest to throw away all unused medicine after illness, unless it is a standard variety which does not deteriorate. If saved, each bottle of medicine should be labeled with the date of the prescription, the disease and the name of the patient.

One way to offset a contraction in the family income is to apply more thought to intelligent economy in the home.

Gas Saving

NATURAL gas is one of the most important of our resources. It is one thing in which every citizen has an equity and should take an interest. Every cubic foot of gas that is wasted is a loss to the whole nation, for it is a valuable natural asset that cannot be replenished after what we have is gone. In the words of one engineer, "Those who now waste the gas do so at the expense of others who would be glad to use it efficiently."

The public-utility companies that supply gas service to customers have no way of compelling the efficient utilization of the product they sell. In this particular, gas service differs radically from practically every other kind of public-utility service. Gas is wasted when, through carelessness or ignorance, the consumer fails to see that the gas is properly mixed with the proper proportion of air. Other wastes result when the mixture is not completely burned or when the flame is poorly directed to the object to be heated.

When natural gas is completely burned carbon dioxide and steam are formed. For each cubic foot of gas that is burned, two cubic feet of water vapor or steam are produced. It is this water vapor that causes gas ranges to rust, and the walls and windows of rooms where gas is burned to sweat. When the gas is not completely burned, as is the case when the flame suddenly strikes a cold surface, such as a hot-water heater, carbon monoxide is formed instead of carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is the gas that is exhaled from the lungs when air is burned in the human body; carbon monoxide is a poison.

A few points consumers of gas should bear in mind may be stated briefly as follows: In order to burn gas efficiently the cooking vessel should be placed about one and one-quarter inches above the holes in the gas burner. In other words, the gas flame should be one and one-quarter inches high. When a higher flame is used, much of the heat generated goes out horizontally and downward, and is without effect in cooking. The tip of the flame should barely touch the bottom of the cooking vessel. The flame should never be permitted to lick up along the side of the vessel. The gas should burn with a pale-blue, nonluminous flame. A luminous flame not only deposits soot but is wasteful. In order to get the proper type of flame it is necessary to exercise care in admitting the right amount of air.

In the wintertime the pressure of gas is usually low. In meeting this condition it is advisable either to raise the burners or to lower the position of the cooking vessel down to within one-half inch of the burner top. In this way it is possible to make the tip of the short flame touch the bottom of the vessel. At times the pressure is so low that the flames are less than one-half inch in height. But the gas can still be burned efficiently by adjusting the position of the cooking vessel. Raising the burners or lowering the cooking vessel is not a difficult job, and can generally be done by the man of the house.

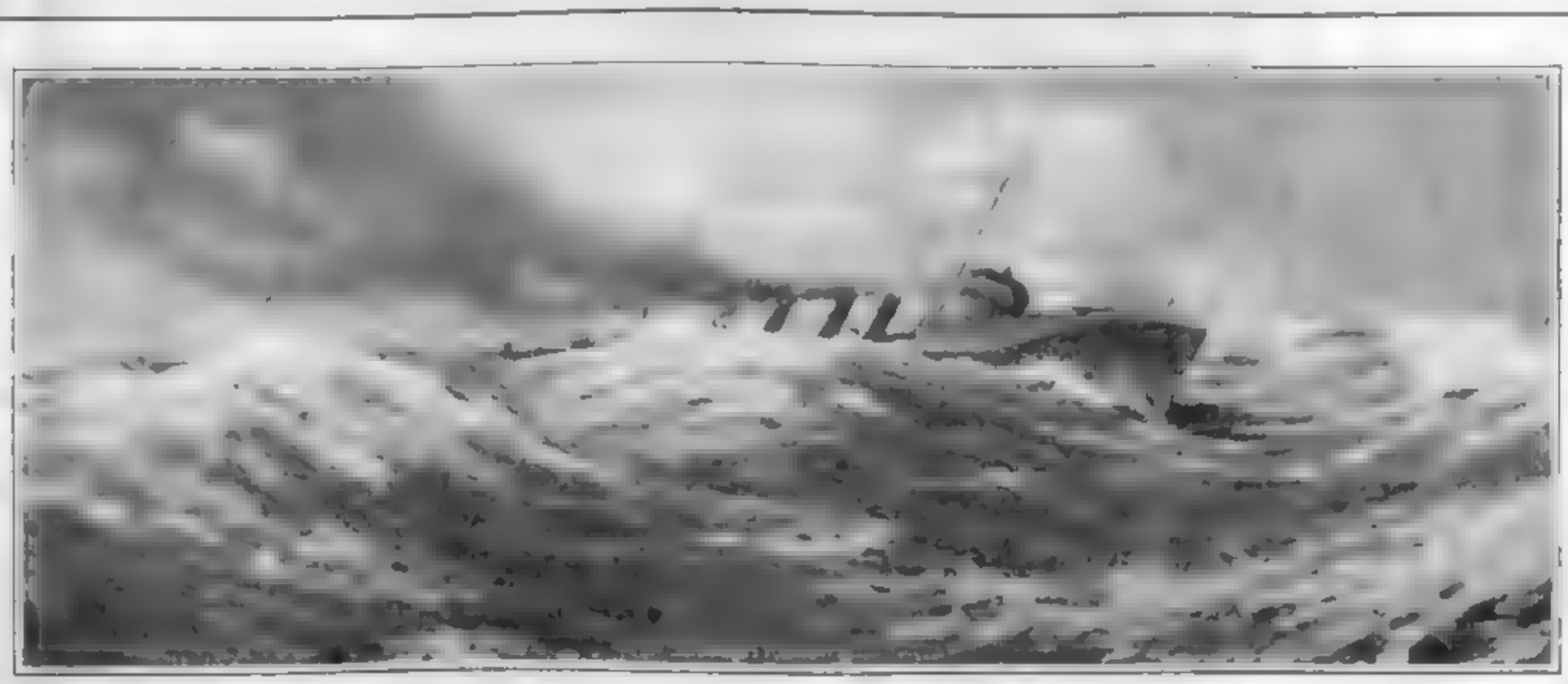
Contrary to general belief, the heating value of gas increases as the temperature of the gas decreases. To be exact, the heating value of gas goes up 2 per cent for each 10° of decrease in the temperature of the gas. More gas is used for cooking in winter than in summer, not because the temperature of the gas is lower but because the temperature of the food and water in the cooking vessel is so much lower in the cold weather, and more heat is needed to bring the food and water to the boiling point. Furthermore, the temperature of the air in the kitchen is usually lower during the winter than in summer, and consequently more heat is lost through radiation on cold days.

In order to get the greatest value out of a given quantity of gas, shut out side drafts, so the flames will not be deflected and the heat fail to reach the cooking vessel. Never burn the gas under solid tops on cookstoves. Burn it under skeleton lids or grid tops. If there is any red or yellow in the flame adjust the air shutter. Have the vessel ready to place in position before lighting the gas. Turn off the gas before the vessel is removed. A cooking vessel cannot be made any hotter after boiling commences; so when boiling begins the flame should be lowered. Clean cooking burners frequently. Deposits of soot on the bottoms of hot-water tanks and deposits of scale inside hot-water heaters necessitate the use of greater quantities of gas to heat the water.

Hundreds of small towns throughout the United States, too small for the introduction of manufactured gas, are now blessed with a bounteous supply of natural gas. In many of these towns the advantage of cheap fuel is accepted as a matter of course and not fully appreciated. The residents of many of these communities are the ones who are guilty of wasting this valuable but limited resource. Greater care in the observance of a few simple rules would extend the life of the nation's gas supply ten to twenty years.

In many towns in the gas regions incandescent-mantle lamps are used indoors as well as on the streets, and are burned all the time—8760 hours every year. Three of these lamps used in this way waste enough gas in twelve months to supply all the light and fuel needs of an average household. Another serious waste of gas results from leakage in homes where the gas fittings are faulty. If only one cubic foot of gas per hour leaks out through an imperfect gas cock, this means the waste of 8760 cubic feet of gas in a year. Once every month or so the consumer of gas should shut off all the burning gas in his house, and then note the movement of the pointer on the small dial attached to his gas meter. A reading on the dial after an interval of three or four hours will show whether or not gas is being wasted through leakage, and how much.

The waste of natural gas by producing companies has been materially reduced through education and legislation. An earnest effort should now be made to prevent the householder from wasting 60 per cent of the gas metered into his home.



The Coming Car

The Knight-type motor is coming into its own in America through the Willys-Knight car. Europe long ago adopted it in some of her foremost cars—the English Daimler, the Belgian Minerva, and others.

Now Willys-Knight presents it to America in a car, itself irresistible in grace, beauty, worthiness and comfort, at a price which brings it within the reach of all—$1375.

And the results are everywhere apparent. You see the Willys-Knight blossoming out every day in the streets of every town and city, and on reaching country roads.

The Willys-Knight motor is the highest development of the Knight sliding sleeve-valve principle.

Everything that motor engineers have been searching for for years with multiplicity of cylinders, complications of valve contrivances, and ingenious devices is attained in the Willys-Knight through *simplicity*.

Just two sleeves connected directly with a shaft and sliding on a film of oil—a smooth, even, solid, uninterrupted pressure of power at all speeds; instant, sure response; economy of fuel and oil; quietness; and above all, freedom from trouble.

It actually improves with use; carbon, that deadly enemy of poppet valves, merely builds up its reserve of power.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Roadster, $1350 · Touring, $1375 · Coupé, $1875 · Sedan, $2095

f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

$1375

F.O.B. Toledo

No more *Saturday* rest ups – You want to shave *every day* with Williams'

Many men have the sort of skin that must be humored a bit, that every now and then says, "Oh, let me alone!"

Many men shy a little at an every day shave. When Saturday morning comes it's easy to say, "Oh, well, it's only half a day. Let it go! My face needs a rest now and then."

But the face that gets a daily lathering with Williams' never says this. You want to shave every day if you use Williams'.

For the Williams' lather is lather for the *skin* as well as for the beard. It is lather that meets and overcomes that difficult and all too frequent combination of a tough beard and a super-sensitive cuticle.

Give it half a chance and it will not only soften every hair in the stoutest beard, but it will also prepare and lubricate the skin, make it flexible, make it ready to yield gently and evenly as the razor edge glides smoothly over it.

And afterward a face that is glove-smooth and blooming.

Williams' Holder-Top Stick

is one form of Williams' Shaving Soap that furnishes this perfect lather. The *original* Holder-Top—the stick in "the holder that holds."

The metal collar that holds each stick, both the original and the re-load stick, does several things:

It prevents loosening or wobbling.

It makes it easy to remove the stub—a firm stub that you can use the last wafer of.

It makes it easy and quick work to put a Re-Load Stick in.

Re-loads save you money. Get one and keep the original box.

Moisture-holding lather from the perpetual stick in the holder that holds. There is no more perfect product.

Send 10 cents in stamps for a trial size stick in a full-size *permanent* re-loadable box

Williams'
PATENTED
Holder Top
Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 66, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed

Name

Address

Business Chaperons the Movies

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

IN THE motion-picture seats of the mighty to-day sit staid banking persons who are asking prosaically, "Yes, but will the financial returns justify the output?" instead of uttering a dashing "Hang the expense!"

So endeth the last flicker of romance that had managed to flick into the twentieth century, when even wars were conducted on a German-efficiency basis. Into history's back yard of disillusionment have slid the glorious days of easy money in the movies, along with the gold rush of '49.

For these bank persons are the financial doctors that have been acquired from the sober world of tried old business, to teach the industry how to live within its income—now that that income is not what it used to be. Not that cautious capital, when it is investing its money, has never had a way of putting an unemotional financial adviser in on an emotional board of directors to watch its money. And it was so some two years ago, when the big money was going into the movies and motion-picture stock was being put on the market—when the workingman and his family were doing their nightly motion picture.

But now suddenly—and by a turn of the dice—these financial advisers seem to have become the caliph instead of the grand vizier. Every nickel that is being spent has to go through their hands. Tired business men are running the art of the motion picture.

And maybe you think it was an easy job that confronted them—this new thing of putting the huge, lumbering, unorganized, extravagant industry on a business basis. And of course the first thing that they thought of—I use the term "they" because the various financial experts placed in the various companies seem to have gone through identical experiences without collaborating—was to place the whole outfit on a business budget—as would any nice young man who had ever read an earnest business-administration magazine, clipped a coupon or taken a correspondence-school night course.

Bankers in Control

But when they began making up their budgets they found themselves faced with an industry in which all that you buy with your money is the intangible personality of stars, of directors, of mob scenes, of continuity writers, of press-agent-made fame, and of somebody's temperament. And all that you have on your shelves to show as your assets are miles of shadows on miles of celluloid.

Those orderly gentlemen from banking circles, with their pasts full of balanced ledgers, found themselves in a chaotic world where the value of the product you've manufactured has no especial relation to the amount of money it has cost you. Tush—that last little item of five thousand dollars in the cost of the picture may be merely because that azure-eyed chit of a star developed temperament—when her dressing room had not an outside window—and refused to act while the mob scene you'd engaged to act with her ticked up the meter for twelve hours. Or again, you may not have wasted a nickel—but the fans may just not take to the way the curls curl on the forehead of your hero. Dun and Bradstreet themselves would pause for a reply when asked to render a few snappy estimates.

Yet how these hard-headed, unsentimental financiers have managed to shake the rudiments of a business system into this great, overgrown, genius-shot industry forms one of the most dramatic chapters of modern finance.

Ah, but those were the swashbuckler days of romance, in the hours of the halcyon sowing of dollars and of the even more halcyon reaping. When the season was over and the harvest gathered, a simple mathematical problem was performed. The expenditure was subtracted from the income. The number that came out was the profits. It was a nice business that is, till the May of 1921. Indeed, the only trouble about this picturesque system of bookkeeping was that, if you began subtracting in the summer of 1921 you might have found yourself subtracting the income from the expenses. And that kind of number is known as the deficit.

It was then—and not a day sooner—that bankers began sticking their fingers into the bright million-dollar ideas of impassioned directors. Indeed, thus the parable of the loans and the bankers is being told throughout the industry—yea, the parable of the dealer in gents' furnishings to whom a conservative bank had loaned five thousand dollars in the heyday of the silk-shirt clientele. When the note came due the dealer returned to the bank to ask for a renewal, and instead received a veto. The clothing business didn't look so good that season to the conservative banker.

"But have you ever been in the clothing business?" urged the dealer.

"Why, no, sir," replied the banker with Wall Street dignity; "as you know, I am in the banking business."

"Well," said the dealer with an expressive gesture, "you may never have been in the clothing business before, but you're in the clothing business now."

Not otherwise came the banker into the business of at least one of the large producing companies.

The High Cost of Temperament

To-day the comptroller of one of the largest of the picture corporations is the ex-cashier of a large bank in New York. In the holy of holies of another sits the business representative of money that came in in the spring of 1920.

Yet think not for an instant that the conservative financiers and business men who have been set the task of reorganizing undervalue the native genius that built up the colossal business structure of the movies. Only those reorganizers have proved successful who have also an imaginative vein which senses the romance of that early adventure into uncharted business worlds.

But that does not at all mean that the banking persons did not find things as they shouldn't be.

As for what they've found wrong—in a sentence, that unbudgeted way the director was allowed to operate—adding a hundred thousand dollars to the price of a picture, whiff, just like that, whenever he very well got ready—that was an economic sin worthy of a pre-Wells hell. But the huge salaries paid to some of the stars were not an economic sin, because those stars really did have much value as drawing cards, and if you did not pay it somebody else would. Business administration recognizes the sacred law of supply and demand. But the way the stars were allowed to waste the time of the others of a highly paid company was such an economic vice that words fit to print fail those business advisers.

Now there was one whose temperament, they tell, required that she be featured in every scene of the entire picture. The director finally compromised by taking two complete scenarios—one for a private view for the star, the other for release in September. Result—the picture was so dragged out that one mediocre actor, who had been put on contract to act a small part, worked ten days and was paid twenty-four hundred dollars—for the ten weeks he waited. And there was another star, who was getting fifty thousand dollars a picture. Every day, so the gossip goes, she strolled in about four P.M. The company had been sitting around waiting for her since nine A.M.

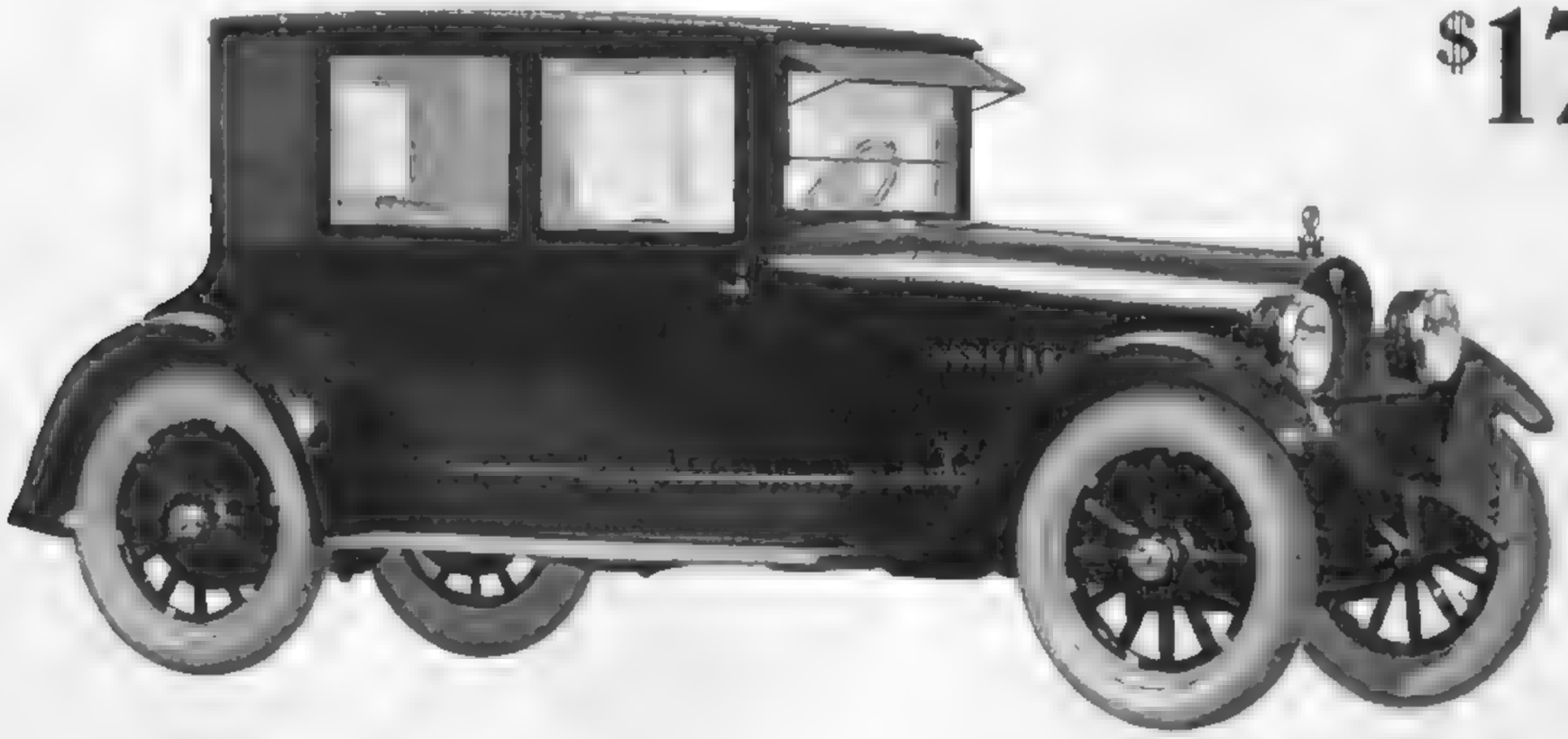
It is noteworthy, by the way, that after this star went out on her own, and began producing pictures on her own capital, she did not need a financial expert from Wall Street to get her there the first thing in the morning.

When still another star's temperament demanded that she be given a chance to

(Continued on Page 50)

HUDSON

The Coach
$1795



At the Height of Success We Adopt a New Motor

No Advance in Prices

Look for the White Triangle

HUDSON SUPER SIX

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six. More than 125,000 owners know its performance. Its reliability in long, hard service is outstanding.

Then How Great is the New Motor to Warrant a Change at This Time

All the patented advantages are retained in the new Super-Six motor. Without them the improvements would have been impossible.

Even Hudson owners marvel at the change. Discover the difference. You must know the latest in motor performance. And you will like the new Hudson in other advanced details.

Come drive it. You will be surprised.

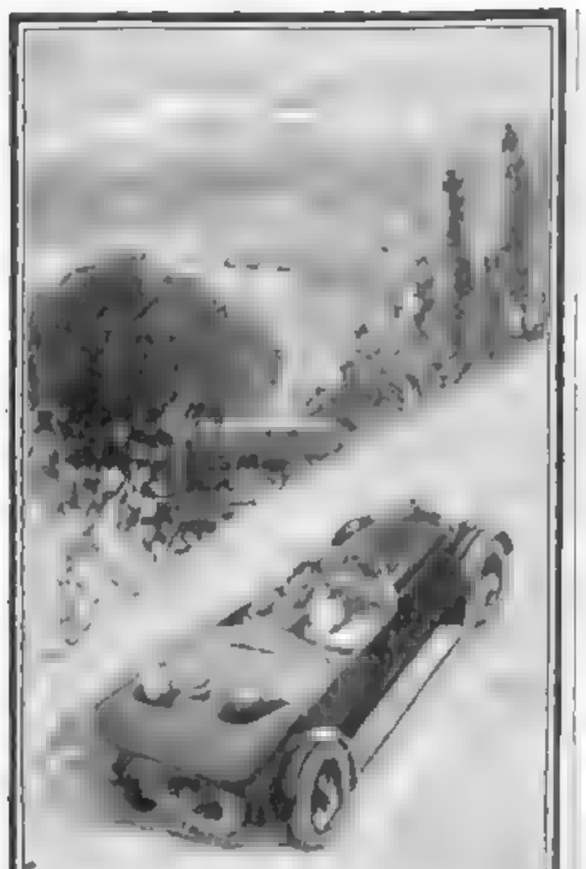
Phaeton - - -	$1695
7-Pass. Phaeton	1745
Cabriolet - - -	2295
Coupé - - - -	2570
Sedan - - - -	2650
Tour. Limousine	2920
Limousine - -	3495

Freight and Tax Extra

A Ride Tells All

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5108)



"...float along without jar or jolt"

"You will probably be interested in knowing my experience with Ride Rite Springs.

"Have just returned from a long and very hard mountain trip, having been gone about a week. Owing to rain in the mountains some of the roads were in pretty bad condition.

"I did not think it possible that different spring equipment could make such a difference in the riding qualities of a car. I noticed a particular difference on wavy oiled roads that had been cut up by traffic until they were in about the same shape as a washboard. The front Ride Rite springs eliminated all of the short snap and jar usually experienced on this type of road. The rear springs took up the shock and there was not the tendency for the rear wheels to drum on the road as is so apt to be the case under this condition. The car seemed to float along without jar or jolt as would normally be the case on rough roads.

"These springs cannot help but be much easier on the wear and tear of a car as well as insuring materially greater tire mileage."

This is just one of the many unsolicited letters we have received from enthusiastic Ride Rite drivers. Thousands now know the new joy in motoring that Ride Rite Springs afford. Ride Rite Springs add 100% to comfort and pleasure — reduce rattles and squeaks—cut upkeep costs—increase tire mileage. There is a set designed for your car.

Write for "The Joy of Easy Riding." Your copy is waiting.

Harvey Spring & Forging Co.
Dept. 8 Racine, Wis.

Designers and manufacturers of automobile springs. Makers of the famous guaranteed Easy Riding Boltless replacement springs for all cars.

Harvey Racine Ride Rite Springs

Make Rough Roads Smooth

(Continued from Page 48)

wear Fifth Avenue clothes in a blight-of-Broadway production, it was an economic sin for a director, who knew she couldn't get away with it, to let her. But if they didn't go and let her do three Lucile-clad pictures!

Indeed, and the salary you paid her was the least of your troubles in this whole star complex. Each star had a private business manager who personally conducted her temperament. Which of 'em got the first idea of temperament being a negotiable quality is hidden in the mists of 1918. Be that as it may, the whole outfit took it over from the camera man to the hack electrician whenever they wanted a raise of salary. They took over the technic of the Italian diva and of the Slav impresario—plain Anglo-Saxon and Hebrew persons from Indiana and Brooklyn. That was the year that one star found that her temperament would not allow her to do a big emotional scene if there was any gum being chewed on the lot.

But the most expensive temperament of all was the unbudgeted temperament of that director. Not that it was his fault, poor dear. His was manufactured for him by the press agent too—to be accurate, about the year of 1918, when a director had produced three pictures of such drawing power that the management decided to star his name on his pictures as a trademark. Then what one company had done all the other companies had to do. This is the best little business extant for the game of Keeping-up-with-Lizzie. Every company looked around among its little things and picked out a director to star.

And it was after his name was featured that the director really discovered what money was meant for. It was meant to build the glass floor for a ballroom at the cost of eighty thousand dollars for a scene that was displayed for just three or four minutes. It was meant to pay the actors' salaries, while the director experimented for three-quarters of the day with the lighting problem. It was meant to take four times as much film—which means four times as much actors' salaries and overhead—as could possibly be used—because it interfered with the director's temperament not to work spontaneously.

The Drop in Salaries

It's a good thing that there had not been a budget system in the past for somebody to try to balance—or some of our most promising young experts would be by now in Bellevue. For what those fool directors were doing was working for immortality! So much so, indeed, that the séances spent with the stars by the business administration have been mere child's play compared to talking the director into living within the company's income.

"You can reach a star sometimes," explains one such gentleman, looking cautiously about to be sure that there is nobody listening, "by appealing to her with tears in your eyes. She's enough of a trouper to be reached by a piece of sentiment if you'll broaden it."

Moreover, in broaching the subject of the star's salary they were helped by the brave old law of supply and demand. The stopping of the works out in the city of Hollywood—where the press agents are telling us the motion-picture colony divides its time between work, Christian Endeavor and home cooking—did more than save the money that would have been spent producing pictures. It brought down the whole wage scale from overpaid stars to overpaid carpenters. And if it wasn't a plot—at least it was a good idea.

The salary of a good sea-going star has dropped from eighty-five thousand dollars a year to sixty-five thousand. That may not sound like ironing your handkerchiefs on the window-pane and washing out your silk stockings in the washstand bowl—but twenty thousand dollars is twenty thousand dollars—especially in these new and cru-el days when a departmental head at one company indignantly insisted that a dozen sheets of carbon paper be transferred from his books, as it brought down his economy record. *Sic semper gloria mundi.*

Generally speaking, the wage scale now stands about like this: A leading woman, not a star, who was getting seven hundred and fifty dollars a week has her new contract made out to the tune of four to five hundred. A fifteen-hundred-dollar leading man—beautiful young men with cupid's-bow mouths, that do not make you suffer when you look at them, by the way, are just that much scarcer than leading ladies with eyelashes—now brings down from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars. As for the stars who had contracts which have not run out—well, those personal business agents of the stars aren't advising their clients this season to get sick so that their contracts can be broken.

The salaries of directors have dropped in proportion. Those who were getting four thousand dollars a week now average twenty-five hundred, while the twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollar a week men have come down to one thousand. The directors stood that blow bravely from the business administration. But where they went all to pieces was when they heard about the budget system. Ah, well, in most instances it was a matter of take it or leave it. The new prosaic world of motion pictures has no room for the brave adventure of not knowing what you are going to do to-morrow. When I beheld next year's schedule for the productions of one company, and saw that such and such a picture was going to cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and such another two hundred thousand dollars—and that it was going to be completed on August fifth—well, what's the use of going on living in a world where romance is dead and all men wear derby hats?

Not only is there a general schedule in at least two of the large producing companies, but each picture now has its working schedule. No more may an actor draw a salary for ten weeks who is needed for ten days. The picture is scheduled so that those ten days occur consecutively. The picture is scheduled so that the director must furnish a reason why if he runs behind his schedule. Perhaps there were four rainy days while he was on location. Perchance the star had a pimple on the left side of her nose. That pimple would be accepted as a perfectly good business-administration alibi—provided, I should add, that the director explained that he tried to paint it out and its geographical location wasn't propitious.

Neither is a director held down to hard and fast hours. If he wants to spend three days getting a certain expression on a star's face, that's all according to Hoyle. Perhaps next week he can catch up on his schedule. Or he can put in some night work.

"It's just like the war," explains one practical picture man who had also been a practical war man. "They gave us an objective when we went over the top, but they had to depend on personality to get us there."

Therefore is the director's schedule not manufactured in bulk in the New York office. Such and such director does his best work slowly—then he is allotted more time to reach that objective. All really efficient schedules are custom-made. And the tailors of the schedules in the final analysis have been practical motion-picture men.

For one of the most interesting findings of the recent months of intensive reforming is that the financiers must make the broad outlines of the picture of the penitent prodigal movies, but the details have to be filled in by the actual workers—with the financiers, forsooth, pricking them with a dagger in the rear to keep them on the job of thinking up new details. Or else they lose their enthusiasm.

Saving on Scenery

The practical men are still telling with gusto of the business adviser who intercepted the go-get-it man—which means the person who purchases the stage properties—on his way to purchase twenty-five dollars' worth of Grade A poker chips.

"Get the cheaper chips for five dollars," ordered the reform administration. Twenty dollars was saved.

The next day the stage was set. The gambling hell was ready, as were all the denizens. The camera began. And then they found that the poker chips would not stack. Exactly twenty-four hundred dollars was lost in time while the go-get-it man went to purchase twenty-five-dollar chips.

In short, there is nothing that those so-called practical men get so much fun out of doing as telling you privately that the art of the motion picture is being stifled by crude business men.

And yet—and yet—what makes them so certain that pictures aren't going to be better? There was certainly room for it. Nor did money succeed in buying art in the days of spendthrift spending, any more than money can buy love. But now, for the first time in history, motion-picture directors are having to use the old bean—instead of carelessly throwing in another fifty thousand dollars. In a recent production I beheld what may be the dawn of a new era. Instead of the interiors being taken on the old-time stage with three walls, the effect was obtained by building up just one side of the room by the meeting of one side wall and the back wall, while the third wall was suggested by a pillar or a table that the tail of the eye of the camera could pick up. Behold the illusion of a room instead of the photoplay's boasted realism. When Taylor, the unfortunate director of Hollywood fame, saw the set provided for him, he refused to do the piece. And yet so successful was the scheme that only the foreknowledge of what had been done enabled me to detect the mechanics of the thing.

That mechanical invention made a clean saving on scenery of exactly 50 per cent. And what's more, I found myself watching a play that contained some of the few delightful interiors yet shown on the screen. Somehow the whole psychological process of thought has been different. When a stately hall needed to be shown there were exactly enough properties to register ancestral hall—and not a suit of armor more. The old system of dragging in everything but the kitchen stove may be gone with the old system of unlimited funds.

Cautious Finance

And yet the business management is willing to spend even a carefully calculated million—if by so doing a picture of supreme drawing power can be accomplished. "Economical" does not necessarily mean "inexpensive." It is just that no director is going to build up a million-dollar picture on them impromptu.

But whatever they cost, the industry has found that it must have pictures of that supreme drawing power—for the lesson of this year of low attendance in the theaters has been that the public is shopping for its pictures. Therefore, never were the brains of any organization so concentrated on giving the public what it wants as is this whole movie outfit. Two years ago there was a public-be-damned attitude, the public was so busy proving that it would pay money for anything. And whether you consider that the article the public wants is art or is not, all depends on whether you are the backbone of the people or whether you are interested in the little-theater movement.

But the stabilizing of the industry may have a tendency anyway to decrease the number of vicious pictures. "Because every vicious picture is a speculative proposition," explains one hard-headed business man who is a part of the new régime. "If it gets by the censor you will probably double your money, but there are many chances of your product being utterly destroyed." So, even if the public is crying for its weekly vicarious vice, the new régime is going to do a lot of thinking before it invests hard cash in supplying it.

There is a tendency, too, in this new world of cautious finance to try working the vein of commercialized virtue. The Old Nest was produced on this very theory—on the idea that there is an unexploited public which would actually rather see something respectable and heart-throbby than something naughty—or else whence came the circulation of the women's home magazines? Big business has always believed in opening up new territories. But, of course, always are there difficulties to be met with in such adventures. And the difficulty that is being encountered in the business of commercializing virtue is that the exhibitor who runs the theater and selects the pictures shown has not yet been sold on the idea.

For one rather tragic detail in this whole self-made industry is that the average exhibitor—there are, of course, exceptions—has a cruder sex outlook and less mental culture than has the average home audience. The classic of the picture world is the exhibitor who advertised A Doll's House with "Come and bring the kiddies." Therefore is it doubly hard to put across financially such a picture as Sentimental Tommy. But at this point I discover a side light on big business. The comptroller regards the money that was lost, as the books say, on Sentimental Tommy as

(Continued on Page 53)

The man who puts the bubbles in it

YOU have perhaps noticed the silvery bubbles in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and that they stay in it a long time.

"Putting in the bubbles" is an important part of making Clicquot. The spring water, drawn from the bedrock through aluminum pipes, is quite cold but not cold enough.

By refrigeration, the temperature of the water is forced down almost to freezing. Then the water is carbonated. *That's* what makes Clicquot so lively, so full of sparkle.

Warmer water would not take the carbonation so well, nor would it hold it so long after the bottle is opened. So the man who puts the bubbles in Clicquot watches the thermometers and keeps the temperature just right.

And every part of the making of Clicquot Club is just as carefully guarded. No ginger but real Jamaica ginger is used; only pure cane sugar sweetens it; and the happy blend of Clicquot is made with the addition of fruit juices. No wonder *"They all like it."*

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Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 50)

money well invested in prestige. Evidently big business is going to allow us a few 'igh-brow pictures.

But this same gentleman who let Tommy pass was in the business of glaring wrathfully at a telegram that had just reached him from the Western studios, where the language was couched in the terms of letter correspondence, with I-beg-to-state's and kindest-regards. And he was planning that his reply be an object lesson, since it contained the one word "Saturday."

For most motion-picture people just naturally don't know the first principles of saving money. I speak on no less authority than that of an officer of a producing company—he who has been put in by the money that had been loaned to that company:

"When one of the New York office goes out to California it never occurs to him but to reserve the drawing-room—which costs us two tickets. It never would occur to me to take anything but a lower."

The telephone rang for the fourth time during a half-hour visit. For the fourth time his response: "Find out first if that idea will cost more money.

"But I really think I could handle their expensive habits," he sighs, "if I could just get by for one week without anybody bringing me a new idea."

For seven years the motion-picture industry has been out in the market to purchase ideaful brains. And what's more, it's got them. But when a bank or an automobile manufacturer or a shoe shop is buying in the brains it buys one man who can produce ideas to four good steady plugs to carry out the ideas.

"But in this business," goes on my friend the vice president desperately, "they are all tired of their own ideas by the time the work is half carried out—and are all full of a new one that would cost me some more money. They make me think of children playing with their Christmas toys, when Santa Claus has brought them too many for them to concentrate a half hour on any. Great Scott, in the shoe business a traveling salesman expects to keep on selling the same line year after year. But I can't keep my salesmen interested in selling one picture for more than two months. The trade says that the big money on a picture must be made in the first two months after its release. Right they are—and I think I know the reason why."

Fact is that there is something wrong about this whole queer industry wherever you turn—something that the business administration is trying to change because it is costing the stockholders money. And so it has come about that not all the clergymen we boast are doing so much to remove the immoral element from the movies as is just plain business efficiency.

A Side-Show Ancestry

"There is no place for a director's sweetie on a report to stockholders," is the way one such reorganizer sums up the whole moral issue. Thus it is that in one company, when a picture fails to make money, an investigation is made of the relationship between the director and the cast he has chosen. Another company is trying to chaperon the movies by creating a casting department which has to pass on every selection made by a director.

But they are having their troubles here as in other departments. In a small company which operates in New York City the director himself discovered that the girls who came to him were being held up by somebody. The head of the company was all right; so was the casting director; so was the assistant casting director. Finally the investigation trailed down to the doorman. It was he who had been holding up the girls to bribe him or to flirt with him. The morals of an organization are as strong as its weakest link.

These are mere details of reorganization. The great task of the business administrations of the various companies has been to get the industry on a credit basis. Which just means that the producing company shall be able to count with reasonable certainty on a credit account with banks, to assist it in producing next year's product. Permanent investments, such as studios, buildings, and such, are supposed to be provided for by the stockholders in the first issue of stock. But all business ventures, whether they be shoes, groceries or farm crops, are dependent for their existence on the credit system.

Hence the real reason why the motion-picture industry must be whipped into shape, must show economical organization and earning power, is that it may join the sober society of unspeculative industries. And, of course, the degree to which this credit has been extended in the year 1922 has depended on the condition of each individual company or corporation.

Ah, well, the new-rich industry has come up in the world—that wasn't the way its financing began. Try a cut back—no, not to the days of new-rich spending, when everybody was taking a flyer in movies, even the New York Stock Exchange—but back to the simple old sunbonnet days, before it came to the city to be made a "lidy."

Twenty years ago the side-show exhibitors of freaks were the financiers of the motion-picture business. Being smart guys, they saw in the pictures the chance to syndicate their Siamese Twins and their Living Skeletons. After it was taken the picture was shown in the arcade penny-scopes. And to give the long-lost missing link as to why the movie society scene to-day recalls the second act of A Kiss for Cinderella with its hokey-pokey cart—out of those arcades came three of the most important men in to-day's motion-picture world.

But anyway, nobody was having the audacity to refer to the art of the motion picture then, or to develop temperament—and that was something. Nor yet in the next chapter, when the financing was done by enterprising individuals on the fifty-fifty basis. Financing was conducted on the sleeping-partner technic instead of on the Wall Street theory. Maybe you lost your money, maybe you retired on an income. When a producer named Tyler had a hunch that he would like to produce The Christian he needed just five hundred dollars. And he happened to hear of an old lithographer who had exactly that five hundred dollars he wanted. That picture cleaned up the first half million dollars in the motion-picture annals.

Delegated Authority

The industry was traveling on a shoestring and conducting itself modestly accordingly. Indeed, up till 1914 the fabulous sums that were paid to stars were the invention of the press agents, simon-pure and simple—about as spendable as Confederate money. There was a certain amount of homemade efficiency in the days when stars' names were in the synthetic making, instead of so made that the stars themselves forgot where the fame came from. The man who had borrowed the money personally oversaw its spending, because he knew that, when that thousand was gone, he had to get another thousand.

Indeed, the birth of delegated authority was registered when one director-producer announced suddenly, "I'm going to stop doing everything. You fellows have me a society man's Fifth Avenue library by to-morrow." He returned to find a china spittoon in the middle of the set.

"Can't I turn my back for one minute but you spoil everything?" he roared. "You take that little china spittoon out of that society man's library and get me a great big handsome brass one."

But in spite of this first disappointment delegated authority had come to stay.

Thus grew the motion picture out of the people, by the people and for the people. Thus grew it in its might and in its peasant strength.

And yet the banking interests were still holding haughtily aloof, as banking interests will. Instead of gobbling up infant industries, Wall Street has a way of coldly asking applicants who come to borrow money, "Well, what have you got?" For bankers are very wary of new businesses. It was thus when the automobile industry came knocking. It was so when the great oil industry was new.

The bankers employ experts to pick out the weak places before they'll even nibble—much less gobble. And the weak spot that they found in the precocious motion picture was that same fatal extravagance. True, it wasn't throwing away so much money prior to 1917—but that was for the very good reason that it did not have so much money to throw. And there was also that weak spot that, in the final analysis, the assets consisted of that shelf full of celluloid. And celluloid on the shelf brim, to the expert on weak spots, a simple celluloid was to him.

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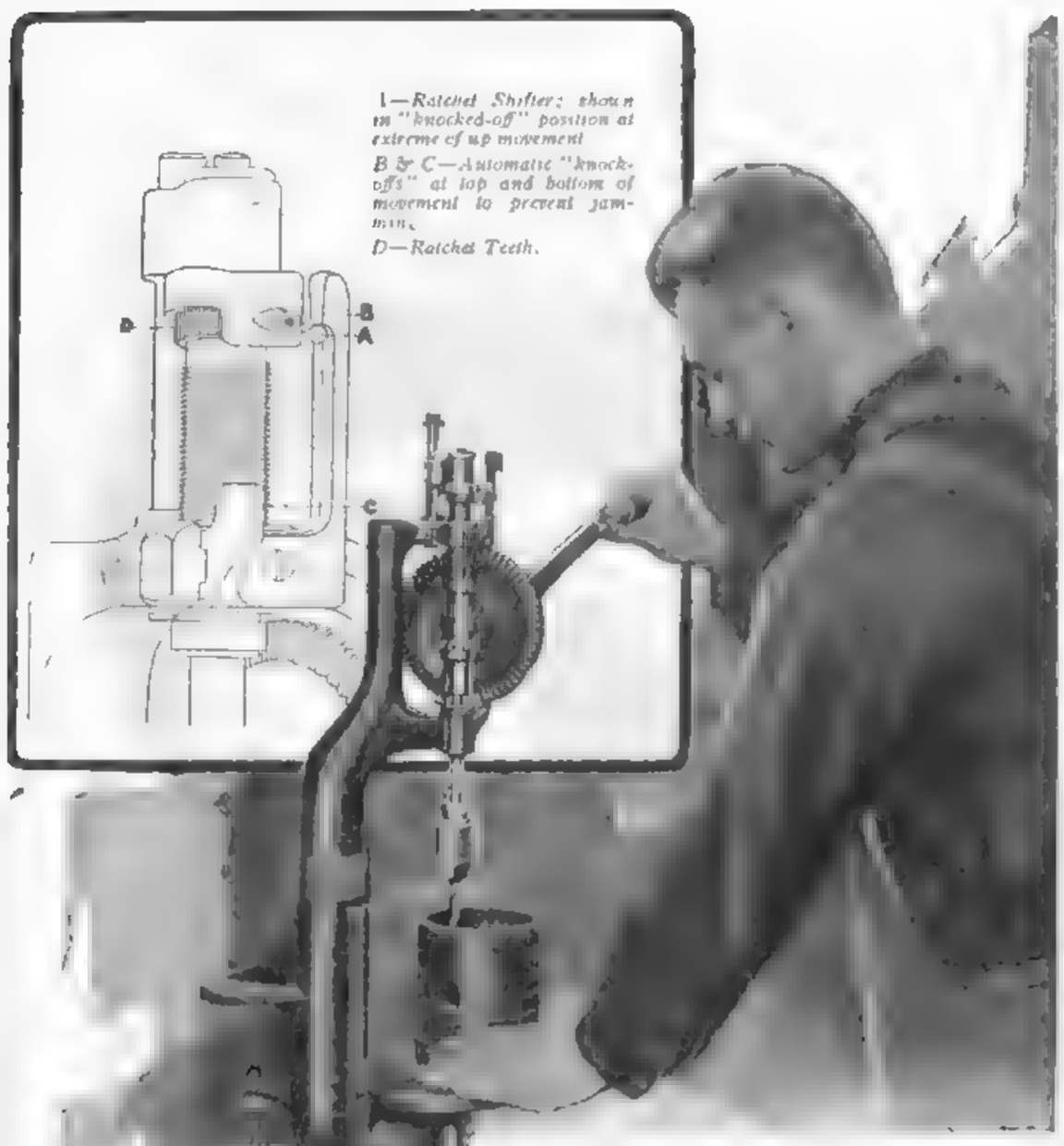
1—Ratchet Shifter; shown in "knocked-off" position at extreme of up movement
B & C—Automatic "knock-offs" at top and bottom of movement to prevent jamming.
D—Ratchet Teeth.
D
B
A
C

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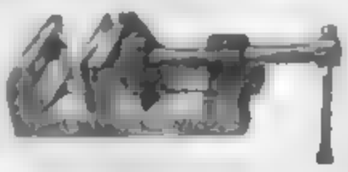

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Make Better Mechanics

And that is why the motion-picture industry had grown to be the fifth in importance in the United States before the big banks of the country had given it a look-in. It was not until movie palaces began to rise in every city—well, banks can see real estate. So it was in the industry's glad days around 1918 that conservative money began going into the movies. Then every motion-picture house, from orchestrated Broadway palaces with urns of red roses, to the Jewel Theater in Junction City, was packed to capacity and running over. On paper, at least, not the most enterprising expert on weak spots could have found a weakness. When they subtracted the outgo from the income—behold the difference was millions and millions and millions.

There was so much money coming in that exhibitor, producer, star, director, director's little friend and investor—could all be enriched beyond the dreams of Ponzi's clientele. What matter if some of the juice of the melon ran out on the ground?

Thus precipitously did the new-rich industry begin breaking into financial society. But there's Wall Street society, remember, and Wall Street society. Some companies merely operated on those industrial notes furnished them by banks. Others were incorporated and the stock of them was sold on the curb, and one company made the New York Stock Exchange—as is possible only when a group of responsible bankers underwrite the stock and issue it. Not until the fall of 1919 did this ultrasmart thing happen to a member of the new-rich business. Otto Kahn was the banker who believed in this industry and interested other bankers in it. The industry had outgrown private capital, even as had our railroads.

So it was that big business became a part for better or for worse of the motion-picture industry—and the motion picture a part of big business.

Well, better it was for the industry, anyway, if not for the bankers. If it had not been to somebody's interest to steer that fleet of big, topheavy, gold-laden, unseaworthy things through the storms of last summer and fall and winter there might not be a survivor left to tell which wave had struck them. Nor is the storm of financial depression over by a long shot. Last summer just about 60 per cent of the theaters closed down. Some of them never opened again. Yet others, that are still extant, may fail during this coming summer. The fans have not yet come back in bulk to their beloved pictures.

What of it? Good seamanship does not pretend to still the waves of outside circumstances. It only claims to enable the boat to weather the storm. And while the waves are dashing, the pilots are not taking their hands off the helms of the boats either—or the practical motion-picture men could still risk a nice wreck before the summer is over. For, left to his own devices again, it does look as if the director would do just what he's always done.

Meet now the most extravagant director in captivity. Every extravagant folly of the dead past was repeated in quantitative production as his unbudgeted picture went on mounting up to a million dollars. The president of the company was the most surprised man in the movie world when he discovered that his director was building one set at the cost of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. But with true prereform temperament the director had sewed up his employer by imprinting his own face, as one of the actors, on a half million dollars' worth of film. The director-actor had become unfirable. The old days of romance seemed to have come back.

But those were the days when everybody else was doing it—and nobody was concealing it—while the amazing part of the last money madness has been that electric lights on Broadway are telling the story, "Cost a million dollars."

"How do you dare do it?" I ask of one of the officials.

And serenely he replies, "Because we are one of the few companies that still own ourselves. If we had stockholders and used that advertisement—well, it just couldn't be done. But, as it is, we are using our shame to advertise the picture."

From now on this company, too, runs sedately on the tracks on the budget system. In short, the only unbudgeted expense that the reformed industry is making this season is the purchase of Will Hays, without knowing just what he is going to do for them—on the bright hope that he is going to coördinate the industry, clean up the censorship tangle, and restore public confidence in how stars spend their rest hours.

"And personally," confides one business adviser, whose name shall be held sacred, "I'm not sold on this Hays idea."

THE PIONEER FAMILY

(Continued from Page 23)

of the required time or energy. Hence it fell into the hands of a semi-idle class who could afford to make it a business, often the only one they had.

Within the first year after settling the pioneer had assured the future supply of food necessary for himself and family. Even in the forest, next to impenetrable—when in any given fall or spring he had fixed upon it as a place for a home—the next twelvemonth found him reaping in succession, amid the stumps or the charred trunks, a harvest of vegetables, wheat, corn and oats sufficient to carry him on with confidence until the harvest of the following year, reaped from an increased area, brought him for sale a small surplus beyond the demands of his family. He had grown enough hogs for his own pork consumption and some to sell to incoming neighbors; had increased his stock of cattle and horses; grown poultry in all its forms; and, however ill-provided in the beginning, was on the way to an assured prosperity, time, health and strength being the only elements to be taken into account. The hunting, gradually dropped, became for the first time the amusement of habit or an idle hour, or the resource that brought a change of diet; and generally speaking, as for him, the great fighting pike might swim in safety back and forth by his door, as if to say "Come get me."

But his supplies of food were not limited to these chances or to this foresight. He and his family had only to walk out into the woods, or, if on the prairie, down to the river bottom, to get all that was needed—and more—of the wild fruits growing there in profusion. There was the wild grape, with its great vines, which with his usual disregard for the future he pulled down in order the easier to despoil them of a fruit fit for the gods. In the future days, when it was gone, always it was pronounced superior to anything the Concord, the Catawba or Clinton could show in what was known as the tame grape. The wild plum, also found there, had a like reputation. The crab apple, perhaps when eaten raw the sourest and most disagreeable of all known fruits, worked into delicious jellies and butters, and its manipulation was the pride and often the secret of efficient housekeepers. The wild cherry, of several varieties, another tree that grew on the river bottoms, gave ample reward to the boys who climbed its trunks and risked their bones and necks among its branches. There was also the black haw, delicious for eating raw after the first frosts, and the red haw, which, though a coarse product, fully rewarded its gathering. The blackberries, large in size and fine in flavor, were found in great patches on the bluffs where the white oaks grew; and nothing more attractive for the palate ever came out of the ground than the wild strawberry, ready for the seeking and the eating, along the narrower river bottoms.

No piece of ground came so near to what is known by the term intensive cultivation as the farm garden. It was generally from fifty to a hundred feet square, carefully inclosed with a fence of pickets or palings set close enough together, with thin, sharp-pointed tops to exclude even the most nimble of fowls, however well they might train their wings. It was plowed to as great a depth as possible, and then spaded, where necessary, its soil worked over with hoe and rake and enriched with every known and available fertilizer that could feed the various plants. The seeds for the garden were specially grown, procured from a neighbor by purchase or exchange, or imported from the outside, only the most perfect of them used; and the process of sprouting on this plot of ground—sloping to the southern side when it could be found—and the cultivation were as assiduous as the

(Continued on Page 57)

WATER Is *More* Important than *Gasoline*

Because if you run out of gasoline your car will stop. *No* damage is done. But the loss of water, due to leaks anywhere in the water system, can inflict *ruinous damage* on the engine, cylinders, pistons, bearings, and internal parts.

A. P. Warner, The Man Who Gave the World the Speedometer

His name safeguards car owners. He has never permitted his name to be connected with any automobile product that was not 100 per cent quality and satisfaction. No name is better known among motorists and none represents a better guarantee.

A nation-wide investigation shows Mr. A. P. Warner there is an alarming failure among car owners to realize how vitally essential is the care of the water system. Are you one of them?

In a vague way, people know they need water in their radiators—but, few understand that this water *must* continuously circulate *through the engine*, and that its cooling function is of the very *utmost* importance. The loss of water through a leak can quickly overheat and damage the vital working parts of the engine.

Any Car, Any Minute May Spring A Leak

Every day car owners suffer this sad experience, because they are *unprepared* to instantly stop leaks. Repair shops are full of cars needlessly damaged in this way. A little leak has started thousands of cars on the way to the junk pile.

Now, A. P. Warner introduces this absolutely reliable quick and economical way to stop leaks without injuring or clogging up the cooling system. Order a can at once.

It is as foolish to think you will never have a water leak as it is to think you will never have a flat tire. Be *prepared*.

One car owner in Boston paid $85 for a new core to mend his radiator. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have saved him that expense. Make sure that never happens to you. In Detroit, the cylinders of a lawyer's car cracked, due to lack of water in the circulation system. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have saved $400 repairs.

Get A Can—It Will Save *You* Money

A woman was driving from a visit into the country near Cincinnati, alone at night. The radiator began leaking. Stranded, and frightened, she had to walk miles along a dark road for help. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have stopped the leak instantly.

Those are examples of thousands of similar, unnecessary and avoidable troubles and expenses. Why wait for a leak? Put Warner Liquid-Solder *now* in the radiator of your car *(new or old)*, and *avoid* leaks.

Warner Liquid-Solder is guaranteed not to retard the flow of water or injure metal or rubber. It is not affected by heat or cold. It is time-tested and endorsed by engineers and car owners. It overcomes the common objection, because there are no *sediments or solids* to cause trouble. It is sold on a money-back basis. Beware of imitations. Use coupon below.

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

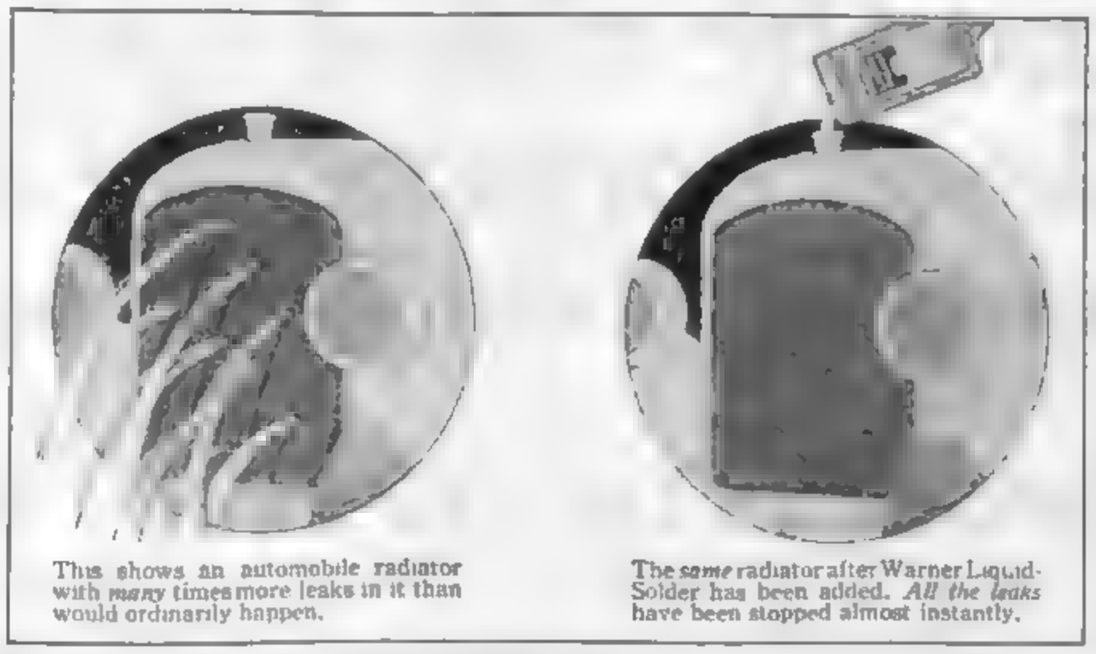
Finds Leaks and Stops Them

In Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

Dealer contracts are now being closed. Write for Warner Liquid-Solder proposition.

Another New Product Coming

We also have a new accessory about to be launched. It offers a wonderful opportunity for one local distributor in each territory. Write for first-hand information immediately.



This shows an automobile radiator with *many* times more leaks in it than would ordinarily happen.

The *same* radiator after Warner Liquid-Solder has been added. *All the leaks* have been stopped almost instantly.

Just because you have a *new* car, do not put it off. Use it to *avoid* leaks developing. It positively *prevents* rust and scale that *cause* leaks. If dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon. 16 ounce can $1.00, Ford size 75c. Prepaid anywhere. Dealers will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Makers of Famous Patterson Lens, Legal Everywhere

914 South Michigan Ave. *Chicago, Ill.*

Enclosed please find (_____) for a can of Warner Liquid-Solder.

Name _____

Town _____ *State* _____

Street _____

Dependable Champions For Every Engine Everywhere

Last You Longer

Type for Ford
Champion X now 60¢
Champion Regular now 75¢

Champion construction is simple and effective and the ribbed core is truly unbreakable and practically foul-proof

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SELL YOU A FULL SET

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 54)

united labors of the family at odd moments could make it. This was the special care of the housewife, and though she did not do all the work, after the preparation it was distinctive as being the only task with any relation to the soil which a woman was permitted or expected to do.

To tell the story of pioneer cooking would be a repetition of the individual recipes of the time, most of them hid away in the memories of housewives, whence they were sometimes graciously communicated orally to the intelligent and interested junior inquirer. Some were, however, family heirlooms, as mysterious as a secret process in trade. Tradition always insisted that the best culinary effects were only secured in the old-fashioned brick oven, while others argued that the nearer the approach to Indian methods—a fire between two stones—the better the results. But the kindly and useful cookstove had come in—I wonder that some curious researcher does not sit down and write its history—and so it had to be utilized, even by the most conservative. What the trained cook, always the housewife or her helpful mother, could make out of corn was one of the wonders of the modern world.

The more prosperous the family, the better its standing by origin and position, the more active the husband was in everything about him, the more work the wife was doing in church, school, the neighborly charities, or in the instruction or the wholesome entertainment of her own children and their friends, the more knowledge there was, the more work fell to the family kitchen.

Her achievement with a bit of corn meal and water or milk, assisted by the witchery that lay in her mind and hands, and a stove heated with a wood fire, would have shamed the united French chefs of the world. Hot corn cakes made in a skillet—for her the griddle was yet to come—hot bread cut into great square hunks, with every child clamoring for the corner piece with its crust; that best of all food, a hard bread known as pone, which, either eaten hot or cold, was better to the trained taste than the finest cake—a blessing that had come down from the Indians; and finally hot mush eaten as a porridge with milk for supper, and fried for breakfast the next morning, always served in unlimited quantities because owing to its digestive qualities overeating was an impossibility—these are only a few generic articles growing out of the legion of corn products, at once palatable and wholesome, all furnishing material for one of the great chapters in the history of human food.

Old-Time Hospitality

All this living implied a measure of hospitality that was matched only by its genuineness. It was often so general as to impose a serious burden upon the woman as its dispenser.

It included not only relations with the direct and collateral members of two families, generally large in numbers, and with immediate or even remote neighbors, but brought within its influence the curious or the business stranger from afar.

There was generally some one family in each neighborhood that drew to itself the majority of such visitors. The governor or the candidate for governor; the senator or member of congress or the legislature, or the aspirant for these places; the chairman or member of the political committee of the party in which the family, no less than the father, was interested; the bishop presiding at a conference; the presiding elder or the circuit rider; the editor of the party newspaper, come from where he might; and all the ramifying elements that enter into active life were welcome. There was no tavern for any man other than the peripatetic commercial traveler, the drover or the horse trader; all others were cared for in the easily expandible, never-filled house of this farmer who was both worker in his own fields and the local magnate in direct succession to his more pretentious but never more hospitable predecessor, who lived in some baronial hall or in a showy mansion on the outskirts of some old town in a country filled with rank and caste. Nor was this a sporadic development; it was found in every neighborhood as it grew into a character of its own.

No impression, however, is to be given that the style of living or the order of hospitality thus described was universal or even general. But the example thus set was followed, in the different degrees that entered into the make-up of these communities, with as much fidelity as are like examples everywhere else. In this secluded life the standards of living were as various as anywhere, and the workings of an exacting caste were scarcely less in evidence. The average cooking was so bad as to be beneath contempt. Many women were slatternly; sometimes they were coarse and dirty; children were ill-mannered and boisterous; many men were lazy and useless, shading into the ornery; houses were ill-kept; farms were scratched, not cultivated; horses were beaten and other livestock neglected; crops rotted in the fields, or when gathered were left as the prey of vermin; men drank whisky overmuch, and women smoked ill-smelling pipes. In short, this pioneer world was so very real, there was in it such a variety of men, women and things, that the effort to attempt a description of it in all its ramifications scarcely seems to be necessary or desirable.

There was no reason, inherent in the surrounding conditions, why any man, woman or child should go hungry or lack clothing, shelter or paying work. It was as true then as when Cassius exhorted:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

So it was not the fault of the pioneer life if it carried upon its bosom so many elements and forces that it did not know how to take advantage of its blessings.

An Age of Barter

But the best showed a high average, especially when material conditions are considered, and these were the first, the inevitable consideration. The majority lived well so far as quantity went, though on no such scale as I have set forth as pertaining to the best. They had plenty to eat, as wholesome in quality and as well prepared as they knew how to provide, and their standard improved from year to year. Often their plenty had in it much of rudeness, but at its worst it was remote from the miserliness of the peasant. They were little given to selling their best and living on the waste, or the worst that had small commercial value. They had their varying grades of hospitality, and when it was in them they could raise the scale. They were God's common people, a host great in number, out of whom there was to come in due time so much that was both human and good. In peace they worked and worshiped in their own way, not always the highest; in war they fought for things which they had been taught or had learned to believe.

Measured in money, the cheapness of living under pioneer conditions was so surprising as to be almost beyond belief in our modern urban life. But even the reader unfamiliar with simple methods has only to consider the simple story told here in order to ask what use there could be for money when all the food consumed by a family, with the exception of sugar, salt, tea, coffee and spices, was home grown; where only the materials for clothing had to be bought, with no outlay for making, leaving only shoes and dress goods; when rent was a part of the return for the farm; when almost nothing was payable as interest; when schooling rendered no bills except the small amount paid for taxes, which the majority escaped entirely, and that for books; when the great mass of artificialities, now thought essentials, did not exist; and when content was measured not by an outward show of money, or even by what it would buy, but by real values. Even many of the items thus named have no place there. The household groceries were almost uniformly purchased by the barter of by-products otherwise unsalable; cloth was bought with home-grown fleeces; shoes with hides sold or exchanged; taxes were paid often by extra wood disposed of in the only available market—the near-by town. Indeed, it would have been next to impossible to spend any considerable sums to command even the high standard of comfort then possible throughout the pioneer region.

Gauged by present-day standards, the pioneer farmer, like his predecessor, the colonial, was the most poorly paid man known to our history; at the same time, measured in real returns, no man of the same general ability and standing will bear comparison with him in service to his country and time, and in individual and collective happiness. Nothing in history more discredits the much-vaunted quantitative theory of money than that this country, from the days when wampum passed

Consolidation Coal for the Textile Industry

Ranking high among the industries of America, is the great Textile Industry. This industry, in 1919, consumed $2,727,000,000 worth of raw cotton, wool and other supplies, and from it produced $5,180,000,000 worth of textile products. To accomplish this great increase, 8,000,000 tons of bituminous coal were consumed.

Because of its high heat content, cleanliness and careful selection, Consolidation Coal is ideally suited to the requirements of this progressive and efficient industry.

And the same high quality of ore, backed by the sound principles of production which render our coals so acceptable to the textile industry, guarantees equal satisfaction to other industrial consumers.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Detroit, Mich.*
137 MARKET STREET, *Portsmouth, N. H.*
CONTINENTAL BLDG., *Baltimore, Md.*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., *Boston, Mass.*
UNION TRUST BLDG., *Washington, D. C.*
FISHER BLDG., *Chicago, Illinois*
UNION CENTRAL BLDG., *Cincinnati, Ohio*
FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Roanoke, Va.*
LAND TITLE BLDG., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Sales Agents { NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG. *St. Paul, Minn.*
NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., ROCKEFELLER BLDG., *Cleveland, Ohio*
EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG., *Montreal, Quebec*

Everything That a Good Golf Ball Should Be

The true test of a perfect golf ball lies in its ability to perform in *every department* of the game, with every stroke, off every kind of club, over a long period of usefulness, with unfailing accuracy and uniform dependability.

Public preference has set out the *162* as the leader of the Dunlop line—a ball which excels in every quality that makes up a perfectly balanced golf ball. The more important of these are given here.

Distance: Resiliency is the easiest thing to build into a golf ball. But to temper resiliency, so that it is equally suitable for the high-powered, accurate stroke and for the lighter but firm blow (according to the necessity of any particular shot), is an achievement gained only from long experience and skill. The Dunlop *162* has always delivered distance.

Direction: To get maximum distance a ball must hold a true course in its flight and have a perfect trajectory. It must have sufficient elevation for a long carry, but must not soar, swerve in its flight or duck. Direction is largely controlled by the balance of the ball, and by the correctness of its markings. The depth and spacing of the Dunlop recesses are the outcome of careful laboratory and field experiments over a period of 15 years.

Putting Accuracy: Golf balls which are untrue in shape or balance cannot follow a straight line putt. Dunlops are floated on mercury to test the degree of rotation, which proves whether the center of gravity is in the center of the ball.

Controllability: A ball that is made primarily for resiliency (loose tension winding) is too lively in the short game, approaching and putting. Even the smallest depressions or obstacles such as a worm cast will deflect such a ball from its true course. The tightly wound core of the Dunlop *162* will not compress under a light blow, and it can therefore be played firmly on and around the putting green.

Durability: It is skillful application and precision in selecting covers to match the degree of resiliency for each particular ball that gives to Dunlops their fine qualities of durability not easy to pound out of shape, to cut or split. Dunlop covers are put on under hydraulic pressure. The gutta percha shell penetrates the core to a considerable depth and the Dunlop VACuum process prevents air bubbles, the frequent cause of splitting with balls less carefully made.

Visibility: Dunlops are distinguished in color. A creamy tint of paint is maintained for the practical purpose of visibility, a bluish paint, as commonly used, looks well in close-up appearance but loses itself too easily against the sky or on the turf.

In price, Dunlops at 85c. each are only slightly in excess of the best grade domestic brands. Compared with most of the other imported golf balls Dunlop offers a material saving. The Dunlop *Warwick* (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

The difference a Dunlop adds to your game makes it an item worth insisting upon.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Golf Ball Sales Department

17 East 42nd Street New York City

Canadian Distributors: Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DUNLOP

from hand to hand, grew, lived, prospered and was gradually occupied by an industrious, contented population, almost without the use of money as a measure of value.

The housewife, though no longer the spinner and the weaver who made woolen and flaxen cloths, still remained the sole, the universal tailor, dressmaker, seamstress, milliner, hosier and haberdasher of the community. If she could not cut and make the clothes of her husband, herself and her children, there was nobody to whom she could turn to have it done; and even if representatives of these various trades, now minutely divided, had been present, she would have had no money to pay for their services. She might exchange work with a neighbor or a group of neighbors, and thus form a sort of cutting and sewing society which held its meetings at the houses of the members, though many a mother, confident of her own skill and less gregarious in her nature, preferred to solve her own problems as best she might. Often such a one rather resented the prying eyes of an outsider in so sacred a thing as new clothes, preferring, where costume was involved, that element of surprise so dear to the female heart.

Home-Made Clothing

Under such coöperative methods the housewife most proficient in cutting garments would devote herself mainly to her specialty, and others—there were seldom more than three or four within the same social circle in these gatherings—would baste or sew or fit the resulting garments upon the hapless boys and girls whose play was thus interrupted. It was before the days of universal patterns when the human figure, of whatever age or size, can be covered even if not fitted. As families were generally large, and if not, all shapes and sizes at least would be found among those belonging to the co-ordinated workers, the garments were designed from those already in use somewhere, always making due allowance—this generally meant an anticipation of growth in the unfortunate child, which often produced an incongruous effect so far as appearance was concerned.

The responsibility thrust upon the housewife in the purchase of goods for clothing was always serious and heavy. It involved a general knowledge of textiles now almost lost from disuse. If intended for winter garments, the principal consideration was to determine whether it was all wool and a yard wide, as well as its capacity for shrinkage; and the way the goods were pulled apart and their warp and woof examined was often the despair of the storekeeper with whom patience, whether natural or acquired, had to be a virtue. In prints or ginghams the one question was, Will it wash? In this line the knowledge of the seeker counted for less; but the seller's penalty for mistake or misrepresentation was likely to be imposed even more promptly than in the case of woolens. The choice of linings was also one of more difficulty than now, because the variety was so restricted as often perforce to produce ridiculous results.

On the whole, however, the pioneer woman, when there was a choice, had quite as much natural taste, as sharp an eye for ultimate consequences or results, as her more fashionable and more pretentious sister in older communities.

This is not to say that the pioneer woman was proof against the attractions of the fashion book, or the descriptions of gowns and lingerie—how she would have laughed at the use of this word as a name for underclothes—which made their way, in however scanty supply, through the local, political or religious newspapers that found subscription and study in her family. But it was only to look and to languish for something as remote as a jewel case full of pearls or diamonds; it was not even to disobey or disregard the Tenth Commandment. The making of women's garments was no simpler than it is now. What with the ingenuity necessary to cover a hoop skirt or a bustle, besides fairly fitting the figure; the keeping up with the inevitable changes as to the length of the train; or that thing of male mystery, the fixing of the waistline, and the absence of aids in the way of figures or models for study or use, a skill was required that taxed the ingenuity and taste of the maker. She did not have to consider the thing called décolleté—how this word, too, would have puzzled her, the low-neck dress being not only unknown but an abomination if mentioned—or many of the developments now the pride of the refined or the necessity of the well-dressed woman.

This woman had one dear possession—a black silk dress for high occasions. She also had a black of other material for church or visiting; a gray of wool for winter wear; a white muslin dress; a stock of ginghams of the old kind for house wear when visitors came, and eked out her wardrobe with a supply of calico or print dresses in various shades of gayety or sobriety. In many cases the precious wedding dress, seldom worn, was oftenest held as an heirloom for the daughter when her day of days should come. When to these was added the Quaker sunbonnet—about the simplest as well as the most attractive and, to the male mind, the most tantalizing of feminine headgear—it will be realized that the pioneer woman was not devoid either of taste or the desire and ability properly to adorn herself. She often added for head covering bonnets of the most wonderful shape, among them the type known then as the skyscraper—a name afterward applied to buildings—for dress occasions. These were seldom the work of her own hands, but were fashioned with more or less success by the village milliner, who, learning the only available female trade other than that of the seamstress proper, with which it was often united, betook herself to the most important town in the vicinity and gave perhaps a year to her apprenticeship. When this was completed, if there was an opening, she returned home to follow her trade.

In men's clothes there was little style, but a variety almost as infinite as the reputed charm of Cleopatra. The working garb had to be adjusted to the season. In the winter heavy coats, seldom with the garment known as a vest, or waistcoat, which was an afterthought; with a short overcoat, heavy woolen or corduroy trousers, drawers and undershirts of heavy red flannel, or sometimes of Canton flannel, a heavy cotton goods with a nap on one side—all cut and made at home—thick woolen shirts, generally red or blue, with rolling, close-buttoned collars not encumbered or adorned with a necktie; surmounted by a fur or cloth cap, with ample ear flaps; with the historic comforter—beloved of Bob Cratchit—which was a long home-knit neck wrap about eight inches wide and from six to eight feet in length. The comforter was worn by persons of both sexes, wrapped round many times and tucked into the coat in front or tied behind. When, in addition, the legs were still further protected by thick jeans overalls, and then carefully incased in something resembling the modern puttie, over top-boots, inside of which were the heaviest obtainable woolen socks, and then a pair of overshoes made of buffalo skin with the hair inside—only when to all these preparations were added the coverings of the hands was it possible to meet the arctic conditions outdoors, in a sled or horseback, on the way to school or any other errand that required attention, with the thermometer ranging from fifteen to thirty degrees below zero. The time required for dressing a man for such a crisis might well rival that of the débutante preparing for her first dance, and the unwrapping process suggested the disinterment of an Egyptian mummy.

Summer Garb

The working costume for summer had all the contrasts that the differences in temperature could suggest. When the preparatory plowing began around the middle of April the man's clothes took on a sea change. By the first of June and for the succeeding four months the important question was not how much clothing must be worn, but how little would suffice to insure decency and comfort. When the barefoot season had fully arrived underclothes of all orders and conditions disappeared; the check or hickory shirt of cotton put in an appearance; the coat was discarded, and was only carried into the fields as protection against possible rain; the trousers were a light thin denim, supported sometimes by two suspenders made of the same material as the shirt—and hence as rigid as such goods can be—but very often by only one; whatever the number, they were always galluses, out of which grew the slang, "Oh, he is a one-gallus fellow," originally an expression of contempt indicating an inferior social position in its wearer. This garb was not encumbered with neckwear or anything else of ornamental order, and

(Continued on Page 61)

Friction —
the Unseen Enemy of Production in Your Plant.

To any Plant Executive
—*blessed with a boring-in mind*

THE assistant to the country's foremost producer and exporter of lumber says of his chief: "*He must always be shown. He wants to see things for himself. He always gets at the bottom of everything.*"

We have yet to find a plant executive who concentrates on the subject of lubrication and gets to the bottom of it without being richly repaid.

This does not mean that you put on overalls, or spend your evenings reading technical literature on lubrication.

It means simply that you let us place before you an authoritative Lubrication Audit of your plant to show:

—whether your engines and machines are being helped to greater production by correct lubrication—or are being penalized by unscientific haphazard lubrication.

Such an Audit would also include accurate lubrication recommendations based on world-wide lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment.

You buy and use oil for one purpose only: to reduce friction. Do you know the extent of friction's menace in your plant?

When you check friction's huge annual bill in the form of slowed-down machinery, frequent repairs and lost horsepower, we believe you will wish to put a guiding hand on the choice of the lubricating oils used throughout your plant.

Meanwhile, a Lubrication Audit will give your mind something definite upon which to focus. Details in column at right.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

THE Lubrication Audit
EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine. This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to check up the continuance of the desired results.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Chicago
Boston	Detroit
Philadelphia	Indianapolis
Pittsburgh	Minneapolis
Buffalo	Des Moines
Rochester	Kansas City, Kan.
Albany	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

SELZ $SIX

All leather, made of genuine full grain Cordo Calf

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

Goodyear Welt

Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

The dealer who sells you a pair of Selz $Six, at $6, is making a sacrifice that can only be appreciated by himself and by us. In no other way could a fine shoe of this standard high quality—a Chicago city-made shoe—be sold at this price.

We believe that the public's appreciation will repay us both by greatly increased sales to make up for the smaller profit. Already this appreciation is evident—Selz $Six sales are larger today than those of any other single shoe of its kind.

You will appreciate this unusual value when you inspect the Selz $Six. If you don't know a Selz dealer, ask us. Address Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

1871 SELZ 1922

MAKERS OF GOOD SHOES RETAILING AT $5 TO $10, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE"

CHICAGO :: PITTSBURGH

Six different high shoe models—three oxfords

(Continued from Page 58)

was generally completed by a straw hat often woven at home or in the neighborhood, and as the season came to an end with a big ventilating hole in its crown. Owing to the ferocity of the sunshine, it was not safe to go bareheaded, so that in order to ward off sunstrokes some kind of compromise head covering had to be adopted. It is probably a safe estimate that the money cost of a man's average field-working summer costume, from toe to crown, was considerably under two dollars.

The footwear for men was the old-fashioned top-boot—a first cousin once or twice removed of the far-famed Wellington boot. The five-year-old boy began with a pair of these, adorned with showy red tops or fronts, the moment of acquisition remaining ever after the figure of speech to describe the ultimate degree of human joy. These came in all qualities and weights, the average for rough wear for men and boys being made of cowhide. The capacity of such leather for absorbing water in heavy rains or in the slush made by the melting snow was unbelievable. If left on the feet to dry after the day's work, their removal was the hardest task of the whole twenty-four hours; if taken off in this condition and permitted to dry before the fire, putting them on was often next to impossible. In the first operation the bootjack, now an almost forgotten aid to the male toilet, was a homemade article, generally somewhat crude in finish, made from a piece of board about five inches wide and a foot long, with a supporting cleat just back of the wedge-like piece sawed from it. It was put on the floor and thus became a clamp for clutching the boot just above the heel. The rest was left to the main strength of the wearer. In its absence, the growing boy took his father's or brother's boot between his legs, and being propelled by the other foot of the victim became the boot extractor for his father, while the brothers did a like service for each other.

For the most part, the average boot was ill-fitting, and by reason of its weight and thickness most uncomfortable. For Sunday wear there was a calfskin boot which was both presentable and easy. It was costly, being made to order, while its coarser, everyday brother was generally ready-made.

When summer came all boys and young men went barefoot, a concession to the proprieties which was seldom openly made by the head of a family, and never by a grown woman in a prosperous state of life. As children, girls would eschew all footwear during the summer, a condition of comfort abandoned with regret as the young-lady period approached. Carrying the boots or shoes when walking along a road and putting them on as a town was approached—one of the settled customs in old New England as well as in modern Russia—was common.

This procedure probably dates back to the remotest antiquity. Women's shoes were also heavy and strong, though not so clumsy, with large, low, square heels—comfortable in spite of the tendency in the young of the sex there as elsewhere to wear them a number or so smaller than the foot. It was seldom that women's footwear was made by the local shoemaker, his function, outside Sunday boots, being limited mainly to repairing and stretching.

The Boy's Best Suit

Every man and boy, outside the lowest order of poor white, had to have a best suit, generally known, in the dialect of the time, as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. For the boy, until he became seventeen or eighteen, this was a modification of his school suit, generally in a better quality of goods, which was put off when he came home and before he took up that two or three hours of work hidden under the deceptive and glorified name "chores." This best suit—as its name indicates—was almost a sacred thing and, as outgrown, went down the family in succession, as did all other garments for male or female, from the oldest to the youngest, until in its downward movement it had finally to be worn out as a school or working suit in the fall or spring seasons. Wearing it was resented as a form of torture, so that its life was prolonged out of due time. Perhaps it was never put on willingly except to go to the circus or the county fair. It had a successor when the boy, grown up to seventeen or eighteen, began to find that, after all his gibes and bashfulness, girls were really interesting and important human beings. He would be promoted out of his mother's hands and sent off to the nearest tailor, probably in the county-seat town, with a piece of cloth made in the adjacent woolen mill, probably from home-grown fleeces, in order that there might be fashioned for him a tail coat, commonly known to this country, though not in England, as a Prince Albert. That it came out as one of the wonders of sartorial art is a statement that need not be denied, as nobody could or would dispute this judgment. But as it was no more ridiculous than those examples worn by his mates, the standard, whether of achievement or of fashion, would not be disturbed, and each boy could laugh or be laughed at in his turn.

Every man that either had or was anything at all must have a really best suit for outside use. It, too, must include a tail coat, accompanied by broadcloth trousers, a high vest, white shirt with high attached collar, fine calf boots, woolen socks, but often perhaps of white instead of colored yarn, some sort of necktie, almost indescribable because it was in the chrysalis stage, hanging between the old-fashioned stock, which had tormented several generations of men otherwise rational, and the simple black ties that preceded the development which has been under way during the intervening half century. Perhaps no generation of men clad in respectable costumes were ever more uncomfortable than those of the time under review. They had to conform. They were quite as much the slaves of fashion in their plain way as if they had lived in the period of Beau Brummell and the Prince of Wales [George IV]; but they took their clothes, as the early English were said to take their pleasures, with a sadness that nothing could conceal or overcome. There were probably never more than from two to a dozen swallowtail coats and an equal number of fashionable stovepipe hats in 1860 in an average county; but according to the fashion of the time these men were well and fashionably clad in suits that when new had, like modern dress coats, an unusual expectation of life. The old-time bandanna handkerchief had not yet gone out of fashion or the fine linen one come in.

The Day of the Paper Collar

For probably twenty years the large, square, gray shawl was an accepted article of apparel for the school-teacher, the doctor when on dress parade, or for the lawyer. It was a legitimate successor of the old-fashioned cloak, and had all its convenience and warmth. Many readers will recall pictures of Lincoln in one of these covering garments.

Early in the war period came the paper collar. It was another step on the way to an improved appearance. If there was one thing in which the pioneer housewife's failure was conspicuous it was in laundering the white collar and its connected shirt. Somehow she could seldom acquire this art, and it was probably this fact quite as much as anything else that brought into existence that really funny product—the paper collar. It came in almost without warning during the early war days along with shoddy and many other articles thitherto strange. It was cheap, in both cost and value—two essentially different things—it came in a variety of shapes, in paper boxes of ten, and was at once hailed as a boon. Many a manly neck which only with difficulty had bent itself to any sort of collar soon found itself, according to the fashion, incased in these curious pasteboard bands, thus arousing in both beholder and wearer a sense of the ludicrous not always so agreeable to all concerned. It was the precursor of many improvements, including real collars and eventually real laundries, an almost unsuspected passion for cleanliness and an enhanced desire for neatness; but while it lived, which was perhaps not more than five or six years, it was one of the really amusing concomitants of the male toilet.

A word ought to be added about jewelry. Long strings of beads were still worn, mainly by girls and young women. Most women wore earrings and had breastpins, bracelets, brooches or lockets, generally rather heavy, old-fashioned articles in solid gold. Diamonds and other precious stones were conspicuous only by their absence. Rings were not so much in fashion; even the wedding ring, not being a necessary accompaniment in marriage ceremonies, was so far from being universal that it was hardly general. Few watches were worn almost none of them by women—and these were generally set in heavy silver hunting cases. When the sun shone neither they nor other indicators needed for telling the time were worn, as every man, woman or child more than ten years of age asked nothing better than a doorway—all buildings were set square to the four points of the compass—a tree, a row of corn, a fence post, or wanting all these, his own shadow, when standing erect in the middle of a field, to give a fairly accurate idea of the hour.

Discipline for children was still patriarchal, on religious lines, firm and steady, full of a real affection that was tempered by recognized duty, seldom fitful or wavering, but practically devoid of show. "Train up a child in the way he should go" and "Spare the rod and spoil the child" were orthodox, and better learned by heart than the shorter catechism itself. It would be safe to assert that corporal punishment was universal, regardless of sex, almost without respect to age, up to and including majority—often beyond it. It was probably the most widely distributed habit of the time. It was seldom severe, but as the doctrine of total depravity was never questioned, so the effectiveness of physical punishment was not doubted.

Unrestricted Child Labor

A family once started did not long remain a burden, however great the number, if only its new members could stand the pressure and live at all. Even before direct earning power came, they paid their way by caring for each other. The result was that, among people both industrious and prudent, the larger the family the greater the prosperity. Therefore, no study that should overlook or belittle the economic contribution of children to this life would be either true or complete. This fact was so much in evidence that the average age in industrious families at which strong, healthy children, whether boys or girls, had repaid to parents their actual money cost, including medical attention, food, clothing, housing, education and all other possible expense, was not more than fifteen. As it was rare that, save for books, any real money was expended for education between this period and their majority, the half-grown or full-grown child was so much profit.

Taking the value of farms and their equipment at any given census return from 1840 up to and including 1870, it would be safe to assert that one-fourth or one-third of the whole was the product of the labor of children under the age of nineteen or twenty. As the boys seldom left home for an average of another two or three years, they probably earned for their parents, in this extra service alone, far more than was distributed to them in the shape of a pair of colts and sometimes a small farm, often nominally a present, but sometimes so seriously handicapped by its lack of improvements that either a mortgage or tiresome waiting was required to give it value.

Nobody, not even the boy or girl who put in fourteen hours a day of hard, unrelieved labor for nine months a year, with scant pocket money, often begrudged, with a meager three months in school, accompanied then by many hours of work each day in return for the privilege, ever thought about it as an imposition. But under this profitable system talent, ambition and independence were never before or since so successfully turned into enforced though willing sacrifice. As parents had passed through it, it was not thought of as exacting or unjust or as child labor, in the sense that this term is used as to mill or cotton field, where the hours are tempered by sentiment of law to the recognized average physical strength of its participants and some systematic play is provided; but it was in their own homes, doing the same order of work, often performed under compulsion or threat, or crowning it with a devotion and at the same time a simplicity that was monumental. How they came out of it all, why they did not rebel, are among the wonders of a rigorous but marvelous time. And yet these tasks were done with a willingness, even an eagerness far greater than that shown under more favorable outward surroundings by the average wage earners of those times or any that have succeeded them.

The spirit behind these young people was the same as that shown by their parents—the stern, indefatigable men and women

"C'mon, let's go swimming"

GET your crowd interested in swimming this summer. It's great sport—and just twice as much fun when you wear a real swimming suit, the JANTZEN! Wherever good fellows get together, you'll find Jantzen the popular suit. You see them everywhere!

Jantzen-stitch gives permanent *elasticity* and utmost freedom of action. Never binds. Never sags. Comfortable as the touch of a cool breeze.

Jantzen is the only suit that has the non-rip crotch and bow trunk pattern, not forgetting a flexible rubber button that goes a thousand times through the wringer without breaking.

Worn and endorsed by holders of world's records and winners of Olympic games.

Ask your dealer to show you why a Jantzen is best. Styles for men, women and children, in fashionable Jantzen colors and stripings. If you do not find them, write us for the 1922 Style Book and name of nearest dealer.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

To merchants: We sell direct to the retailer. Can make immediate delivery by express. Write or wire.

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS~NEVER SAGS

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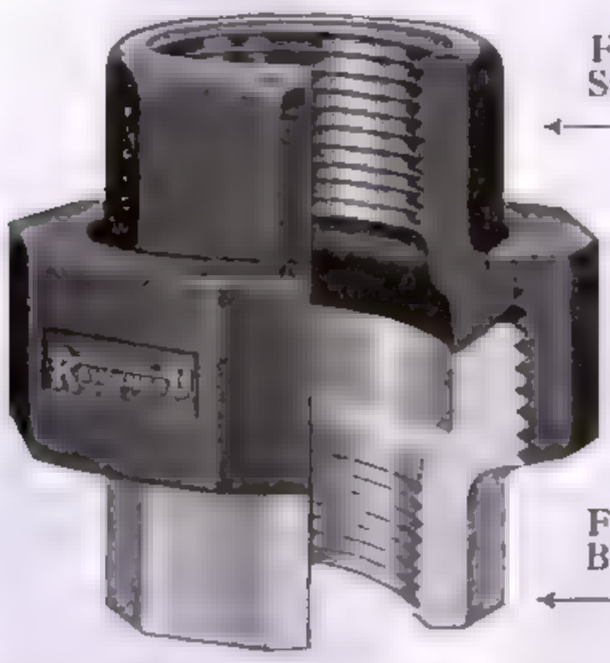
200 Kewanee Unions on the world's most powerful locomotive



IN any piping that must withstand extremes of temperature and high pressure, and where frequent disconnection is necessary, the Walworth Kewanee Union is standard.

The American Locomotive shown above hauled 17,600 tons—far the heaviest load ever pulled by one locomotive—over a long grade in the Blue Ridge. It operates with superheated steam at 215-lb. pressure, and a temperature of 650° F. Its 200 Walworth Kewanee Unions make leak-proof steam and air connections.

The Kewanee Union's five distinctive points of advantage are—

(1) Brass to steel ball seat—no gasket. (2) Brass to iron thread connection—no corrosion. (3) Compressed-air test under water—no defective unions. (4) Solid three-piece construction—no inserted parts. (5) Easily connected and disconnected—no force required.

We are sending ¾-inch Kewanee Unions for 25c to engineers—as the quickest way to make a demonstration

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Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

Write us on your business letterhead, or use this coupon, enclosing 25 cents for one of the new ¾-in. Walworth Kewanee Unions. Address our Boston office.

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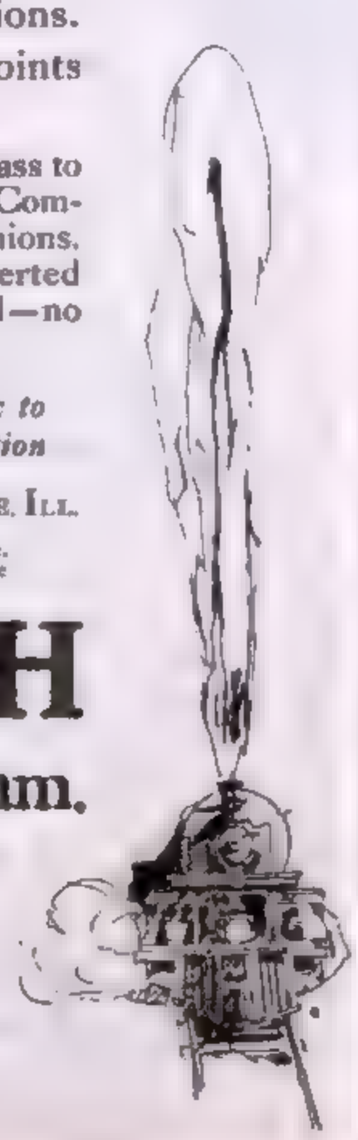

who, whether by choice or fate, were working out their destiny in the belief that they were making and saving a race. This army of children, uniformly numbering probably one-fourth of the active workers of the community, were not doing these grinding tasks for themselves, but because of the hope that, driving them on, sprang eternal in the breast of the pioneer, born in him as the inheritance of many generations. They realized, often quite early, the hardness of their fate; but there neither was nor could be any other, and they cheerfully bowed their necks anew to their appointed work, as the prisoner in the galley bends his back to the oar.

We are all prone to sing pæans of praise to the hardy and courageous men and women who went out to conquer a wilderness; but when we do this I should like to hear at least a word or so of chorus to celebrate the sufferings and the achievements of these youthful heroes and heroines who, between the ages of ten and twenty years, added, without direct compensation, the extra touch that marked the difference between existence and living, between failure and success, and did it in the face of a neglect of the play or rest proper to them, of the charms of that Nature which they were too worn to see in all its beauty, and of the educational privileges that was more than unpardonable—really the result of the indefensibility of ignorance. It was a child slavery far worse than that denounced—often with the exaggeration due to the zeal that marches arm in arm with ignorance—and has finally been forbidden by law and opinion in the past quarter of a century.

In spite of these high, almost unjumpable hurdles there were compensations absent in our time. In this simple life boys and girls were able fairly to know everything good or interesting which, within its narrow range, the time offered. Long before they had reached their majority they were known to their elders all about them almost as well as to their parents. On the one hand, their industry, energy, ambitions, outlook upon the world; or, on the other, their laziness, uselessness and their lack of spirit were so measured that their future place among their fellows could be fairly predicated. This was true, too, whether they elected to remain within their own narrow environment or went out into a world which, if not larger, was at least different.

The opportunity of knowing what so many parallel trades meant gave to the boys who did not look forward to the farm as a career, a perspective, an insight into these other branches of useful work. They could see at first hand and thus know from ocular demonstration how the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the weaver, the storekeeper, the miller, the editor, the politician, the doctor or the preacher did his work, how he handled his material or utensils or that more important tool—his mind. When they were freed from the farm they could choose, with some approach to intelligence, their own careers.

Learning From Their Elders

Then, too, children were admitted pretty freely to see and know whatever lay in the path of their parents. From early childhood, almost from infancy onwards, they ate at the same table, where manners and quiet were imposed upon them; they went and came freely whenever, indoors or out, there was company; they heard and knew everything that pertained to business or religious or social affairs in all their ramifications, and were thus introduced to a wide range of interests, which gradually grew into the thoughts and ways of their elders. By these means they knew well, though seldom prematurely, many things that could not have come to them under the workings of the usual policy of exclusion—a fact not only interesting and important in itself, but carrying strong evidence of the propriety of the language used in family or social relations upon which I have already insisted.

As the work of these neighborhoods, both singly and in coöperation, was transacted in the open, the children, if bright, curious, really social beings, had an opportunity to know every movement in the mysterious process of making a state from the moment the first family came until, within ten years, the average township had grown to about six or seven hundred people, comprising all conditions of men, and the county had made a place for itself. Such a child became an interested spectator long before it was fairly out of its first order of clothes. It heard all the discussions about schoolhouses and schools, about roads and bridges, about preachers and revivals, about government and politics, and in its simple way would take its measure of the various elements with which it came into contact. If there was any amusement, from a shooting match to a hunt for a horse thief, it would be first a spectator, and then, often prematurely, according to its development or precocity, a participant. If it was inclined to the bad or coarse it might hear or see now and then uncanny things, but woe to the man or group from whom such offense had come if the really discriminating elements in the neighborhood should discover this attempted demoralization.

Such a child, in spite of educational drawbacks and deficiencies, would get a real knowledge of the world, far more helpful to it in its later days than that which could possibly come from the more eclectic and pretentious training that some distant child acquired in urban surroundings. Its life, in spite of hard, grinding toil at certain seasons, was far from dull, and it acquired in reality that round knowledge and experience which have given to the American the abnormal development so often accounted as a reproach to our life.

Strong Family Ties

This close association with neighbors and elders not only brought to these children, exiled to an always receding frontier, a knowledge of men, but it corrected many of the defects inseparable from their narrow educational outfit. They were far more likely to learn something real about geography by looking up in their atlases the places of residence of the visitors to whom they had listened with open eyes, ears and mouths than when they were limited to memorizing the meaningless names of countries, capitals or rivers in Asia, or to bounding some useless principality in Europe.

They had a better chance of knowing something both interesting and useful about manufactures from hearing all about a reaper factory in Chicago, or a big new wagon-maker's shop in Indiana, or a cotton mill or shoe factory in Massachusetts than they had from the meager, undirected, undigested reading about such enterprises in the fugitive accounts that might pass under their eyes, or even be wholly missed from their lives by neglect or the absence of opportunity.

The ties that bound families together were unusually strong during these formative days. Sentiment still surrounded blood relationship in a way almost as striking as in the biblical times upon which so many customs and manners were predicated. Families followed each other in the making of new settlements, the members helped each other in their work, espoused each other's likes and dislikes, and in general were helpful. "Family" then meant both sides, that of the husband and that of the wife. The mother-in-law joke had not acquired its present vogue, as in most cases the wife's mother was often the one reliance in time of need. If one branch lagged behind in life's race it was seldom cast off, but was aided so long as it showed a desire and willingness to help itself. If children settled down in the same neighborhood they generally did so in small and modest homes, where without parental gifts of money, which few had to spare, they made their way up as their forbears before them had done in one generation after another. Often they were able to command that advice and assistance which are so much more valuable than unearned money. In this way they could maintain in emergencies that coöperation which enabled each to benefit the other. The replacing of a cow or a horse when lost by accident, disease, theft or straying; the timely aid in haying or harvest or storm; the going for the doctor—all these various functions were discharged without much regard to the fact that they lived in many houses rather than in one, as they had in other days.

There was a strong feeling against married sons and daughters continuing to live in the paternal home, the feeling of independence dictating a separation. It was a sentiment so common as almost to be proverbial that no two women with any

(Continued on Page 64)

"I Look for the Havoline Sign"

"I bought my first car nearly twenty years ago—a two cylinder roadster with a ninety-six inch wheel base. I used Havoline Oil in that car. I've insisted on Havoline for every car I've owned since.

"It only took one experience—back about 1906 it was—to teach me that it pays to use a good motor oil. That time I couldn't get Havoline, or I didn't ask for it hard enough. In any event, I learned my lesson once and for all.

"I learned that Havoline *does* give increased power and greater mileage, that it *does* reduce the amount of carbon deposit, that it *does*, over a period of years, save hundreds of dollars in overhaul charges.

"My regular dealer always brings out Havoline for me. When I'm touring I look for the Havoline sign—that blue one with the red bull's-eye. It's a darn good sign for any motorist to believe in. There are thousands of them scattered over the country. You're never far from a Havoline dealer."

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Incorporated, New York

Branch Offices in 158 cities

HAVOLINE OIL

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SETH THOMAS

"He couldn't wait"

THE CALLER arrived on time—as he thought—but the executive with whom he had the engagement was gone. And the caller realized that the clock in his home must have been fifteen minutes slow!

It is surprising, isn't it, that any one should tolerate a lying clock, when for a hundred and nine years Seth Thomas Clocks have told the truth.

The Jeweler whose store is near your home takes a positive pleasure in showing Seth Thomas Clocks. Their beauty tells its own story; but the story of their accuracy *he* can tell, illustrating it from the experience of Seth Thomas owners in some of the finest homes in town.

A non-striking clock to hang on the bedroom wall is illustrated below. A splendid time-keeper—one of the fine 7-jewel movement clocks which range in price from $24 to $35.

Above is shown one of the fifteen Seth Thomas chime clocks, a group of clocks that are unexcelled anywhere. They chime the quarter-hours and strike the hour. Prices from $60 to $110.

A SETH THOMAS CLOCK IS A GIFT THAT MAKES A PLACE FOR ITSELF IN THE BRIDE'S NEW HOME.

SETH THOMAS

(Continued from Page 62)

considerable measure of authority should live in the same house. This prompted the sententious saying that no house, whatever its size, had ever yet been designed or built that was big enough for two families, and none too small for single families that wanted to be happy. When boys or girls went away to school or out into life the parental watchfulness was keen and the feeling of pride universal and strong. Perhaps the proportion of family quarrels was smaller than in a more conventional society. There was not much opportunity for differences about property—the laws providing for equal distribution prevented this; besides, as there was not much property to quarrel about, it was easier and pleasanter, as well as more independent, to earn it than to yearn for it by inheritance.

Perhaps the strongest incentive to family unity lay in the fact that there was little going away to school or for long and distant visits, and that the latter, when made, had an interest for all concerned, the reports of them tending to relieve the tedium incident to isolation. They were all driven to steady work, with no idlers or favorites, so that there were many motives to draw them together and few to drive them asunder. Everything considered, isolation tended to promote family peace and unity, and as each community was a collection of families, there was little chance to brew dissensions or misunderstanding.

Limited Amusements

Though the pioneer came into duties and surroundings in which he had little time and less inclination for hunting and shooting as amusements, he never quite lost his devotion to games—especially with his children. Some of these were new in form or adaptation, but for the most part they were so old as to be time-honored. In some cases they partook of the nature of both sports and games, and in others they related themselves somewhat intimately to the practical business of life. If the pioneer attended a barn or a house raising he was there primarily to do his part in the process of give and take. It was practical cooperation—a return for favors received or a possible anticipation of favors expected. The question of getting or giving pleasure was secondary, but in his somewhat primitive way he did not disdain enjoyment during the few hours of outing and close association with his neighbors. Being work, there was little room for the rowdiness or horseplay inherent in the man of the rougher sort, even if he had been so inclined; but generally speaking he had little leaning in this direction. If he insisted upon turning the scene of a house raising or logrolling into a game, he soon found that he had no business in that galley. When the work was done it might be followed by some rude fun in the form of wrestling, jumping, running, shooting at a mark or supper at a neighbor's house, but if so they were only incidents.

A prairie fire can hardly be listed among amusements, but it was at least both spectacular and dramatic, and on occasion it drew out all the men within reach. How such fires were started was quite as much of a mystery as arson is always and everywhere, but generally there could be next to no doubt in the majority of cases what the cause was. The motive was not quite so clear, but in most cases it probably lay in the desire for excitement rather than in others more ulterior. When in the earliest days such a fire came it had before it an expanse almost unlimited, without a house, a fence or other obstruction. It went on until the wind changed or it had reached its uttermost limits or the banks of a stream wide enough to check it. As settlement proceeded precautions were taken against its ravages by plowing a wide strip round houses, stock pens and hay and grain stacks. In many cases this was badly done, or it came too late, so that a fire once started would jump this strip and go on about its only business—destruction within forbidden areas. Then neighbors would turn out and endeavor, by setting back fires, or in emergencies by direct fighting, to check its ravages. It was one of the exciting episodes in this life when such a crisis came, and in addition to its spectacular interest brought into strong relief the qualities incident to helpfulness and coöperation.

The pioneer boy did not need any history or handbook of games to tell him of their existence or to teach him how to play them. He, like his predecessors, knew how to employ himself with them, and, as they had done, to suggest a change or make an improvement now and then. But in his long romp across half a continent he did not devise a game wholly new. The simple Indian games did not much attract, although—I suggest this with distinct reserve—ice hockey may perhaps have grown out of lacrosse.

Then, every boy played; actual participation was universal. Even the weak or the crippled could find a place and companions, while the strong and vigorous might be cast out if he became a bully. There was no room for the spectator. Every boy, assigned to his allotted or chosen place, was expected to do his part; otherwise the scheme would be broken up. The playgrounds about the schoolhouse were generally large, out of proportion to the schoolhouse itself, so that not only every game but every boy could find a place; but unless he desired to be excluded from everything, he must not quarrel, sulk or hesitate. Some games were naturally inclusive, so that during a recess of a few minutes all might play together.

A reference to pioneer sports would be incomplete that did not emphasize the ingenuity of pioneer fathers in the devising and making of playthings for children. Balls, bats, sleds, wagons, whips and whipstocks, bows and arrows, darts, whistles for the boys, doll houses—the mother generally provided rag dolls for the girls—together with practically every device then known for amusing or interesting children, had either to be made at home or to be left out of their young lives. This process had already gone on for six or seven generations, so that a certain aptness had become hereditary. The older boys soon caught some idea of this secret and were able to take up the task for themselves and the younger children in their own or other families in the neighborhood. Sometimes this kind of work would be done for others, the less skillful man doing something in return, so that in most families, outside the wretchedly poor, everybody would be afforded at least a glimpse of those gifts which, more conventional elsewhere, were making their way into the older parts of the country.

Little Play for Jill

As these toys were used up in one family they would be passed on, like schoolbooks, to those otherwise deprived of such helps in that universal business of childhood known as play. There was no Christmas, hence no Santa Claus, but the making of presents at New Year's was not uncommon, though far from universal; but in some way, recondite and often mysterious, by daily contact rather than on special occasions, some semblance of seasonal joy was brought to the minds of the children.

The story of sports, both for children and adults, relates itself almost wholly to males. The separation of the sexes in schools, churches and at play was so strict that the girl was thrown back upon the limitations of sex, and the pioneer woman was so closely beleaguered in her house that she had little time or strength, even if she had had inclination, to take any decided part in games or diversions. Her natural spirit of sacrifice was satisfied when her children were amused or interested. The time was one so distinctly devoted to the outdoors that the very diversions of the household woman, her unbending with her associates, had in them the great motive of usefulness, seldom of play for its own sake.

The great variety of games or exercises to which a girl now has access would have seemed to the pioneer woman not so much improper as discordant with the mission of her sex. Besides, it must be borne in mind that men have so long practiced games that they are expected to devise as well as play them. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name any game generally in use that was invented by a woman and then applied to and by her sex. Sport, like war, seems somehow to have been the business of the self-assumed lord of creation.

Author's Note—This article on The Pioneer Family and a previous one on Pioneer Methods have been extracted from an elaborate, and as yet unpublished, study made by the author, on The American Pioneer. It deals, comprehensively, with the population origins of the West, with settlement, with political life and organization, with religion, with education and with social conditions, between 1840 and 1870, thus including the Civil War. It is not in any sense a formal history, but seeks to interpret the philosophy of the movement that made possible the growth and development of that great region.

"Yes, Everything is Valsparred— Floor, Furniture, Walls and Floor-Covering"

VALSPAR, Valspar Enamels and Valspar Varnish-Stains are a real joy to the woman who takes pride in keeping her home spick and span. In every home you will find countless uses for them.

Valspar Varnish. This famous waterproof varnish gives a most beautiful and lasting finish. It is spot-proof and can be freely washed with soap and water.

Valspar Enamels. Made in twelve beautiful colors (also Black and White, Aluminum, Bronze and Gold). Since they are Valspar Varnish, combined with the highest grade pigments, they too can be washed freely and are unequalled in durability.

Valspar Varnish-Stains are Valspar Varnish in six transparent wood colors—Mahogany, Cherry, Light and Dark Oak, Walnut and Moss Green. You stain and Valspar with one sweep of the brush. These stains are absolutely waterproof—nothing will cause them to spot, fade or turn white.

All three are easy to use. They work freely under the brush, dry dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four. They may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish if desired. *All three stand the famous Valspar boiling water test.*

Description of Room

In the beautiful room shown above, the hard-surfaced rug and the furniture are finished with Valspar, the floor is finished with Valspar Varnish Stain (Mahogany), while the panelling is finished with White Valspar Enamel. The room can be freely washed with hot water and soap and kept perfectly bright, clean and sanitary.

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VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

The famous Valspar boiling water test

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c apiece for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

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S E P—6-10-22

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In purchasing a car or truck, the experienced user focuses his attention on essentials. The vital parts upon which depend *performance* are the things that influence his choice.

If the vehicle is powered by a Red Seal Continental Motor—as the high-grade SPECIALIZED vehicle is—the buyer *knows* that motor efficiency is assured. He *knows* that an organization such as Continental with its vast equipment and years of experience—an organization whose energies are devoted exclusively to the building of a motor—necessarily builds a *superior* motor.

Likewise, his experience justifies his confidence in other SPECIALIZED major units—the clutch, the transmission, the axles, the universal joints—which in the SPECIALIZED vehicle are all products of organizations of SPECIALISTS.

It stands to reason that the purchase of a car or truck built of SPECIALIZED units will prove a sound investment. For continuous performance not only is guaranteed by the vehicle builder, but is backed by the unit manufacturers and is further assured by parts-distributing stations throughout the world.

Since the judgment of the vehicle builder who selects for his power unit the Continental Motor is sound, his careful selection of other important parts can be confidently depended upon. Consider this fact, and in buying your car or truck choose the vehicle whose motor bears on its crankcase that foremost symbol of SPECIALIZATION—the Continental Red Seal.

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Offices: Detroit, U. S. A.
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Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

HARD TIMES IN SCANDINAVIA

(Continued from Page 25)

and Norwegian ports presented doleful pictures compared with the seething activity of wartimes. Where once the piers were lined with heavily laden vessels from all parts of the world, there were only open spaces, empty warehouses and clusters of freighters rusting at their anchor chains. A change for the better occurred during the fall, but its progress was suddenly interrupted by unusually severe winter weather. Harbors that had not been closed in thirty years were packed with ice that piled up into veritable bergs. Great masses of ice were driven by heavy gales into the waters of the Cattegat, the Sound and the Baltic, at a time when scores of vessels were hurrying for shelter. The result was that during the latter part of February wireless appeals for help were coming to the coast-guard stations from vessels tightly wedged in the grinding pack ice. Some of the vessels had little fuel and many were short of rations. Ice breakers—specially constructed boats with powerful engines—were called from the southern ports of Sweden and from Denmark to aid the helpless ships, but these heavy blunt-nosed breakers found the ice too thick for them, and they, too, became icebound.

Ice Breaker No. II Fast in the Ice Packs

Icebound Shipping

A relief expedition was organized in Stockholm and dispatched upon one of the biggest ice breakers in this part of the world, a vessel whose breadth of bow is almost twice that of an ordinary freighter. Her stern is low in the water with her nose heavily reenforced with steel plates riding high, so that she can push up over the thickest ice until her weight breaks down the barrier. The cruise of this ice breaker from Stockholm to the Cattegat will go down in the marine history of Sweden. It required two days and three nights to get around the southern point of Sweden into the neighborhood of the helpless steamers. Fog, thick snow, blizzards and pack ice made the cruise a series of battles each with a successful conclusion, but involving adventures that would have meant disintegration for a lighter craft.

After reaching the Cattegat the ice breaker spent two weeks incessantly pounding through massed blocks of ice, releasing one steamer after another. There were Danish, German, American, Portuguese and Esthonian boats, some with the crews nearly starving, others melting snow for drinking water, and all suffering intensely from cold. It was this long stretch of pack ice that delayed the shipment of American relief supplies to Russia. Some of the ships bearing American food were just entering the Cattegat or heading for the Kiel Canal when the ice formed. Some of them went into Norwegian harbors, others proceeded on their courses and were caught.

The shipping of every country surrounding the Baltic was hard hit by the ice blockade. The Finnish ports were closed and southward every harbor as far as Dantzic waited for the ice breakers to clear the outward paths. Communication between Germany and Sweden was interrupted and at times stopped altogether, the big ferryboats finding it too dangerous to risk the pounding through the floes or the equally hazardous movement through constantly recurring fogs rising thickly over open water, which sent off a vapor when swept by frigid blasts from the northwest.

The governments of the Scandinavian countries have grappled with the period of depression valiantly, seeking in every way possible to lighten the burdens of the industries as well as those of the individual. Huge sums were necessary for the relief of unemployment just at a time when national revenues were decreasing. The task of each government was to find methods of increasing the revenues without interfering too much with commercial or industrial recuperation. To meet the situation the Swedish Government proposes to prohibit temporarily the importation of coffee, tax sugar heavily, and increase the taxation on tobacco. The Danish Government has presented to parliament an entire new program of tax revision, involving a new method of catching the profits of restaurants and eating houses by levying upon the gross earnings a 10 per cent tax. In budgeting for the year 1922 the finance ministers of all three Scandinavian countries expressed the hope that the immediate future held forth promise of better times.

Curiously enough, they based these hopes largely upon the reports on the prospects of better times in America. The appropriations required for 1922–23 are lower than for last year, the reductions vindicated mostly upon the prospect of America showing the earliest signs of recuperation. The interest in America's economic condition remains intense, each trifling indication of betterment being reported in full, but there is reason to discount the optimism over our affairs voiced by the finance ministers of the northern neutrals. Financially the Scandinavians are in better shape this year than last, and if the exchange rates can be taken as a real thermometer of financial conditions the situation is getting better. The relation of Swedish currency to the American dollar was very near normal during the early months of the winter. Denmark's loan of $30,000,000 floated in the United States has helped her financially, the effect being manifested in a more favorable exchange rate in New York. It is hoped that the normal tendencies of exchange rates will encourage trade between America and the Scandinavian group.

Bolshevik Contagion

One of the greatest problems of the Scandinavian countries during the postwar period has been the operations of the Soviet Republic. The disturbances created by the Bolshevik experiment and later by the Russian famine cannot be estimated. They have caused political turmoil throughout Northern Europe and upset trade calculations to such an extent that predictions of future operations along any given industrial line in the Baltic countries are worse than useless. The question of how best to deal with Russia will remain the big question during the spring as the proposed trade agreements will then be under discussion.

The negotiations of Sweden with the

(Continued on Page 69)

Esthonian Steamer Sakala Embedded in Ice in the Cattegat

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immediately after you have reached your room to make sure that you are comfortable and that the room and service are satisfactory. As our patron you will find us ever ready to make your visit a pleasant one.

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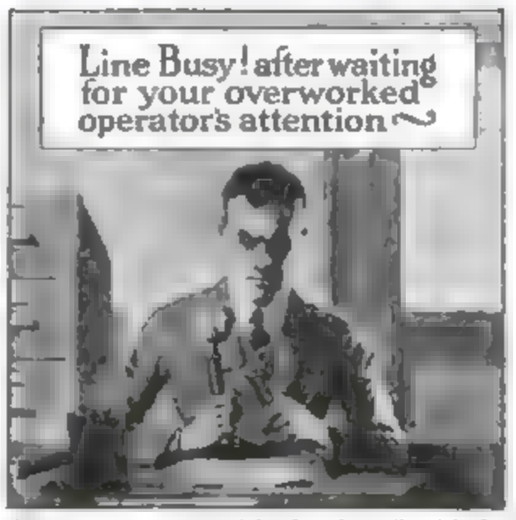

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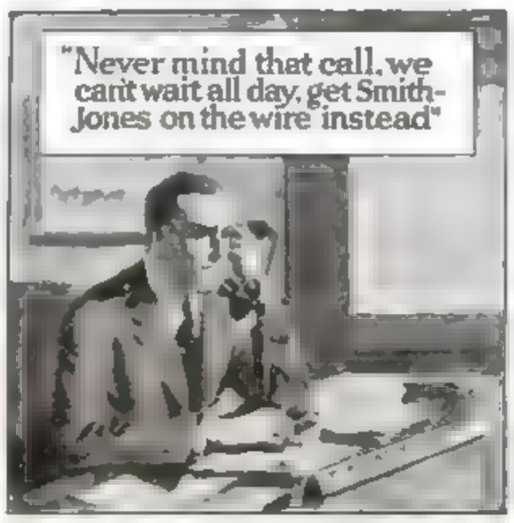

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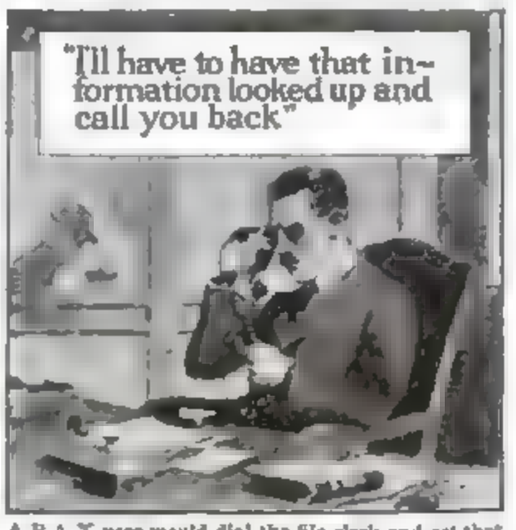

A P-A-X user would dial the file clerk and get that information, while his client held the city wire. No delay! No calling back! Better service!

Hundreds of wise executives are eliminating this waste and inducing discipline by installing the P-A-X—an isolated system for interior calls only

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Through the P-A-X any number of executives may hold a conference at any time, without leaving their offices, by simply dialing a number

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YOU cannot afford the time, money and good-will waste of doing without the P-A-X! The saving which results from any *one* of its various uses will pay you for installing it.

Among the concerns who testify to its universal user-satisfaction are some of the most prominent in practically every line of business.

We suggest that you get in touch with our nearest representative. He will tell you more about what the P-A-X can do for your own organization.

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More than a private telephone exchange—the Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X include and co-ordinate interior telephony, code call, conference, watchman service and all other inter-communication needs

(Continued from Page 67)

Soviet Government regarding a trade agreement have been concluded and the draft of the pact has been submitted to the parliament.

A heated debate has developed in the press over the agreement as submitted, the conservative elements claiming that it goes too far beyond real trade matters. It is aimed at protecting the rights of Swedish merchants and shippers engaged in the Russian trade, and recognizes the Soviet trade delegation as the only representative Russian body in Sweden. Norway has already signed a trade agreement with the Soviets similar in nearly every respect to that submitted to the Swedish Riksdag. Denmark may arrange for negotiations later, having carried the first movement to the point of discussion, but breaking off when the Soviets demanded that their trade delegation be recognized as the "only representative Russian body in Denmark."

All discussion of the political settlement with Soviet Russia has been deferred by the Scandinavian governments until after the Genoa conference. There these governments expect to present separate reports upon the demands of each country as to repayment of losses involved in confiscated property. Tremendous hopes are based upon the outcome of the Genoa conference. The Scandinavians want the Genoa conference to be decisive and the means of permanent peaceful economic and political relations between all sections of Europe. There is no group of countries in Europe that stands more solidly for universal coöperation than these three interrelated nations of the northern peninsula, and they look forward to the Genoa conference as a great opportunity of proving that they are not doing merely lip service to the cause of peace and reconstruction which they fostered earnestly during and since the war.

The Coöperative Spirit

If the methods of friendly coöperation existing amongst the Scandinavians could be extended to the rest of Europe there would exist in reality a League of Nations. They have brought the work of their interparliamentary committees to such a point that most of the important legislative movements are carried forward simultaneously in all three countries. Their metal money is interchangeable, of the same value in each country, and has been maintained on a par basis despite the difference in the value of their paper money. All lines of communication are maintained through the efforts of each country to give the other a share of its strength, knowledge and experience. Almost every branch of industry has an organization in each country that circulates information and sends representatives to the general meetings held in each country successively. Such movements are furthered without any clash of national spirit, despite the fact that all three countries possess the keenest sense of self-efficiency and national pride. The political evolution in Scandinavia has been along the line of social democracy, as evidenced by the fact that Sweden now has a cabinet made up wholly from the Social Democratic Party, and the others have exceptionally strong labor representation in politics. This, of course, does not mean that the political color of Scandinavia is socialistic as we understand the word in America, but rather liberal in tendency and conservative in action. The operation of Sweden's socialistic cabinet under a constitutional monarch is in some respects unique.

Dark as the past winter has been, there was never a moment when the prospects for the future were not in the minds of the leading men with whom I have come in contact. There is such boundless room for development, such wealth in natural resources and so great an incentive to move forward that the period of depression combined with the rigors of this terrible winter meant nothing more to them than temporary hindrances. The year holds out many promises of achievement. Shipping will begin moving early in the spring after its long stagnation, carrying the first traffic eastward.

Within the past four years trade with America has brought into the transatlantic service a great line of commercial and passenger steamers, all operated by Scandinavian firms, to foster the trade westward. In addition, there is a thriving coastwise traffic. One Stockholm shipping line has ninety steamers, of which the great majority are coasting passenger and cargo boats especially built to handle the traffic from Sweden to Finland and the Baltic states, to Denmark, Norway, Germany and the coasts of Sweden. There are 126 registered firms of shipowners in Stockholm alone, while in Denmark and Norway hundreds of other firms are seeking, when conditions will permit, to build up the trade between the northern group of states and the rest of the world.

Scandinavian Free Ports

Facilities for handling commerce have been increased steadily until to-day Denmark and Sweden boast of two free harbors unsurpassed in equipment in any part of the world. In Copenhagen and in Stockholm shippers from any country can unload cargoes destined for northern ports, store their cargoes in absolutely fireproof and thoroughly guarded warehouses, and after sorting, the goods may be shipped out in a dozen different directions. All this takes place without paying duty to either of the countries operating the free harbors. In other words, there is set aside a strip of water front, fully equipped with machinery, warehouses and guards, wherein the shipper has extraterritorial rights.

Throughout the period of stress and doubt the Swedish free port has been growing, new warehouses, excellent modern machinery and greater length of quayage being added regularly. There is now a total of 1328 feet of dock space with a depth of thirty feet of water alongside. Within the year the docks will be extended to a point where the water is thirty-three feet deep, thus making provision for the entrance and handling of the heaviest freighters. The available space for the free harbor is 3,000,000 square feet and if required an additional 2,000,000 square feet will be added in 1929. A space has been reserved for a terminal to accommodate a new steam-ferry service between Sweden, Finland and Russia, which in the course of time will be one of the important international ferry connections across the Baltic.

Americans visiting the Scandinavian countries, as well as those who have lived over there, feel the irresistible forward movement of these peoples and know that they will recuperate from the years of distress and turmoil following the war. They are settling their political differences, both domestic and foreign, peaceably. They have put forth every effort to assume their share of the world's burdens and they face the future courageously, firmly believing their effort will keep them in the front ranks of the progressive nations of the earth.

Showing How the Ice Piles Up

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Blend in Eatmors
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Tear open the big red tube of Zay-Tek Eatmors. Place one of the Eatmors on your tongue—and realize how truly delicious milk-chocolate can be.

Of course Zay-Tek is no ordinary blend of chocolate, or it could never be so satisfyingly wholesome, so much in accord with the particular American taste for which it was created.

In Zay-Tek there is the richness of ripe, plump cocoa beans skillfully cured by the expert planters of tropical South America and the islands of the Southern Seas—all roasted and blended with fragrant vanilla beans, snow-white powdered sugar and *full cream* milk.

Each choice ingredient gives its own full quality to Zay-Tek. Each blends with the others in just the right balance to produce the smooth, delicious, creamy taste which is Zay-Tek's very own.

A tube of Eatmors will be a good introduction to the Zay-Tek family. Buy it at the nearest counter. 5c everywhere.

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There are also Zay-Tek Almond Bars and Zay-Tek Cocoa, in 1 lb., ½ lb. and ⅕ lb. cans. Each is blended to suit the American taste.

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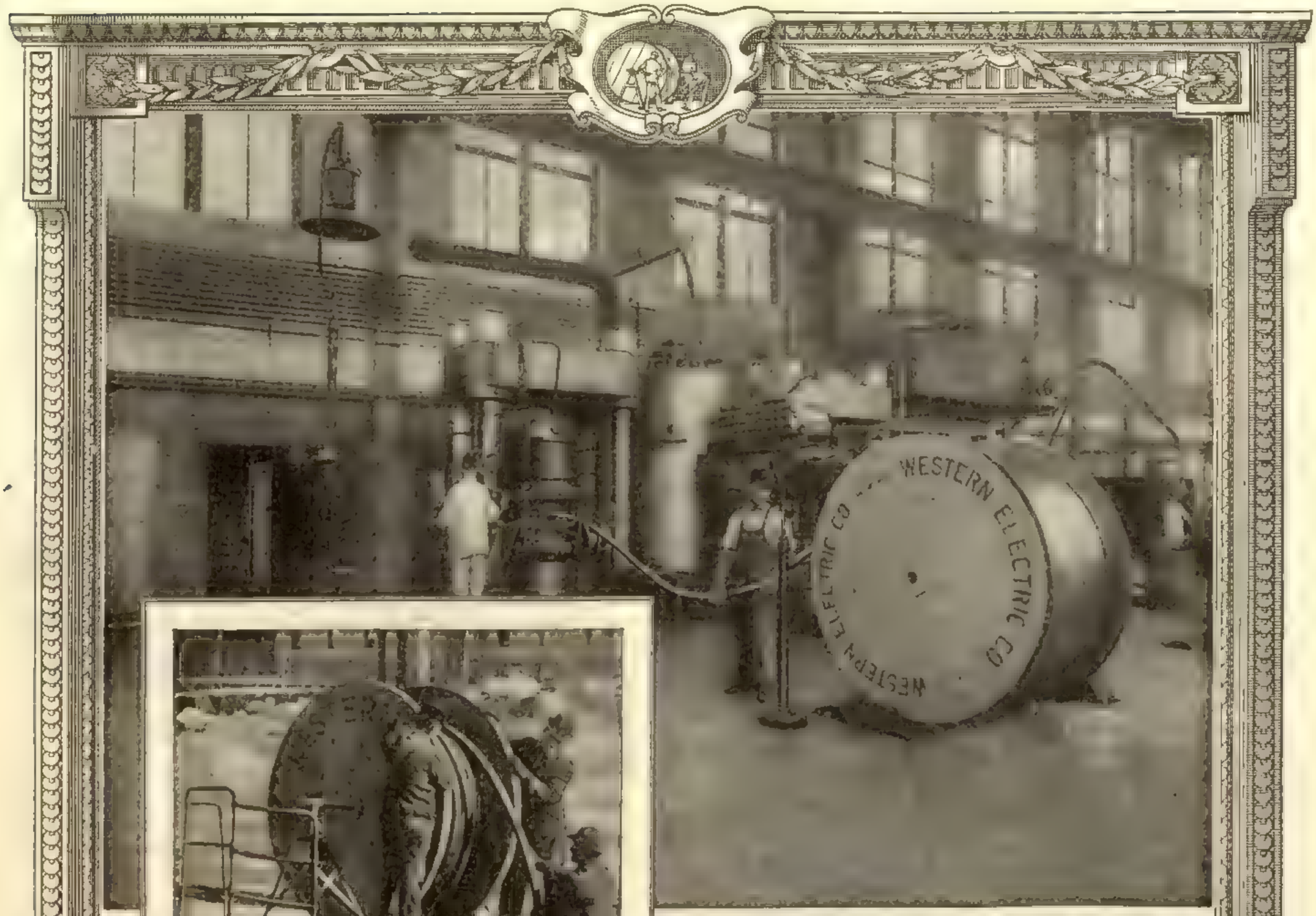

A corner of the cable shop in the Western Electric telephone plant at Chicago. Here nineteen machines like this are busy night and day.

A familiar scene, and what's behind it

To you who have wondered how telephone cable is made, a simple answer would be "One machine winds the wires and another puts a lead covering around them."

But that gives small idea of the task in producing 6000 miles of cable each year from more than two million miles of copper wire, each wire separately insulated and all compressed into a diameter of an inch or two and sealed with a covering of molten lead.

Western Electric is the largest manufacturer of telephone cable in the world.

Yet all this is only one phase of the Western Electric Company's work of making telephones and telephone equipment—and making them in great quantities, yet with extraordinary accuracy.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

SOME MISCHIEF STILL

(Continued from Page 15)

I guess it's too late. You have to live in a house when you're young if you're going to be any good at running one when you're grown up. And the only time I ever really lived in a house was that winter I spent with Uncle John and Aunt Esther."

"But it's harder to run a hotel than a house," he persisted, vaguely afraid that his face might reveal Carrie's comments on Shirley's domestic qualifications. "And pretty much the same thing too."

"Of course. But I know all about hotels and inns and such places. I've lived in them all my life, except that one winter when dad and mums went off to Peru. There! You've got to be convinced now! I've thought it all out, and you haven't."

"H'm. I don't say you're wrong, but"—he shook his head under well-founded forebodings—"but I don't guess Phil's going to like having his wife keep a public hotel; and his mother ——"

"Oh, Phil won't say a word. He understands me. And he's modern; he knows that there's no prejudice against married women going into business any more. Of course I don't expect mother to like it, and that's why I told you first. You can always talk her around when you want to."

Mr. Weldon smiled feebly, as at a compliment, but managed to shake his head. Shirley became suddenly serious—absurdly, adorably serious.

"I'm doing it because it's so terribly bad for people to be idle, father. Unless I've got something to keep me busy I'm just bound to get into scrapes. And ——"

Mr. Weldon underwent a pang of apprehension. He had a deep respect for all proverbially expressed truths, a lively disapproval, on observation and belief, of idleness. Satan was adept at providing mischief for unemployed hands; he glanced at Shirley's with a stab of anxiety. A lovely, thoughtless child, with nothing to do, and that immovable sweet obstinacy against sound counsel. After all, there was no harm in this tavern scheme; at the worst it would waste a little money before she got tired of it and dropped it.

"I'll see what I can do, Shirley." He passed a handkerchief over his forehead. Shirley kissed him on each cheek.

"I knew you'd back me up, father. Now let's go and see what's got to be done to the house. It'll need heaps and heaps of repairs and I'm going to have no end of fun with Mr. Brewer and that funny plumber."

Mr. Weldon started. If he let Shirley deal with Brewer and Lafferty unciceroned and uncensored—his bank-schooled imagination recoiled before the prospective massacre of her money. He went submissively enough across the pasture lot at the back of the garden that separated Phil's house from the main road.

"I'm not going to bother you this time, father. You were such a darling to help me with the chicken house that I'd be ashamed to."

"Wouldn't be a bother," said Mr. Weldon quickly. "Just as lief fool around with the carpenters as not. And Brewer's a sight too sharp for you, Shirley. You better let me handle him for you."

Shirley produced a key to the padlock that secured the front door, and they explored the premises minutely—the four low-ceiled, whitewashed rooms on the ground floor, the two slant-cornered chambers upstairs. Mr. Weldon admitted that it wasn't so bad as he'd thought; the frame was stout and plumb, after its century and a half; they'd need a new roof and floors, and some plaster and paint. He stooped to enter the little attic over the kitchen wing for a closer inspection of the venerable shingles, and his shin discovered a painful obstacle. He struck a match. Shirley, beside him, emitted a delighted cry at a litter of discarded furniture—a spinning wheel, a corded bed, the ruins of rush-bottomed chairs.

"Isn't it lovely!" Shirley clapped her hands softly. "I never thought of looking up here. Mr. Calhoun said the attic was full of rubbish, but he couldn't afford to clear it out at the price I paid, so I said I'd attend to that myself! Won't mother be just delighted, though! We'll move all this stuff downstairs and fix up that south room with it."

She demanded another match, by the light of which she investigated gingerly. Under the eaves there was a raffle of miscellaneous litter, in which she discovered a few funny old colored prints of early Presidents—Tyler and Polk and Monroe and Jackson.

She clapped her hands again.

"I know! We'll use that south room as a gift shop—antiques, mostly. We've got enough right here to make a beginning, and I'll get mother to pick up some more. She can buy them awfully cheap; and we can sell them at simply piratical prices! Father, I've got a feeling we're going to make a wicked lot of money out of this."

Mr. Weldon dusted his trousers and fumbled for the stairway. Shirley was happy, and after all there wasn't any harm in letting her have her way, especially as she'd get it anyway. He discussed alterations with her soberly when they were downstairs again, pleased that she accepted his suggestions so readily.

"I just knew I was right," she declared as he fumbled with the rusty padlock. "I've always thought that I had a natural gift for business, and now I'm sure of it. Just see how well I've done with the chickens, after everybody laughed at me for wanting them! Even you tried to persuade me that I couldn't, father! Own up that you were wrong!"

"Looks like it," said Mr. Weldon, grinning.

She didn't even realize that she hadn't had a thing to do with that chicken venture since the day when he had overruled the piano-box idea. If he hadn't run it for her —— Well, let her think she'd done it all. It pleased her and it didn't hurt him. And he and Carrie, between them, could keep her from wasting too much on this tavern notion.

He half closed his eyes. After all, with proper management there might be money in the scheme. The Grimfield hotel was pretty bad, and there wasn't another within twenty miles in either direction. And the motor traffic on the main road was getting bigger every year. If he and Carrie handled this thing it wouldn't lose much, at the worst of it. And it would keep Shirley from getting into mischief too.

There was more confidence in his tone as he repeated his promise to talk Carrie around. He felt vaguely sure that Carrie wouldn't need much persuasion when she understood.

III

"I SIMPLY don't dare leave her alone a minute. There's no telling what she'll do if I'm not here."

Carrie spoke briskly, as always, but Mr. Weldon observed that she wore the peculiar smile he had come to associate with Shirley. Somehow you couldn't speak of her without that look and that spreading gesture. Even Phil did it, he remembered; and Phil was abjectly in love.

"It's all right, Carrie. I know. I don't mind. We've got to look after her, of course. I'll get my supper here too. Sort of lonesome, home." He glanced about the cheerful low room, admiring Carrie's trick of decoration. Everything in view was for sale, and yet it looked extraordinarily homelike, not a bit like a shop. He could hear Abednego singing, in the kitchen wing:

"So goo'-by, trouble an' pain—
Gonna heavum onna mo'nin' train—
My sin been taken away!"

Carrie knew how to handle 'em. He had overheard her remarks to that shiftless rascal ten minutes earlier, and marveled that Abednego didn't throw up his job at the first sentence. And here he was, singing as if he hadn't a single sore spot!

It was a good idea of Carrie's, bringing Lyddy and Abednego over here to the inn and leaving Shirley's housework in the capable hands of that Jap. Shirley couldn't manage this pair a bit unless Carrie stood at her back, but she got along well enough with the Jap, who didn't need any supervision to speak of. And that Lyddy could certainly cook when she wanted to.

He smiled gently at the pleasing memory of the figures. He and Carrie, between them, had made the inn pay a pretty profit, especially when you considered how he'd kept down the cost of alterations. Those signs brought business a long way; he'd driven over the roads for a twenty-mile radius to nail them up. And Carrie wasn't afraid of charging, either. The prices she got for meals and for antiques!

"If I hadn't been here this afternoon she'd have taken fifty dollars for that four-poster of Martha Sprowl's," said Carrie suddenly. "That woman from Philadelphia happened to say she'd been looking for one, and Shirley came right out and offered to sell hers before I could stop her." Carrie's lips closed firmly. "I got two hundred for it, though. And it cost me thirty-one-fifty, including the refinishing. Shirley thought it was outrageous to ask more than fifty. And she keeps telling me that she always knew she had a gift for business!"

Mr. Weldon grinned reminiscently. "Said that about the chicken house too. And if I hadn't interfered Brewer would have soaked her eight hundred—and extras! But it tickles her to think she's doing it; and it keeps her busy. That's the main thing, after all. It's a bad idea for a girl like Shirley to be left with nothing to do. There's too much mischief for idle hands, mother."

"There's a car at the gate, Arthur. You go meet them. I'd better keep an eye on Lyddy."

She vanished through the swing door, and Mr. Weldon went out to the stoop. He didn't mind welcoming Shirley's customers, although it had pricked his dignity at first. These people were only strangers, whose opinions didn't greatly matter. Grimfield knew that Arthur Weldon and his wife didn't have to keep a hotel for a living. And most of these motorists were nice, agreeable folks, too, pleasant to meet.

He shook hands cordially with a lean, sunburned man in knickerbockers, with a jolly plump woman who made him think of Carrie, a little, and a sober girl of twelve or so, who scraped her foot in a curtsy.

The plump woman exclaimed delightedly at the sight of the show room. Mr. Weldon explained, as usual, that the whole thing was just a fancy of his daughter-in-law, and discovered that he had employed the selfsame spreading gesture that Carrie used. They were nice people, he concluded. They seemed to understand at once that it was just a plaything, not a serious business. He beguiled the brief wait for their dinner with the story about Sim Randall and the hearse, and, encouraged by applause, related as an encore the anecdote of old Sam Dixon and the summer boarder. Grimfield people were familiar with both these stories, but transients generally shouted when he told them.

He and Carrie ate their dinner in the pantry. They'd got into the habit of doing this on busy evenings, instead of going back to the big empty house. Mr. Weldon didn't object; it was sort of fun to picnic over here, and you couldn't trust Abednego and Lyddy to serve a meal without somebody to keep an eye on them

Carrie talked briskly of the day's events. She had sold two rush-bottomed chairs and a set of whale-oil lamps, besides the four-poster, and they had served lunch for twelve people. She had heard about an auction back in the hills, and must manage to get there somehow; it was all she could do to keep enough stock on hand, the way people kept buying. Mr. Weldon listened, mentally calculating profits.

"And she really thinks she's doing it," said Carrie. "That's the best part of it; she's so pleased and proud that I'd never have the heart to let her find out."

He agreed eagerly. If Shirley ever suspected how little she had to do with the Wayside Inn she'd be sure to lose interest and think of something else to do—something that might be a lot worse than this. Let her think, by all means, that she was singly responsible for this, as for the chicken business.

The guests were explicitly content with Lyddy's dinner. The plump lady frankly confessed a desire to kidnap the author of the corn pudding and the architect of that noble beefsteak pie. Carrie received these tributes becomingly, explaining that she had trained the servants herself, and that, of course, they were better than the disinterested help you found in ordinary hotels.

"And now if we could see our rooms," the plump lady continued. "My little girl's sleepy, and we're all tired."

"We haven't any rooms," said Carrie. "It's just a tiny place, as you can see; but there's the hotel downtown."

Her tone conveyed her opinion of the Battle House. The plump lady looked faintly aggrieved.

"Oh, dear! We thought that there'd be rooms. The signs—I thought an inn always had rooms. And that hotel looked perfectly impossible!"

"I'm sorry." Carrie shook her head sympathetically. "It's really pretty bad, by all I hear. But you could go on to Minster—it's only twenty miles or so—and there's a very nice hotel there."

Mr. Weldon's eye encountered that of the solemn little girl, and was detained and enlightened by the intensified solemnity of her expression. She looked resigned, he thought, to those twenty miles, but she foresaw no pleasure in them. Under his inspection she became suddenly self-conscious, and twisted her hands in her lap and turned in her toes. Mr. Weldon had an idea.

"I tell you what," he announced, "you can come up and sleep at our place. We've got plenty of room. Of course"—he encountered Carrie's aghast contemplation and spoke hurriedly—"of course we don't do it as a regular thing, you understand, but—it's part my fault, about those signs. They'd ought to say plainly that this inn doesn't rent rooms, for a fact."

The little girl's solemnity abated slightly. The plump lady hesitated, but the lean man voted promptly in the affirmative.

"That's mighty good of you, sir. But we'd want to pay. As long as your daughter-in-law's running the inn perhaps you'd let us pay her for the accommodations too. I wouldn't feel right about it ——"

Mr. Weldon was about to protest, but Carrie intervened. "That would be all right; you can pay the inn for meals and lodging both. But of course you understand that—that Mr. Weldon and I wouldn't ——"

"Oh, of course!" The plump lady beamed understanding. "It's awfully sweet of you to take pity on us. We're just tired out."

Mr. Weldon rode over to the big house on the front seat with the lean man, and told him the story of Luke McNab's three pigs; and the other one, having to do with the elder and the bootlegger. Carrie put them in the three west rooms, apologizing for the dismal disorder, which seemed to be invisible to any eye but hers. Presently, as Mr. Weldon listened to Carrie's comment on his mad act, there was a step on the stairs and the lean man appeared.

"Too early to turn in," he explained. "And I thought maybe you had some more of those stories."

Mr. Weldon leaned slightly forward. "Have you heard the one about the two Yankees that swapped horses," he inquired.

"No," said the lean man. "What is it?"

When they had driven away in the morning, leaving two express checks in the drawer at the Wayside Inn, Mr. Weldon was pleasantly aware of a slight hoarseness.

He made light, however, of Shirley's contrition.

"Wasn't a mite of bother," he declared. "Not a mite. Turned out to be mighty pleasant folks. Fact is I asked 'em to stop over with me and Carrie on their way back. Got a nice little girl. Made me think of you, some ways, Shirley."

She was not easily comforted, though. "I feel just awful about it—making all that work for mother! It isn't fair; it's my inn."

"Don't you worry about it," he said, narrowly escaping an incautious reference to the fact that Carrie spent seven or eight hours a day at the inn, and that Shirley herself visited it chiefly in the capacity of an absentee landlord. "Mother kind of liked having company, if you want to know. I could tell it tickled her to have that Mrs. Plummer see the hooked rugs in the blue room, and those rope beds and all."

He cleared his throat cautiously. Shirley was partly consoled.

"I'm glad if she didn't really mind. But it's too bad to fill your house up with strangers, father. I just won't have my customers interfering with your comforts."

"Oh, I kind of liked it, myself, if you come right down to it," he confessed. "It's a sort of change, talking to strangers. And Mr. Plummer got me talking about Grimfield folks; sat up half the night, we did. Don't you fret a minute about it, Shirley. We managed fine."

She tugged at his lapels. "You're just saying that to make me feel better, you dear old fraud, father! I know you! And I'm going to see that it never happens again."

Continued on Page 74

After Every M

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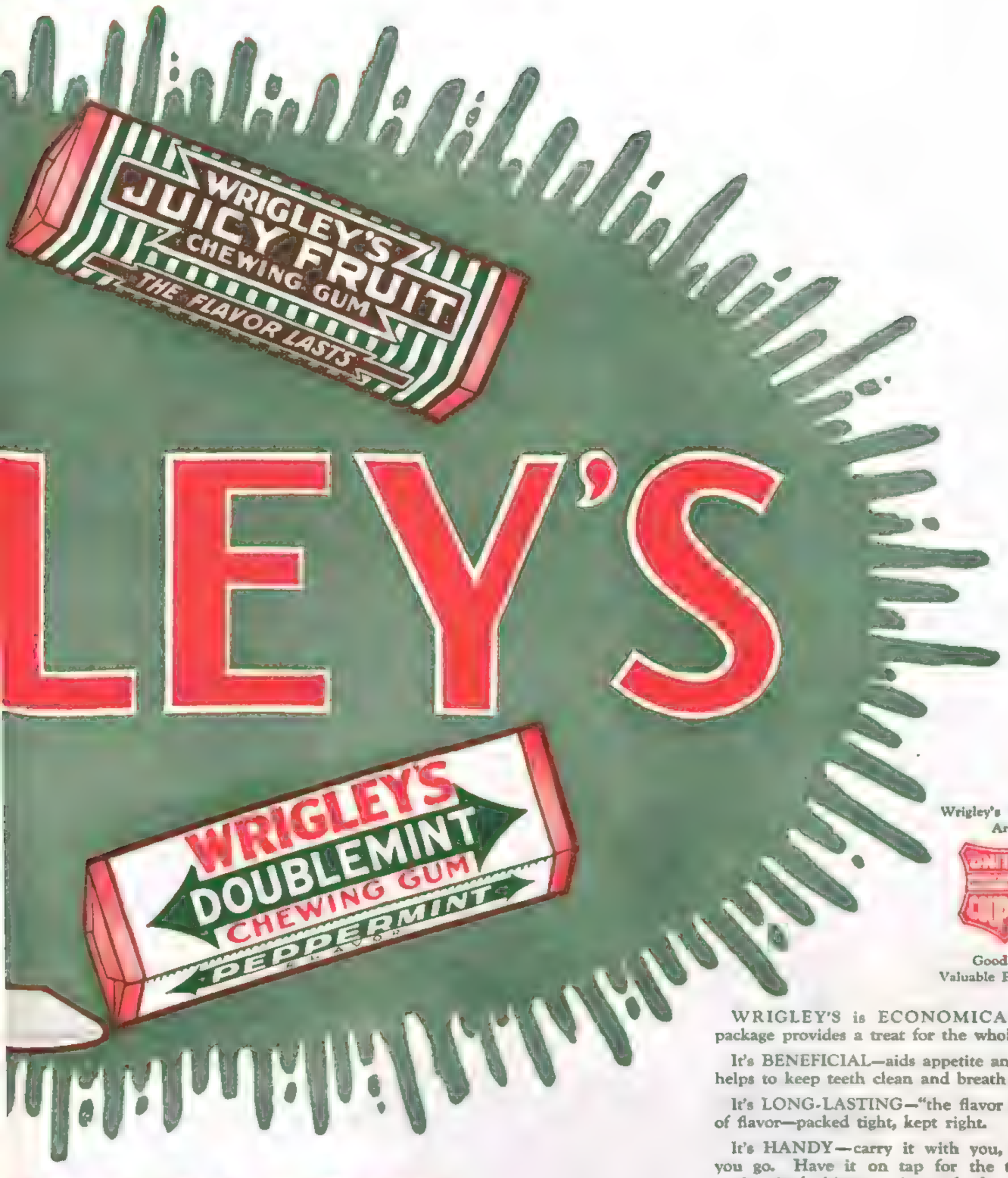

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WRIGLEY'S P-K is the new peppermint-flavored, sugar-coated gum. A combination refreshment that can't be beat!

(Continued from Page 71)

She overestimated her powers of precaution, for it happened again in less than a week. And this time Carrie herself proposed the solution. Mr. Weldon made a curious discovery in the course of this second evening. His prize anecdotes were received with far less acclaim on the part of the two gentlemen from Baltimore than they accorded his narrations of Grimfield episodes to which no native would have listened at all. He also discovered that the world is a relatively small planet; it developed that these wanderers knew the Plummers, and had encountered them this very week at the Blue Mountain House, over in Vermont.

There were other emergency hospitalities at diminishing intervals after this. By the end of July it was the exception when he and Carrie didn't have some of Shirley's guests under their roof. Carrie didn't complain much, considering all the trouble it made for her, and she generally referred comfortably to the effect of these visitations on the profit-and-loss account at the inn. Mr. Weldon himself kept the books of that establishment and drew off trial balances every Saturday. He never even cracked a smile when Shirley plumed herself over his neat figures. She didn't dream that she wasn't doing it all herself.

But it troubled her to let Carrie turn in the money paid for lodgings, in spite of Mr. Weldon's reiterated assurances that he and mother kind of liked having company once in a while and couldn't think of collecting money for themselves.

"It's not fair," she would say. "It's my inn, and I ought to take care of every part of it, instead of just the gift shop and the meals. I haven't any right to feel proud of my profits if some of the money comes from mother's renting her rooms to my guests. I'm going to think up a way to stop it."

Mr. Weldon always found it hard to keep a suitably respectful face when Shirley gave one of her imitations of a person in the act of thinking. It was a good thing he had a sense of humor, he told Carrie. If it wasn't such a joke there'd be more work than fun in this conspiracy to keep Shirley out of mischief.

Even Phil was deluded by the fiction that Shirley did it all. He bragged openly to his long-suffering parents about her; mighty few girls brought up as she'd been could take hold of a business and make it pay this way. They'd never been altogether just to Shirley, he thought; of course they'd never said anything, but he had perceived that they considered her a frivolous, flighty little thing sometimes. He'd even felt that way himself before this inn experiment had shown him what a level-headed little genius she was.

Mr. Weldon and his wife encouraged this hallucination of Phil's, but they shook their heads over it afterwards, and exchanged glances of faintly guilty amusement.

In mid-August the blow descended without warning. Shirley led Mr. Weldon to a corner of the show room at the inn and seized his lapels ominously. He had learned to interpret the look in her unfathomably gray eyes, and he was restive under her restraining clutch.

"I've done it, father! I've solved the room problem absolutely! I just knew I'd think of something!"

Mr. Weldon glanced apprehensively at the kitchen door, beyond which he could hear Lyddy's browbeaten rejoinders to a running fire of comment in Carrie's competent tones. Shirley took the hint and adopted her creamy whisper:

"I don't see why I never thought of it before. It's been standing there for years, just waiting for somebody to realize the possibilities—and I got it for just simply nothing! Aren't you thrilled, father?"

She jerked at the lapels. Mr. Weldon moistened his lips.

"What you been up to now?"

"You don't guess, even after I've as good as told you!" She enveloped him in her smile. "I've bought the old post-road tavern, of course! It's the very place! There's room enough in it to take care of thirty people."

Mr. Weldon felt his jaw sagging. The old tavern! A vision of its forlorn decay rose before his mind's eye. It had been empty since his boyhood, a gaunt, venerable ruin of rotting floors and sagging roof. He managed to reach his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Now, Shirley, honestly ——"

She refused to listen. "I know exactly what you're going to say, and you needn't say it! I've proved that I can manage a business, haven't I? Didn't I think of this inn all by myself and start it, even when you and mother kept telling me I'd just throw my money away? And hasn't it paid? Just because I can't keep house you think I can't do anything, you old stubborn darlings, but you've got to admit that I can run hotels, haven't you? Just look at the way I've succeeded with this!"

Mr. Weldon glanced again at the kitchen door. If Carrie heard this flattening intelligence from Shirley she'd certainly forget and say things. A summer inn was one thing, but a thirty-room hotel —— He'd have to get Shirley away and break the news to Carrie later.

"Let's go and look it over," he suggested. "You—you'll have to put a sight of repairs on it, Shirley."

Shirley skipped delightedly toward the door.

"I just knew that you'd say that, you old dear! You always remember about repairs and little things like that, that I'd forget. Come on and see what we'd better do—unless you're tired of being bothered with that tiresome Mr. Brewer. You'd say so, if you were, wouldn't you? I'd never forgive myself if I made any trouble for you and mother with my little schemes. I always tell myself that when I'm thinking. And that's why I bought the old tavern. I just couldn't stand it to have you and mother worried by putting up all these tourists. It's all on your account, really, so I don't mind asking you to help with the alterations, you see—if you're quite sure that you don't mind."

"I—I'd just 's lief 's not," said Mr. Weldon. "Just 's lief 's not, Shirley, honestly."

"I haven't told you the best part yet." She squeezed his arm as they went through the gate. "The inn's only a summer business, you see. As soon as the roads get bad there won't be enough travel to keep it running. But if we can get the old tavern fixed up we can keep open all winter. Lots of people are getting tired of going South and come North instead. And this would be splendid country for winter sports—snowshoes and skis and skating and tobogganing—lots more fun than playing golf on sand greens, and ever and ever so much healthier too."

Mr. Weldon shook his head, appalled at the utter futility of speech.

"You see I've got so used to being busy this summer that I couldn't stand it to go back and be just an idler when we have to close the inn. And this will give me something to do all the year round, won't it? Let's hurry! I can hardly wait to get Mr. Brewer at work on those repairs."

Mr. Weldon made a noble effort to resist an unworthy temptation. It would be sort of fun, planning those alterations and chaffering with Brewer over the contract, but he had no right to let that ignoble impulse influence him.

"Now, honestly, Shirley, you ought to think this thing over before you go getting yourself all tangled up in it. This hotel's bound to make a sight of work for ——" He caught himself just in time, and was relieved to observe that Shirley didn't suspect that he'd almost named Carrie. Carrie would have the whole thing on her hands, of course.

"Oh, I thought it all out long ago," said Shirley. "You said that very thing about the inn. And just see how little of my time it's taken to manage that! Why, I've seen just as much of Phil as if I'd never started it at all. You see," she explained kindly, "keeping a hotel looks a lot harder than it really is unless you know about such things. And I guess I've lived in enough hotels to know about them! Besides, it doesn't matter how much work it makes—I'm going to do it; I won't have you and mother bothered with putting up my tourists in your house a minute longer than I have to. That's settled. I just won't listen to any tiresome old arguments about it."

Mr. Weldon thanked her.

IV

"I CAN'T possibly go home till after dinner, Arthur. The minute I turn my back something goes wrong, and you know it."

Carrie pursued Abednego with a glance that seemed to exert a galvanic stimulus on his reluctant gait, and resumed her attention to the big yellow bowl of whipped egg. Her sleeves were turned back to her elbows and she was enveloped in a vast white apron, but it occurred to her husband that she looked younger and—yes, happier than since Phil's wedding. He sniffed approvingly at the blended smells of the wide, warm kitchen.

"Just as lief stay here for supper," he declared. "Just 's lief 's not, Carrie, if you don't mind. Shirley going home, I suppose?"

Carrie's lips twitched. "Oh, yes. She doesn't believe hotels are good for young married people. And she thinks that simpleton of an Asa Thorne can manage a place like this! I wouldn't trust him with a hencoop!"

Mr. Weldon nodded gloomily. After suffering acutely over young Mr. Thorne's warped notions of bookkeeping he had solved the problem by taking over that department himself.

"Don't get too tired, Carrie. Strikes me you're doing a mite more'n you have to over here."

She dismissed him with an absent wave of the egg beater.

"Don't bother me now, Arthur. I've got all I can stand as it is. You go out front and tell 'em about Sim Randall and the hearse; maybe it'll keep 'em from thinking too much about this meringue."

Mr. Weldon grinned. He had been at some pains to conceal his preference in favor of the big cheerful common room at the Webscott Arms—Shirley had chosen to name the tavern after herself—but he suspected that Carrie was not wholly deceived. These folks who came up here and paid good money for the privilege of freezing their fingers and ears in zero weather had redeeming qualities, like the summer tourists. He was getting so he could tell that hearse story better than ever these days.

He slid out of his fur coat in the gloom of the cupboard below the back stairs, rehearsing the opening lines of his pet anecdote, a premonitory chuckle gently nudging at his diaphragm. He heard the door of the office open behind him, and identified his son's voice.

"Of course I'd rather go home, Shirley, but it doesn't seem right. You ought to be on the job here."

Mr. Weldon stood very still. It always amused him to hear Phil's innocent ideas about Shirley's part in the conduct of her enterprises. That was the spice of the joke—that Phil never guessed who made them pay.

"They don't need me a bit," said Shirley's round little voice. "Mother's looking after the kitchen and she'll send father out front to tell his stories."

"That's just it. You're leaving it all to them, Shirley, and it isn't fair. Of course I know you don't mean to impose on them, but you do. You let mother plan the meals and manage the servants, and father slaves over the books as if he was hired."

There was a pause, Mr. Weldon held his breath. Phil was beginning to see through this grindstone at last. If he wasn't stopped he'd spoil all Shirley's pleasure in her harmless little conceits. He was about to interrupt when Shirley's voice stopped him very short:

"O-o-oh, grandmother, what terribly sharp little eyes you've got!" It was very much in Shirley's normal manner, but something in the affectionate drollery caught Mr. Weldon's ear as different. "He sees something, Philly does, bless his heart! He's finding out what a terrible little scheming deceiver he's gone and married! Starting hotels and shops and all sorts of things and taking all the credit and the cash while she lets his poor old parents do all the dirty work for her!"

"Don't, Shirley. It's serious. Mother's been putting in just about all her time on this blessed tavern of yours; and father's here about as much as she is. You don't realize ——"

"Don't I?" Shirley laughed. It wasn't a regular Shirley laugh at all, Mr. Weldon thought. It was short and—and almost bitter. "Phil, where was the big davenport in the living room when we came home from our wedding trip?"

"Where—what's the davenport got to do with this?" Phil spoke blankly. "I'm talking about the hotel, Shirley."

"Where was it? So am I!"

"Why—in the corner, wasn't it? I remember that you didn't like it there at first."

"Where is it now?"

"I don't see—in front of the fireplace, of course—but ——"

"Good. What happened when that yellow girl Lyddy was insolent to me and I discharged her?"

"Really, Shirley—oh, all right—mother smoothed her down, of course. Mother knows how to handle darkies."

"She does." Shirley spoke with decision. "One more question: What kind of a bed was in our room, and where did it come from?"

"Why—oh, you mean Martha Sprowl's old four-poster? You were silly about that at first, Shirley. What did it matter who'd died in it? And it was a bully piece, you've got to admit ——"

"Phil, I wasn't going to say this to you—ever. I thought I'd get around it, but I guess we'd better have it out and forget it. When I came home with you I just loved your father and mother. I thought that no girl ever got such a perfectly darling pair of in-laws. But after a couple of weeks—Phil, you're not a woman and you'll never quite understand, but even you can see what it meant to be nothing but a sort of—of visitor in my own house. Your mother hired my servants and they took orders from her—they wouldn't do what I told them unless she backed me up. She'd planned the house, bought the furniture, arranged it, and if I changed a thing I had to get her permission if I could. I knew she did it because she loved us both, but—I just couldn't stand it, Phil. If it had gone on there'd have been trouble between us all. I got so that I was afraid to see your father come up the walk—I knew exactly what stories he'd tell me. And I couldn't set the thermostat to suit myself—he'd always set it back, no matter what I said."

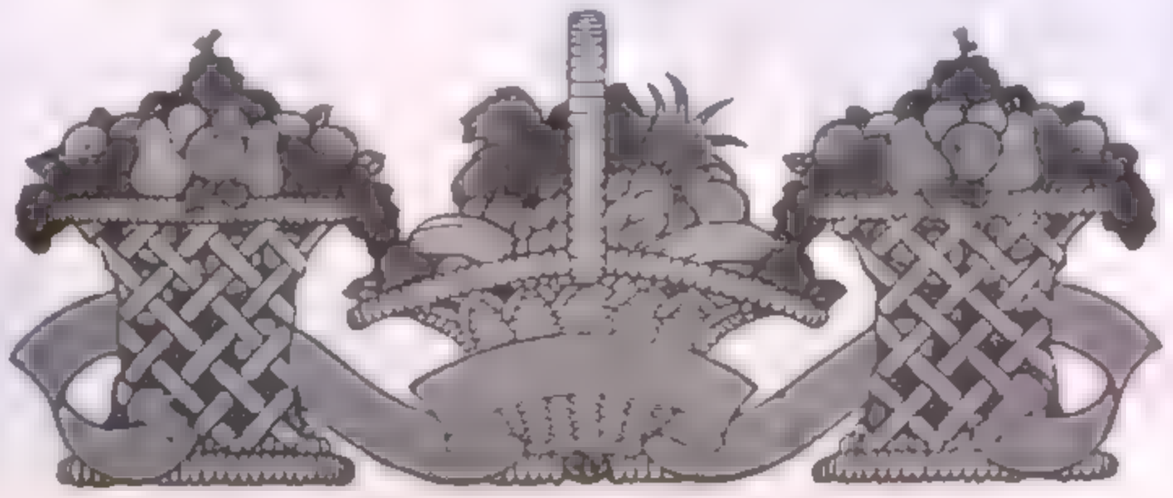
"But you only had to tell them—or me."

"No. It would have hurt them—hurt you—made feeling, no matter how gently I hinted. You're all they've got, Phil, and I'd taken you away from them. I couldn't ask them to stop making a plaything out of us and our home and our life—I could only think up some toy or other that they'd be perfectly sure to take away from me. I couldn't leave them with empty, idle hands; they're perfectly certain to find mischief, idle hands, no matter how old they are. And it's worked. They're happy, and it hasn't hurt them a bit. They just love it."

Mr. Weldon's faint resentment was submerged in a wave of amazed admiration. The cute little—— Who'd have thought there was anything like that in her empty little head? Why, even Carrie wasn't any smarter.

"Don't, Phil—let's go." He interpreted accurately. He heard Shirley's smothered little laugh. Once more it made him think of smooth sweet cream. "Come on, Phil—you'd better! We're having frankfurters!"

Mr. Weldon heard the door slam on a gust of frozen wind. He emerged from his retreat and stood hesitating. Should he tell Carrie? On reflection he decided that it would be better, all around, to go in by the birch fire in the common room and tell those city folks about Sim Randall and the secondhand hearse.



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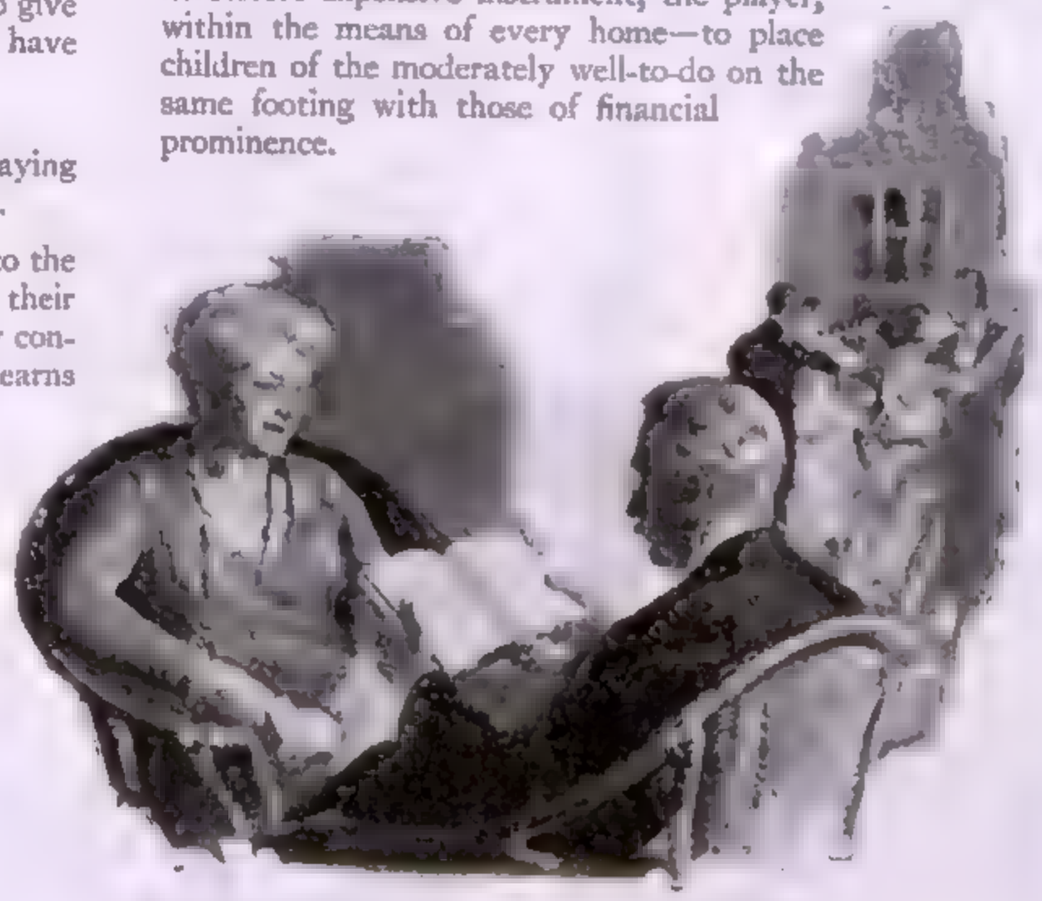

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A JITNEY GUIDE TO THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

(Continued from Page 30)

which comes in mighty handy in case of a leak in the radiator far from the garage and its handy soldering iron. Also a little fuller's earth, if you have a cone clutch, may prove mighty useful in case of overheating.

We were told that in the high altitudes it would be necessary to readjust the carburetor, but we did not do so, preferring to run slowly until we found a downward grade. However, both this and boiling with those who are not used to mountain running are to be anticipated and prepared for, beginning at the Cumberland Mountains, although the altitude reaches its climax on the Continental Divide.

One safe road rule to have constantly in mind is that, notwithstanding your five-gallon can of extra gas, it is wise to fill your tank whenever you get a chance, whether you actually need to or not. This holds equally good for the radiator. Fill whenever you see water, even though she'll take only a cupful. The stitch-in-time principle reaches a high degree of importance on a long motor trip and it is better to be too fussy than to be stranded.

The one real danger of the roads between Hutchinson and Winslow, and then again beyond the Cañon from Williams to Barstow, is the washout. During part of the summer cloudbursts are frequent in this part of the world, and a road that was perfectly passable of an evening may be annihilated at some point by a rush of water from the mountains during the night. It is not at all uncommon to find a bridge washed out or that a big piece of road has been gouged by a temperamental river changing its course. These washes are not always so bad as they look, however. We found that by coming down slowly and stepping on the gas hard at the very instant we struck the bottom we were always able to get out. Never under any circumstances attempt to rush a wash. If you do you ram the nose of your car into the soft sandy soil or clay at the bottom, and are stuck. This is a really serious matter, as washouts usually occur far out in the country, away from any help. You can't depend upon always finding brush to cut if you're mired or stuck in sand, and a large heavy tarpaulin, which folds and takes up very little space, is especially suited for a brush substitute in such a predicament.

Another thing to look out for through the Far-Southwest are the numerous old washes spanned by little bridges. These are sometimes barely wide enough for one car to cross, usually made of wood, and often most unstable. You dart upon them before you know it, for there is usually no warning sign of any kind.

Life in the Wilderness

Just a word about grades. George and I had an awful time accustoming ourselves to driving without warning signs. Back home in the East we have now and then complained about the advertising signs that infest our roadways. We get sick of looking at Whosiz Liver Pills and Anybody's Clothing Store, and are very fond of saying to each other, Wouldn't it be lovely but for this? Just the same we had unconsciously become pretty dependent upon the knowledge that very often these signs are warnings of dangerous curves or grades. Farther West we came close to more than one bad accident before we learned our lesson. The A. A. A. has marked the Santa Fé Trail with direction markers, but there are few warnings until you come into the territory of the Automobile Club of Southern California. A mighty good rule to observe is—slow up when you can't see ahead. You never know what is going to be just beyond that charming horizon line.

And for the benefit of the transcontinental novice let me insist upon the healthy axiom that brakes are of no value on a bad grade. You must have good brakes of course—they are exceedingly important; but through great stretches of the West they are more important to keep you from slipping downhill backwards than to keep you from falling downhill forwards. You will have to make all your bad down grades in low, plus brakes, and even then you will do well to slow up at the summit and begin your descent very conservatively in second, going into low when necessary. To the experienced motorist this is an unnecessary warning, but many a novice will avoid disaster by paying attention to it.

As this is intended primarily for motorists who expect to use hotels, perhaps it is just as well to dispel immediately the miasma of horror and dread that usually springs up at mention of provincial hostelries.

From the moment one leaves Washington behind one leaves the provincial hotel behind. This may seem a strange statement, but it is nevertheless a fact. Few Eastern small-town hotels come up to the high standard maintained as a matter of course by many of the hotel keepers in towns of the Middle and Far West. Speaking generally, the rooms are better equipped, cleaner, better cared for; and as for the food, the transcontinental trip will convince you that the East really knows nothing of culinary art.

From coast to coast we were only two nights bereft of a tiled bathroom. On the first of these occasions we were caught overnight in a mere hamlet where, though there was a bathroom, two large and husky cockroaches had seen it first; and so of course when we opened the door, which they had neglected to lock, and found the place was occupied, we withdrew and left them in possession. The second of these unwashed evenings occurred at Barstow, California, when we had neglected to wire ahead for rooms, and as the large addition to the hotel was as yet incomplete we were forced to content ourselves with a mere fifteen-foot double room, containing mahogany twin beds, a private balcony and a porcelain fixed basin with taps for everything except champagne. Yes, it's a hard life in the wilderness!

Sleeping and Eating

From Washington westward one might, it is true, use some discrimination about one's hotel accommodations, and in the season the wily tourist will always wire ahead for rooms, and preferably two days ahead. The truth of the matter is that the best places to stop are not nearly large enough to accommodate the crowd, and we found that it was far better to waste seventy-five cents on telegraphing for rooms that we found we had to cancel later than to show up tired and dusty of an evening, only to discover that we could not be accommodated. Incidentally, first-class hotel accommodations are not anything like so expensive in the Middle West, and even in the Far West, as they are on the Eastern seaboard.

True, in the big industrial cities you can pay six to eight dollars a night for a double room if you have a mind to. But that is not necessary. On the whole I can affirm that staying at Midwestern hotels is so little more expensive than camping, and so infinitely more comfortable, that even those possessed of a very moderate budget for the trip need not fear planning to use them.

Now about lunches. Until one reaches Kansas City it is safe to say that you will be able to get an excellent lunch at a moderate price in practically any small town at which you choose to stop. But from Syracuse, Kansas, on, however, I would strongly suggest carrying luncheons with you unless you are reasonably sure of overtaking a Harvey House before hunger overtakes you. And on leaving the Grand Cañon, until you cross the San Bernardino Pass into California's golden territory, it is most certainly the part of wisdom to carry lunch from Fred Harvey's hospitable board. And be sure to carry drinking water as well.

Not having been a camper myself I can tell you only a few things that may be of use. At the beginning of the journey, assuming that you start in the East, the well-known free camp life in the open is unquestionably a joy. Water is abundant and so is shade, and many a lush green meadow spreads a tempting camping ground on either hand to lure the weary wayfarer. Many of the nearer Eastern townships are hospitable to campers and many are not. People have a curious objection to letting folks pitch a tent in their

hay or muss up their back yards, and one must stop where there is water. However, all through Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and a considerable distance into the agricultural belt as far as Missouri, camping is true camping.

But directly one leaves Kansas City and enters upon the great Southwest, camping conditions change utterly. Water becomes scarcer. Shaded groves are rarer. In their stead comes the municipal camping ground. These are hideous, almost without exception. As a rule, the only place the weary tourist finds to leave his car is in a sort of roofless garage, or corral, where he is forced to camp in company with anywhere from ten to two dozen other automobiles all parked as closely as if the place were a garage in truth. Water is usually supplied together with some primitive sanitary arrangements, but all the joys of camp life are most certainly lacking.

And there is literally no alternative. When water appears upon the earth's surface in places many miles apart the camper has no choice. Besides this, the prairie and desert are mighty lonely places to pitch one's camp at night unless one happens to be an Indian or a Mormon homesteader. The average tourist needs to supplement his stock of supplies constantly, and every town through which he passes will be well equipped to help him out; the habit of running down to the store for the forgotten yeast cake is not eliminated on a transcontinental tour except by the most experienced and hardened campers, and consequently it is absolutely necessary for the average outfit to park itself within a reasonable distance of a grocery store.

As a rule the public camping grounds are free, but it is not uncommon to find that a charge is made for use of them. I think it only fair to give full warning of the difficulties to be encountered by the camper And Nature lovers who have planned camping out on this trip on the supposition that it is going to be a grand free life in the open are in for a shock.

The idea of recommending that one take notice of any special feature along a route that is just chock-full of scenery may at first glance seem rather absurd. From the moment one leaves the tidy streets of Baltimore behind and begins crossing the friendly and gracious Cumberland Mountains scenery is something that practically cannot be avoided.

The Wonders of the West

But replete with interest as the whole Santa Fé Trail is, and inescapable as are the beauties thereof, I am still going to lay stress upon the advantages of certain side trips that are easily made from the main road, and without which no transcontinental tour is complete.

All through the Middle West you will recognize the trade names of familiar articles blazing across in front of their home sites, and you will find a welcome from practically all these concerns if you care to visit them. I would suggest that whenever possible you do so, inasmuch as actually seeing the tremendous scale upon which America manufactures goods and the wide variety of articles we produce aids materially in forming a proper concept of the country as a whole.

St. Louis does not give the external appearance of a packing center, for its residence district is uncommonly handsome, and it possesses an exceptional art museum.

Kansas City is an object lesson in home building, and the average Easterner will be astounded at the uniform beauty of its residence developments and the interesting manner in which areas are restricted to a given type of architecture. The plan upon which its boulevards are laid out also is unique, and the planting of the parkways that border them will bring joy to the garden lover and the tree worshiper.

From Kansas City to La Junta I know of no particular objects of interest to recommend especially. However, if you are a golfer and are making the trip in a leisurely fashion you will have ample opportunity of playing even in many of the smaller towns, all the way from Washington to Syracuse, Kansas, the St. Louis municipal course being especially worthy of attention, as it is one of the finest public courses in the country. Even in a small town like Garden City, Kansas, a nine-hole course is usually available, and though these are not commonly municipal links, Western hospitality makes little difficulty about permitting the stranger to play.

La Junta is the real starting point beyond which a variety of interesting side trips may be taken, beginning with the comparatively short run up to Colorado Springs via Pueblo, where the road in normal times is excellent, and from which a jog may be made back to the main route via Aguilar to Trinidad.

And of Santa Fé with its prehistoric ruins and Indian villages I have already spoken.

The Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C., provides, upon request, an excellent decorative pamphlet covering all the national parks, as well as automobile and motorcycle regulations, standard rates for trips, guide fees, bedding and provisions, saddle-horse rentals, and so on, and these pamphlets are extremely useful and suggestive. Write direct to the Department of the Interior, stating just what territory you wish to cover, as each section is described in an individual booklet. All these folders contain splendid maps, which are kept up to the minute as to road conditions, and so on.

The One Great Side Trip

Below Albuquerque allow yourself an hour or two at Isleta, an Indian village, which is one of the cleanest and most self-respecting of the Indian centers but which has not foregone picturesqueness in favor of blue jeans, as so many of the professional railway-station Indians have.

Then between St. Johns and Holbrook you will drive directly through a corner of the Petrified Forest, and you should allow plenty of time for a stop-off there.

On the northern route from Belen it is a short trip to the Enchanted Mesa, while Laguna, perhaps the most noted of the pueblos, is almost directly on the railroad but is exceedingly picturesque in spite of the fact that it is the most highly commercialized of the Indian villages.

From Thoreau there is a splendid trip to the more remote Pueblo Bonito, and Gallup offers the starting point for numerous beautiful side trips, notably the Zuni Indian Reservation and the far-famed Cañon de Chelly, which is perhaps the most dramatic trip of all.

On the northern trail the Petrified Forest is reached by a short trip from Adamana, from which point a run can easily be made to the edge of the Painted Desert.

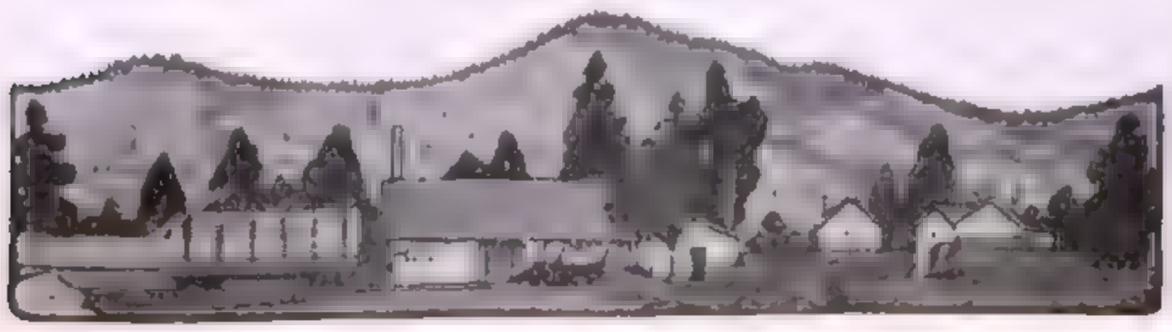
From Winslow you can go down to the Roosevelt Dam over a somewhat difficult but exceedingly beautiful road, or north to the four little sky cities which represent the last stronghold of the Hopi Indians.

Even though you pass up every other side trip from coast to coast you cannot, must not, pass up the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

With Kingman, Arizona, the gold country begins, and the great basins used for washing gold by modern methods are only one of the many interesting things you will want to stop off and see.

From then on to Barstow there are no side trips of importance, and the only thing calculated to delay the traveler, who has by now become thirsty for a glimpse of California, are the marvelous experiments in dry farming for which this district is famous.

Upon leaving Barstow I strongly advise making straight to Riverside, California. But there is no news in that; I have from the start been advising you to go to California.



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THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANGELS

(Continued from Page 19)

Ya-he, the Black Angel, was terribly ill. His was the worst case in all heaven. It was serious. It seemed hopeless. Mudgett paced the anteroom night after night. Then Ya-he got better, the worst had passed, and Mudgett tried to sleep.

He lay down on his cot that night, but could not close his eyes. He rose up, paced the anteroom, paced the hall. He leaned against the door that led downstairs. Motionless, he gazed into the darkness. "I'm glad Ya-he's better." He moved down the hall to the matron's room, put his elongated ear to the door, listened. All was silent. He wanted to knock at her door—an almost unconquerable desire. He wanted to talk to someone. "About the new home when it's finished," he told himself. He stood there undecided, vacillating. "I say now, just about the new home and about Ya-he getting better."

In the gloom of his mind other and curious things were revolving—like a merry-go-round he had seen when a penniless boy, a thing he had wanted more than anything on earth, a thing he had watched until dusk brought out the revolving will-o'-the-wisp lights to mingle fantastically with barbaric strains of music. He wanted something now, wanted it like that. He formed the little matron's name, but did not utter it. Perhaps if he just stood here thinking about her she would come out. He waited. She did not come. "Just about Ya-he getting better," he muttered to himself and waited longer.

But no sound came from Miss Bax's room. She and the babies in there were fast asleep. He thought of her sleeping, tried to imagine her eyes when they were closed, thought of her lovely level gaze, told himself her eyes were like a mirror that reflected a gray curtain, wondered what was back of the curtain. "I say now ——" But the ponderous dark machinery within his mind continued to revolve—will-o'-the-wisp lights, distant strains of music. He visualized a woman's alluring hair, like Egyptian dusk, against the smooth whiteness of her forehead, and he imagined that Egyptian dusk against the smooth whiteness of a pillow. "I say now ——"

Old Mudgett shuffled along the hall and reëntered the antechamber. Fumbling in the dark he placed his ear to a listening instrument. One of the babies was crying. He knew the cry, knew the cry of each of the babies; each was distinct, unmistakable. This was the cry of the smallest angel in heaven—the Dove.

Mudgett replaced the receiver and seated himself on the edge of his cot, supported his head between his hands, pulled his ear nervously. "I got to talk to someone—about the new home," he mumbled to himself. "Is it ever going to be finished? This old building—firetrap." He locked his gaunt jaws with determination. "It's going to be finished!" Cheat? Yes, he'd cheat, bully and beat down. It's going to be finished! Lie? "I say now, it's going to be finished." These thoughts were followed by a great void of darkness in his mind. Into this void came again the carrousel wheeling through the gloom. He reached out his gaunt arms—toward the thing he wanted most in all the world, then, pulling himself together, rose up and started down the hall again. Halfway he turned and came back to the anteroom. Again he picked up the listening apparatus. The Dove was still crying.

Old Mudgett entered the front room and hung over the crib of the tiniest angel in heaven. Awkwardly he patted her with his huge hand. She continued to cry. Presently he lifted her up. She stopped crying. "Why not? Say now, why not?" Miss Bax would never know. No one would ever know. Silently across the cloudlike floor he moved with the Dove in his arms, and entered the anteroom. He closed the door of the front room and the door leading to the hall, and seating himself on the edge of his cot he rocked the Dove in his arms. Against the rules of the home? Well, hadn't he made the rules? Hadn't he? Couldn't he break them if he wanted to? Who was going to stop him from rocking a baby in his arms? "I say now ——" Anyway, Miss Bax would never know.

He leaned over the tiny mite. She was making a strange noise—the sound from which had come her name, like the noise of a dove: "Coo-oo, coo-oo." That was her name. She was saying her name, over and over. Old Mudgett rocked her some more. She made other noises there in the darkness, liquid lovely sounds. He told himself he understood them—understood everything she was saying. She was talking to him, and he understood. He, Thomas A. Mudgett, understood the language of the angels! Say now—another idea! Why not?

He held her up in his arms, leaned over her, whispered her name: "Coo-oo."

The Dove answered: "Coo-oo."

"Of course she knows her name!"

He was delighted, strange thrills passed through the length and breadth of his gaunt body. He tried to think of something else to say. He wanted to tell her the new home was going to be finished and that Ya-he was better.

Presently he whispered, "Ya-he—goo." That was as near as he could come to telling her that Ya-he was better: "Ya-he is good."

"Goo-oo," replied the Dove.

Say now, didn't she understand? Didn't she? Old Mudgett became lost in celestial thought. Presently he leaned even closer to the little mite in his arms. "Goo," he whispered. "Goo—mag" Would she understand that? Would she? He repeated, "Goo — mag - goo-goo" — "God the mysterious, God is good." That is what he was saying.

And the Dove replied, "Goo-goo"—"God is good."

Old Mudgett, trembling with ecstasy, held her close to him, formed another phrase, whispered it, waited for the reply. But no reply came. He placed his elongated ear close to her lips. The Dove was sucking her thumb.

Presently he reached out and got his pillow, placed it across his knees, laid the little Dove on it and covered her with his blanket. "In a few more months, I say now ——" He thought of the inconceivable delight of conversing with them in their own language. He kept thinking and thinking about it. His gaunt form drooped over the sleeping child. "Ya-he's better." He closed his eyes.

In the white slender light of morning Miss Bax slipped noiselessly into the anteroom on her way to the babies. But there she was stopped in her tracks by the sight of the gaunt man drooping over something on a pillow. She refused to credit her eyes. She moved closer. The Dove! What did he mean by taking one of the babies out of its crib? The Dove, at that! She reached out with the determination to carry the baby back to the front room; but instead she just stood there. Her gaze became very level, indeed, and baffling too. Then she turned away, noiselessly left, and went to her own room, where she remained until she heard old Mudgett moving around the hall.

Later she informed him solemnly, "All the babies are better this morning, Mr. Mudgett; and the Dove is entirely well."

IX

ON THIS day old Mudgett climbed down from his heaven atop the foundling home, went out into the outer world, hung over public markets like a shadowy vulture, bargained, beat down and bullied. Once again he sang his sparrow song, "Cheap, cheap, cheap!" and with intensely practical mien approached prospective patrons. To little avail, the Lord knows, he pestered them with prayers for donations. He sang hymns and jazz, laughed and wept. But when it came to lying—he could not. No credit to Mudgett. Somewhere, somehow, he had lost the art of lying—and greatly deplored the loss.

Nevertheless, now and again a handful of workmen appeared across the way, which meant that someone had paid to get rid of old Mudgett. But a ragtag lot these workmen were. Picked up here and there, they loafed more than they labored. They yelled ribald jokes at each other, swore jocosely from the top of the building at their fellow laborers below, called to each other inanely enough: "Hey there, you dumb-bell!"; answered with even more amazing profanity—called each other "hellhound!" In short, they seemed to Mudgett to be on a rowdy holiday at his expense. He fumed, he fretted, he glared

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78

at them from his office window, he strode across the street, cursed them to their faces and shook his huge bony fist under their noses. Then they would quit altogether, on their dignity. "The dignity of such labor!" groaned Mudgett.

Weeks later another ragtag crew would be picked up here and there. Again the same boorish jokes, again the jocose profanity, the "dumb-bells" and "hellhounds"; until poor old Mudgett, wondering vaguely if the world had conspired to stay the completion of the new foundling home, would carry a sick, leaden thing—his heart—to the fourth floor, there to be revived by the sight of the seven angels and their efficient little guardian.

■

NO ONE with any conception of these trials and tribulations will blame poor old Mudgett for the serious mistake he made toward the end of the second year of the great linguistic experiment. He honestly mistook the vibrations of a motor for the flutter of an angel's wings.

The month was March. Moodily pacing his office he suddenly wheeled and flattened his nose against the windowpane. A motor had paused in front of the home. He gaped at the nickel trimmings. Pale lemon color was the graceful body of the car. Mudgett felt sure it had paused merely to turn in the street, and would soon disappear. But, instead, the chauffeur alighted and opened the door.

A woman stepped out, glanced up at the dilapidated building, frowned. No wonder she frowned! What a contrast! This somber old home and this young radiant woman with a gray toque tilted on her head of sunlit hair. She was wrapped in an infinite number of moleskins to the knees. A cluster of jewels held the strap of her gray suède slipper.

Old Mudgett rubbed his eyes. Was this a heaven-sent hallucination? Women came to the home frequently enough; but they usually came in pairs, and always wore flat soles and woolen stockings. Should he rush down the narrow hall and greet this visitant at the threshold? Intensely practical, however, he grabbed his Prince Albert from its nail in the alcove and in his haste obliviously slipped it on over his alpaca coat. Then seating himself in his swivel chair, Mudgett began to write importantly with a broken pen.

"Come in," he called, even before there had been a knock at the door.

The door opened and closed. Tremendous will power alone made it possible for Mudgett to continue for a moment to scribble. When he turned he had the feeling of looking into the emerald sunlight that comes down through the leaves of young trees. Her eyes were upon him. She was smiling.

Mudgett rose with dignity, buttoned the frayed Prince Albert to his alpaca, and bowed.

She had heard about his work—said so herself; and had brought the first unsolicited donation old Mudgett had ever received.

She wanted to make it larger some day; she wanted so to help; and might she—was it very much against the rules, for her to see the kiddies? "I so love kiddies, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Mudgett, madam; Mudgett."

"I so love kiddies, Mr. Mudgett."

No use denying that the emerald sunlight of her eyes was playing havoc with the spacious shadows in old Mudgett's heart. Who can blame him? Poor old Mudgett! No woman had ever smiled at him like that, never in his life. Dazzling upward glances, innocent, appealing. He fumbled for the button at the side of his desk, to call a nurse to show the visitor through the home. But no.

"I say now, I'll show you through myself."

He led the way along narrow halls that smelt of scrubbing soap, up dingy winding stairways, bowed sedately at doors, and stood like the statue of a statesman, hand thrust into his coat, while she leaned over each crib in turn and whispered pretty sibilant things to the older children. She loved, she adored children. She just must adopt one some day! And what a funny old, old building.

Mudgett turned scarlet. It never had looked so dilapidated. But, he boasted, there was going to be a new home—the finest foundling home in America. "I say now, there won't be another like it."

They had reëntered his office. He pointed out the uncompleted wall across the way, pulled his elongated ear, divulged his hopes and plans, told about the heaven atop the home.

"There are more babies!" She could hardly believe it. Her emerald eyes were wide with surprise. "I haven't seen them all?"

"Seven more," Mudgett informed her with tremendous importance. "Seven. And think of it—they haven't seen a human face since they came here; haven't even heard a voice!"

She was incredulous. But Mudgett convinced her, tapped the book on his desk, opened it; and when she tried to pronounce some of the baby words old Mudgett hung over her, shadowlike and gaunt.

"I must, I must see them!" A weeny bit tired now, she had to go; but could she come again—soon?

"I say now, will you?"

Standing at the curb old Mudgett remained in an ethereal trance long after the pale yellow motor had vanished. He was oblivious of the March breeze that flapped the coat tails of his Prince Albert, oblivious of the workmen calling each other dumbbells and hellhounds across the way; and also, alas, oblivious of the solemn gray eyes that were looking down upon him from the heaven atop the foundling home.

As motionless as Mudgett was now standing, Miss Bax had stood since first the motor with its glinting nickel trimmings had slipped up to the curbing. Miss Bax had seen the top of a jaunty little toque, the dainty shoulders of a moleskin wrap, and had thought of a certain raccoon coat she had dreamed of long ago. Standing there, four flights up, she had imagined a faint elusive fragrance, and actually caught the sparkle of a rhinestone button on a gray suède slipper. She had stood motionless amid the wails, the laughter and tears of heaven for nearly an hour. Her reward—a glimpse of that appealing face that had gazed up at Thomas A. Mudgett a moment past. Poor old Mudgett! She knew the droop of his shoulders, had seen them droop like that once or twice during these years. And she knew the meaning of that rapt expression upon his gaunt features.

When he turned slowly into the house Miss Bax turned slowly from the window. Silently she went through her afternoon routine—bathed each of the babies, fed them, tucked them in at dusk, and after picking up the room for the night slipped through the empty gloom of the anteroom. She desired no supper. Weariness—the weariness of two years that she had never admitted even to herself—descended upon her.

She undressed, removed her trim little corsets, slipped off her lisle stockings and allowed them to lie in a limp heap on the floor. She sat on the edge of her bed gazing at her nicely modeled foot and thinking dully of suède pumps and silken stockings. Presently, wearily, she put her small feet into flat-soled Japanese slippers with pompons on them, donned a faded kimono that poorly matched the pompons, stood in front of the mirror for a moment gazing at her hair, her eyes, her throat and shoulders, then, without further ado, lay down on her narrow bed and wept.

XI

WITHIN a fortnight the pale yellow motor again paused in front of the foundling home. Old Mudgett was unable to restrain himself. He rushed down the narrow hall, and was greeted at the door by a nicely dressed young man with a dent in his nose. All too patently Mudgett's disappointment was portrayed in his gaunt features.

The man laughed. "Not Miss Saxton this time. My name's Norton—Max Norton. I'm her representative, Mr. Mudgett."

A very agreeable person he proved to be, and also, despite his small nervous hands, quite commanding. From the moment of his appearance things began to happen—rapidly. He fired old Mudgett's imagination with the suggestion of a rather large donation. Miss Saxton had become really, deeply interested in the home. "A big donation."

"Say now"—Mudgett eagerly translated the promise into a reality—"we'll put it into the building fund."

For an hour they were closeted, heads together, in Mudgett's office. And undeniably Norton's interest in Mudgett's secret book of the language of the angels was genuine, sincere. When shown to the fourth floor he kept his eyes to a peephole for half an hour or more, and bubbling with enthusiasm accompanied old Mudgett on a marketing trip that very afternoon.

"Great experiment! No doubt about it; greatest in history! I tell you," said Norton, "I believe you've accomplished something big. I don't know anything about it, but I tell you, Mr. Mudgett, I'm sure this experiment is unique, and I believe it's big."

"I say now, I think it's big too."

They talked as they strode along.

Norton made an interesting suggestion: "Why not get two or three philologists, real ones, from the big universities?" He could get them; knew he could.

"Would they come to the home?" asked Mudgett. "Say now, do you think they would come to the home and see it for themselves?"

Norton was confident of being able to arrange it. "And if I succeed you won't have to worry any more about the building fund. It will go big." He went into details—the right kind of newspaper stories. And still another brilliant flash came to him. "I have it! It's going to be big. Why not on that occasion—say it is big—when the philologists are looking on and listening—why not let the babies hear someone's voice for the first time? Phonographic records. Phonographic records! Big! I tell you, it's going to be big. What will they say in their own language when they hear a voice for the first time and see a human face for the first time?"

"I say now! I say now!" Mudgett was carried away with the idea. "Could you"—he hardly dared suggest it, but summoned the courage—"could you get Miss Saxton?"

That evening gaunt, shadowy Mudgett, blinded by excitement, made his way to the fourth floor and told Miss Bax. She gave no sign of the havoc his words wrought behind the calm gray curtain of her eyes. She listened, seemingly unperturbed, then turned away and busied herself unnecessarily in the dietary kitchen. After all these months, these years—another woman. She had taken care of them, watched over them, and—and they were to see someone else, hear some other woman's voice.

She wondered who this other woman was, and the more Miss Bax wondered the more she wondered.

The following afternoon before taking her tramp through the park the little matron called for a number on the telephone, and, later, said to Mudgett, "I wonder, Mr. Mudgett, if you will take the evening watch? Someone is coming to see me."

"A man?"

"Yes."

Mudgett pulled his ear nervously. "I say now, is he married?"

There was no finesse in the little matron's make-up. "He isn't married, but he's old enough to be my father."

An old, old friend indeed, the ship-news editor of one of the large dailies, he came that evening with a heavy, substantial tread and the sound of a cane along the narrow hall to the dimly lighted office.

"Helen," said he when he was inside, patting her hand, "you're prettier than ever. I've a notion to forgive you for treating me shabbily."

"But I haven't been out of the house, Jim, except for a walk in the afternoons; not for two years."

He was a large man, carelessly dressed, with iron gray hair. He continued to pat her hand. "Can't believe it. Not with that color." He hesitated. "It's real?"

"Yes, it's real," laughed Miss Bax. "You don't mind that I dragged you way up here? It's important." She waited for him to seat himself comfortably in Mudgett's swivel chair. She remained beside the desk—standing there, looking down at him in the dim light. "I want you to tell me about some people; then, afterwards, we'll plan the little trip you promised me on the press boat. Who is Miss Saxton, Jim?"

"Never heard of her. What's her first name?"

"Flora. . . . Flora May Saxton."

He regarded her with humorous incredulity, a twinkle in his eyes. "Don't you ever read the papers?"

The little matron blushed. "I haven't time to read anything."

"Flora May Saxton. Well, Helen, a woman shouldn't read the papers," said he stoutly. "Not fit—only the ships' news, anyway. Flora Saxton—well——"

"Yes. What is she, Jim?"

(Continued on Page 84)

The Dance of the Perfumes

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(Continued from Page 81)

"Well—not an unusual type; only—she's prettier than the rest. Her principal rôle—the one that made her famous—was in connection with a breach of promise or alienation of affection suit or something of the kind two or three years ago. Then—there were other things—and, after the trial, headliner in vaudeville. Let's talk about something else. Myself, for instance. You've noticed I'm beginning to use a cane, Helen. I'm still unmarried. I'm beginning to use a cane, Helen."

She put her hand into his and he patted it with tenderness.

"There's someone else I want to know about. A man named Norton; Max Norton."

He became interested. "You're dealing with characters. What's back of this questionnaire? Are you writing a drama? What's the plot?"

"But that's what I'm trying to find out," said Miss Bax. "Who is Max Norton? Do you know him?"

"I've known him ever since he was a copy boy."

"Yes?" She waited. "Please go on. What is he now?"

"Offhand, I'd say he's an architect—specializing in castles in the air. That is, the things he builds seldom have foundations. Norton—well, say someone wants a reputation. Max will build it for a consideration. Nice fellow, keen, successful—one of the keenest press agents in the business."

"I think that's all I want to know," said Miss Bax in an even voice. "Now tell me about the garden on Long Island and the men who go down to the sea in ships."

"Let's talk garden," he insisted, rooting in Mudgett's desk for a sheet of paper. "I'll show you how I'm planting it this year." And he began to draw diagrams.

Some days later Miss Bax received a note scribbled on copy paper. With difficulty she deciphered this breathless piece of information:

Asparagus is up.
JIM.

P. S. Flora May Saxton is to make her début on the screen latter part of this month. Will you go with me? Picture called The Foundling. J.

XII

NIGHT in the little room adjoining heaven, yet far removed therefrom. This is the immaculate room done in gray and old rose. But it is night, and the little matron, with fingers interlaced beneath her head, is gazing up into the dark void above her narrow bed. It seems to her she is not looking up, however, but down into a well the fathomless waters of which mirror vague, disquieting pictures. Reflected are the faces of other women's children—children they have abandoned and she has loved. That is one of the things she sees—her love for them, pent up for months, for years, never a syllable, never a sigh to tell them of it.

Even more clearly, gazing into the darkness, she sees the foundling home, poor old Mudgett, heaven itself being used to advertise the wares of Flora May Saxton. She tries to imagine the stories Max Norton will write about the first woman these babies are to see—the gurgles of delight, the gestures, the liquid sounds that will come from their throats as they cling to her with bewildered joy. She tries to imagine these stories actually in print—Mudgett's records of two years, college professors, phonographs to give them authenticity; her months of weariness and love, the home, Mudgett, heaven itself, described in the papers to advance the notoriety of some woman—such a woman!

The little matron restlessly unlaces her fingers, gropes for the listening apparatus at the side of her bed, places it to her ear. Lo! One of the angels is awake. It's Ya-he, the Black Angel. He's laughing: "Ya-he-he-he!"

She continues to listen. Heaven becomes silent.

Determinedly now the little matron closes her eyes, but presently they open wide again, staring into the darkness. Perversely enough, she cannot stop her mind from working. She is thinking of gaunt, helpless Mudgett. Her thoughts, however, contain no demeaning adjectives. She sees him as he is—not his acts, but his motives. And her vision is very clear. Also—this, too, is strange—she gazes unperturbed into the darkness when her mind pictures him as a gaunt ungainly man begging and bullying—penurious, miserly, vulturelike. She loves him for all three qualities because—well, because. She can't explain it to herself, but there is something noble even in miserliness—when it is for a purpose.

She tells herself, "He isn't afraid of what people think. That's part of it. He just goes ahead, bargaining, beating down, begging. The thing he is trying to do is bigger than the things people think—counts for more."

Then, too, aren't these qualities the readable record of the things he has suffered—a life as angular, hard and shadowy as he himself? His exterior is a portrait of his life—that is it—a portrait of his life—his huge bony fists, those gaunt shoulders.

Lying there another curious thought comes to her: "What a spacious, gloomy heart he has!" She thinks of its vastness, its simplicity; and remembers that a single candle on a frosted cake had dispelled its gloom. A spacious heart, but how easily illumined!

Again she gropes for the listening instrument. Heaven is silent.

She asks herself a question: Is love ever unselfish? Her love? Suppose he should love some other woman; suppose it were possible to transplant all the feeling she has for him into this other woman, leaving herself empty, would she do it? Did she love him that much? "Yes," she whispers presently, "I love him that much. But I wouldn't do it!" It isn't a fair question; she has put it merely to torture herself. "I couldn't do it because it would leave me just an empty shell." And she thinks of herself as an empty shell lying at the bottom of the deepest of oceans.

Once during this tortured night she sits bolt upright in her bed, her gown falling from her shoulders. She will dress! She will tell him who these people are! Now! She can't wait. But presently she sinks back among her pillows. If she told him he would be sure to go through life with his shoulders drooping and with that perplexed look in his eyes. No, it wouldn't do, it wouldn't do. He must find it out for himself. He himself must discover them. How? She knows not. When? She cannot answer. But he must discover things for himself.

Again she listens, hoping for some sign from heaven. But there is none. The angels are sleeping. She places her head in the elbow of her arm.

"No—I couldn't do that. I don't want to be an empty shell. I want to sail like the nautilus over the surface to the end of the wide ocean, then—then with all imperfections left behind to sail on and on—together."

Dawn reaches in with its slender finger and closes the little matron's soft gray eyes.

XIII

EASTER came in the April of this year, so it will be remembered; and on Good Friday, the date set by Max Norton, three distinguished scholars met in the dingy office of Thomas A. Mudgett. The culminating event of the great linguistic experiment was about to take place. Mudgett was arrayed in his Prince Albert, a stiff shirt and high winged collar. He had strutted about all morning in this regalia, giving orders, repeating them, dominating the home. But now he was pulling his elongated left ear, clearing his throat, and gulping in an effort to explain the magnitude of his experiment. Almost incoherent, he was botching it terribly. Norton, at the desk assiduously making notes, turned and shot old Mudgett a glance. In lucid smooth periods Norton explained what Mudgett was trying to say. The three philologists listened politely. Now and again the bald-headed man sitting by the window crossed the other knee and pursed his lips, but he listened; now and again the large man near the desk shot his gray, parted beard a little farther out of his collar, but presently sank back in his chair and listened; occasionally the sallow young man by the door smiled and his eyelids twitched behind thick glasses, but still he listened. All were listening politely. It was clear, even to old Mudgett with his brain a hopeless muddle, that all three were agnostic to his evolutionary theory of language. They doubted the value of his experiment, doubted him, his angels, heaven itself. Agnostics. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"I got it in the book!" He rose up and broke in upon the smooth dissertation of Norton. "I got it in that book—there!" He hung over them, shadowy, vulturelike. "I say now, you don't believe it, but I got it in a book—written down." He strode over to the desk. "It's in here." He put the book on a table and opened it. "Hundreds, four hundred and thirty sounds and combinations of sounds. I got the sounds they use again and again. And there's meaning back of them. A language. The language. The first language. I can talk it. I can talk it, and they can talk it. It's their language. They understand each other; not everything, but enough—most everything. And I can understand them. You may laugh ——" He straightened up, faced them defiantly. No one was laughing. "I say now, I'm not a scholar; but I understand them. I don't know Greek or Sanskrit; but I've taken down the sounds they make and written down what they mean and traced these sounds right into the common everyday words everybody uses right here in America to-day. Language came from this, and Greek came from it, Sanskrit, Latin, all the languages You don't believe it? I'm going to prove it! They've never heard a human voice, not a single word. But you're going to hear them talk say things, understand each other. You can take notes, and the phonographs will take notes too, then we'll come back to this book and you'll see for yourself. That's all. I'm going to take you up there to hear for yourself the original language. I'm going to take you now, right now. I'm not going to wait any longer. Right now. That's all."

"Not quite all," put in Norton. "The experiment is even more interesting, gentlemen. To-day," he told them impressively—"to-day for the first time in their lives these children are going to hear a voice and see a face other than their own. They are going to see a woman, and as is fitting, a beautiful woman. You are to witness their reaction. Careful phonographic records will be taken of all the sounds they make when she enters. They have given names to everything around them everything they have ever seen. You may quite properly ask yourself: What will be their name for woman? The name in the original language, for woman? For this woman? We shall see. Miss Saxton will be here in a few moments. Perhaps you have heard of her—for she is, gentlemen, concededly the most beautiful woman in America. I shall wait here and bring her to the fourth floor."

Mudgett led the way; the three philologists followed, discussing learnedly in low tones a certain brand of pipe tobacco. Reaching the fourth floor, however, they became interested in the scientific arrangement and apparatus of the anteroom, and when they placed the receivers to their ears and their eyes to the miniature portholes all three became absorbed. Who would not?

The babies had but recently awakened from their nap. It was midafternoon. Ya-he, the African giant, and Caw-caw, the White Crow, were having a wrestling match in the far corner over a string of empty spools. They were grunting at each other angrily. La-la was looking on, ready to pull Caw-caw's hair when the chance presented itself. Yo-o was laughing. The Dove, seated beneath a window, was crooning to a rag doll. The two other babies were still in their cribs.

Miss Bax, trim and efficient, with gray veil and gray-blue uniform, was oblivious of the four pairs of eyes watching from the anteroom. Quietly she went about her duties—making up the cribs, dressing the babies, putting them on the floor to play. Her thoughts were not of the philologists at all. She was thinking of the woman nay, was it not a serpent that soon would enter this Paradise so carefully guarded from all the world? Her mind made a natural digression. What would Flora May Saxton wear? Diamonds? Cloth of gold? Something equally gaudy, she decided.

The babies having been adequately clothed, Miss Bax threw wide the great windows, converting the room into what was quite as airy and healthful as a protected porch. She stood there for a moment gazing across at the new foundling home, slowly nearing completion. Midafternoon and the laborers were at their noisiest—good-naturedly shouting their shocking profanity from the roof to the sidewalk. The little matron decided it was best to close the windows on this day of days. Having done so, all was in readiness for the climax of the great experiment. Miss Bax stood motionless for a moment

(Continued on Page 87)

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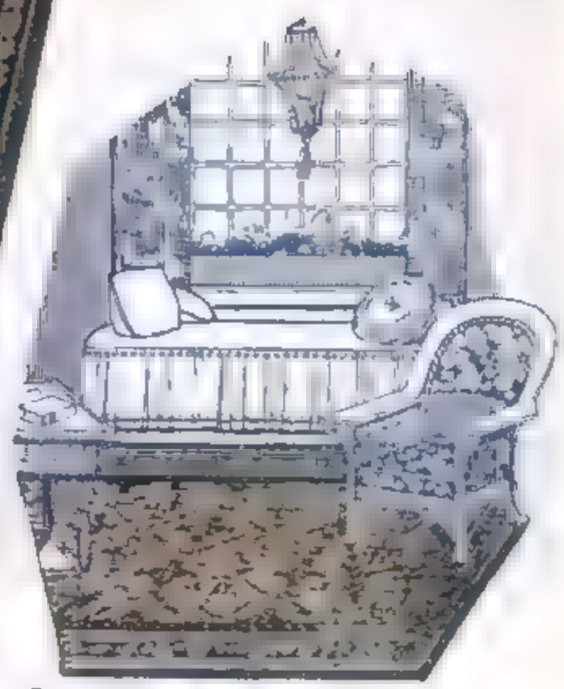

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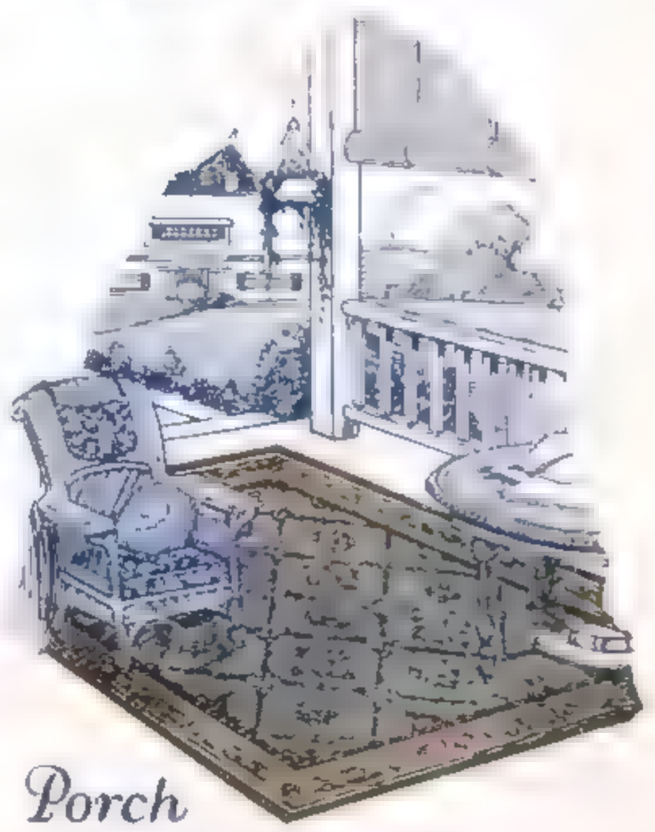

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(Continued from Page 84)

looking down upon the seven babies, then entered the anteroom, and for the first time in nearly two years left the door of heaven unlocked.

The tense moment had arrived. The three philologists, standing on the step beneath the portholes, peered into the front room. The bewhiskered man was taking notes. Mudgett had gone to the top of the stairway. A woman's voice was audible: "What a climb! I'm all out of breath. And the kiddies, how are they?"

She reached the top of the steps and leaned against the wall, catching her breath in little gasps, her hand to her breast. Mudgett's shoulders drooped as never before while he gazed with rapture upon this beautiful creature. Norton was still on the stairway; only his beaming face with a dent in the nose could be seen. "Big! It's going big, Mudgett." He squeezed past, entered the anteroom and busied himself with the recording phonographs.

This was Miss Bax's first close view of Flora May Saxton. The matron had removed her gray veil and was standing in the doorway leading to the narrow hall. Nor could she find it in her heart to blame the devotional droop of poor old Mudgett's shoulders. Miss Saxton was pretty; no denying it. Nor was she bizarre in cloth of gold. Clinging crêpe meteor she wore. Her wraps had been removed. Her hair was fluffy sunlight. Her eyes —— Involuntarily the little matron moved closer, gazed at the eyes of the woman who was whispering things to gaunt, shadowy Mudgett.

Where—where in the world had she seen her before? Where had she seen those unforgetable emerald eyes?

Norton terminated this perplexed musing. Everything was ready, he announced. The recording machines were ready to record the angels' name for Flora May Saxton.

Flora May floated past Miss Bax without seeing her, and entered the anteroom. The philologists glanced down from their peepholes. She smiled at them with the same witchery that had befogged old Mudgett. And no doubt each in his own mind was casting about among innumerable languages, Greek, Latin and Sanskrit, for a word which might express this radiant creature. But that was for the angels to decide.

There were only five portholes, and none had been reserved for Miss Bax. The little matron made her way to her own room. At the window she looked down upon the yard of the foundling home, where the larger children were playing hopscotch. She had known them since they were babies. All these years. Yet she could not recognize one of them. Mist clouded her gray eyes. She wiped away the mist. "A woman has no right to cry," she told herself, "unless she is very, very old or very, very young. I'm neither. I'm just very, very foolish." She smoothed her hair at the small mirror over the dressing table, fumbled in the top drawer for a fresh handkerchief, then, being also very, very human, sat on the edge of her bed and placed the tiny listening apparatus to her ear.

Flora May had entered heaven. This fact was evinced by the rushing here and there of the angels—their small bare feet pattered on the cloudlike flooring. Heaven was in a turmoil. Miss Bax held the receiver rather listlessly. She could visualize them, knew what they were doing, where they were. Similar scenes had been enacted before when something had startled them—a few howls, and the scurrying of bare feet and bare knees.

Now they were silent. All of them. Not a sound. She could visualize their wide eyes and gaping mouths as they crowded together for mutual protection against the wall, near the cribs. She wondered if the phonographs had recorded the frightened howls.

La-la began to cry.

Goo began to cry.

All the angels in sympathy began to cry.

"Kiddies ——" The voice of Flora May rose above the din. "Kiddies ——" There was shocked silence, breathlessness. Flora May laughed. "Kiddies, what is your name for me? You mustn't be frightened. What is your name for Flora May?"

Caw-caw, the White Crow, the offspring of vikings, let loose an ear-splitting wail. And all the angels in sympathy began to wail.

"But, kiddies! Kiddies!"

Silence.

"You mustn't cry like that. I'm just a woman."

La-la and Yo-o howled in unison.

Miss Bax smiled. Then the smile left her eyes—suddenly.

"You're awful!" came the exasperated voice of the Saxton woman. But it was not this that caused Miss Bax to clutch the listening instrument so tightly to her ear. She had detected amid that babble an unusual sound, a combination of sounds, a word. She could have shrieked aloud, "Take her out of there!" She whispered, "Oh! Oh! It's terrible! It's —— If they stop their howling everyone will hear it—the philologists, the phonographs! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Kiddies"—again the voice of the Saxton woman had risen above the babble, again there was silence—"what is your name for Flora?"

A soft angel voice answered before the question was completed. "Ell," said Ya-he, the Black Angel, trying out a word, "ell—ell—ell—ell—ell—elloun—elloun—elloun."

Caw-caw made it a duologue and got the "h" "Hellhoun'—hellhoun'—hellhoun'."

And all the angels took up the cry in sympathy.

Miss Bax dropped the instrument, rushed from her room, along the hall, into the antechamber. The bald-headed philologist was shaking with mirth, the bewhiskered one was chuckling, the sallow youth was taking notes. Poor old Mudgett with his Tower of Babel falling about his elongated ears was groaning, "I say now! I say now!" Norton, vying with the angels, was vilifying the phonographs in his frantic effort to get them turned off.

It was too horrible! The little matron hardly paused. She burst into heaven. Chaos. Pandemonium. All heaven was vilifying the woman. The angels were swearing like parrots. The Saxton woman in her bewildered desperation made a grab for one of the flying babies. She caught the little Dove. "You! You little ——"

Miss Bax ran to the child, stood over the woman.

"You mustn't! Don't you dare!"

But her threat was unnecessary. Some mysterious thing more potent than the little matron had laid a restraining hand upon the woman. She stooped over the Dove, transfixed; a drawn expression, almost a grimace, came over her lovely face. She loosened her hold on the child, staggered to her feet and groped for the door. The little matron led her gently to the anteroom, where Norton, now grimly silent, took her in charge. Mudgett had followed the philologists to the stairway, expostulating, "I say now! I say now!"

Miss Bax reëntered the front room. She closed the door. She was alone with the babies, her babies. "Mine!" She held out her arms to them and they came running to her, clung to her skirts. She got on her knees among them, and they smothered her, sobbing and wailing. "Mine!" She was no longer mute. The pent-up love of months came to her lips in words and to her eyes in tears. "My babies! Mine!"

It was dusk before the little matron could quiet them and get them into their cribs. She leaned over each in turn. First there was Ya-he, then La-la, then Goo. To each she gave its first kiss. They laughed. They thought it very amusing indeed—to be kissed. They had never been kissed before. They laughed and imitated the noise with their lips. Next there was the giant, Caw-caw, who thought it funnier than all the rest. He laughed even louder than Ya-he. Then came Gar-r-r, the Merchant Prince; then the Dove.

Over the sixth crib she leaned for a long, long while. The Dove was silent, looking up at the little matron. Miss Bax studied the large lovely eyes of the Dove—like emerald sunlight coming down through the leaves of young trees. "I wonder—I wonder ——" And presently she said, "You are going to be mine. I'm going to adopt you."

As she straightened, a curious object came into her vision—a gaunt, shadowy man standing silently by the door in the dusk. Poor old Mudgett! His shoulders were drooping. He seemed wholly befogged.

"I—I'm going to adopt her," whispered the little matron.

Mudgett gazed through the gloom, and he shook his great shaggy head. "No. I say now, Miss Saxton's down in the office—crying. She wants her."

"She can't have her!" said the little matron.

"Crying," repeated Mudgett. "This heaven has done something to her—to me—to all of us. It's changed her. I can't tell you what she told me. I say now, she told me everything."

"She can't have her! She can't have her! She tried to use you, these babies, heaven itself ——"

"That was Norton," said Mudgett. "She couldn't tell him—not till just now. When she first came to the home something drew her here. She couldn't stay away any longer. She thought her own baby was here—and it was."

"She can't have her! She can't have her! She can't have her!"

"Listen!" said Mudgett. He moved through the dusk and leaned over the sixth crib. "Listen!"

From the Dove was coming a lovely liquid sound: "Goo—goo."

"What does it mean?" asked the little matron.

"It is the first thing that every baby says. It means," replied Mudgett hoarsely, "it means, 'God—is—good.'"

Silence. Dusk. And the silence was broken by the sob of the little matron. "I want her. I—I want her."

Poor old befogged Mudgett! "I say now," he faltered, "why don't you have some babies of your own?"

"Mr. Mudgett!"

"I say now—I mean—why don't we—we—have some of our own!"

And heaven was atop the foundling home—fourth floor front.

(THE END)

TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 21)

Arthur made a few beginnings, and then addressed all the women impartially.

"Well," he said, "it would be quite easy to explain to you all singly, y'know. But ——"

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Gwen. "I know!"

Angela looked at Gwen furiously.

"I should understand perfectly," sighed she.

"I tried to please everybody," said Arthur, seizing on the little favor with which his mendacious defense was met.

Lady Hunter passed Cyril a stunned look.

"I know, dear Arthur," Mrs. Drelincourt slipped in. "It's just that you have such a sense of humor."

"Humor!" exclaimed Lady Hunter wildly.

"Everyone," said Mrs. Drelincourt slyly, "needs a little sense of humor."

She looked at Lady Hunter's hat and at the deplorable pictures of the twins. She began to laugh cruelly. "Ha, ha, ha! Forgive m-m-me! I simply c-c-can't help—ha, ha, ha!"

"Knowing," said Arthur, trying to follow up his little advantage—"knowing—er—no one would want to—er—meet the other—er—when you all kept coming, I—I—had to devise some means straightaway of keeping you all apart."

"Man's a fool of a liar!" murmured Cyril, wringing his hands. Tact was now nowhere.

Before Arthur could stumble on, however, the Hunters' cook appeared in the doorway, dim but definite in the waning twilight.

She, too, had left the flower show, and toiled, by heaven knows what route of lanes and short cuts and stiles and thorny hedges, to Arthur. She had arrived late, owing to having traveled entirely under her own steam; but she was there.

IX

"OH, HELP!" said Arthur.

The cook was dreadfully taken aback on beholding the assembled company.

"Ow!" she exclaimed.

Lady Hunter rose wearily, and lorgnetted the female through the gathering gloom.

"Cook!" she breathed.

"Come in, cook!" cried Arthur wildly.

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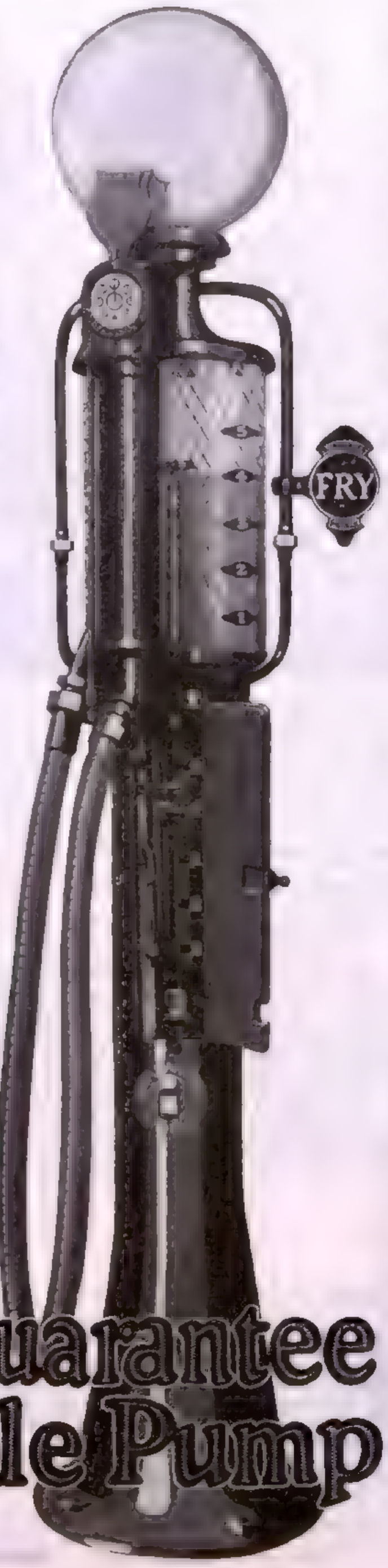

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Cyril looked at him, appalled.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," replied cook coyly; and she stepped in.

"And sit down!" added Arthur with sudden determination, for it was revealed to him that if it had to come, really it were better that it all came at once.

"Ow! Thank you, Mr. Arthur!" murmured the cook more coyly yet.

She crossed the room, followed by the eyes of everyone present. She was still breathing hard after her arduous journey, for she was most generously built. Nature had, in fact, endowed her with far more than any sane woman could wish for.

"She cannot sit!" said Lady Hunter, outraged.

"Oh, how distressin'!" Cyril murmured sympathetically.

"She can and will sit just like other people," said Arthur. "Sit, cook."

"Ow! Thank you, Mr. Arthur," repeated cook.

She took a little chair against the wall, from which resting place she glanced blissfully round her.

"It's a nice solid little 'ome, isn't it?" said she.

Lady Hunter groaned angrily.

"Dear lady," whispered Cyril, soothing her, "democracy! Democracy! It's the only thing you'll ever get Sir William into Parliament on."

Before Lady Hunter could reply the door from the kitchen opened very quietly, and in came little Parks, in her ulster, carrying her things. For a moment, so unobtrusively had she entered, no one saw her save Arthur. Then Gwen caught sight of her retiring figure.

Gwen stood up and pointed. The others looked. There was a tense silence.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter, turning to him.

"No," said Cyril, nearly pettish by now, "I can do nothing."

There was an appalling pause, all eyes straining upon little Parks, who stood very quiet and demure. People tried to say things; began, and stopped.

Cyril sighed. "No," he mused aloud. "I do not know how—he—does—it!"

"I don't do it," growled Arthur.

He kept looking towards Parks, who was smiling a very little. He could see the gleam of just two little front teeth shown by her parted lips.

"Demand an explanation!" said Mrs. Drelincourt quite faintly to Lady Hunter.

"Cyril!" cried Lady Hunter.

He sidled away. "No, dear lady," said he, really firmly; "no, I can do nothing. My *savoir faire* is at fault."

Then Arthur spoke very sturdily, though he tugged at his collar a bit as if needing more air.

"I think you've all met Miss Parks, who will kindly give us tea."

"Oh, if you please, Mr. Netherby!" said Parks, gasping a little. "I'm going! I told you I was going!"

"You shan't go," said Arthur firmly. "Didn't you promise to help me?"

All stared through the dusk at Parks and Arthur.

"Do you need me, then, Mr. Arthur?" asked she slowly.

"'Course I need you!" said Arthur gruffly. "Drop that thing!"

She put the holdall on the floor, and no one saw her smile.

Lady Hunter recovered herself, and spoke in a staccato voice:

"Parks!"

"Miss Parks," said Arthur firmly.

Little Parks smiled.

It was then that Cyril recovered his finesse, and gave everyone a lead, except the cook, who sat in a highly glazed and petrified state upon the little chair.

"Good afternoon, Miss Parks," said Cyril very charmingly. "This gives me an opportunity to congratulate you personally in having won the first prize for—er—table decorations! A nice—ah—tasty—er—mess you made of it, I'm sure."

"You Must Let Me Try It on, Dear, One Day," Said the Cook, Eying Gwen's Frock Dreamily

"Thank you, Mr. Wakefield," smiled Parks.

"Cyril!" said Lady Hunter.

Mrs. Drelincourt and the twins huddled together, staring.

Parks now made a move which had to come sooner or later. She was a fearless girl. She tossed off her ulster and stood revealed, garbed from head to foot in the loot of the night before.

"My little frock!" cried Gwen in a bereaved voice.

"And ——" cried Angela, peering down at Parks' feet.

Mrs. Drelincourt said nothing, but her eyes focused brightly on the cute little hat.

The cook spoke: "I'm surprised to find Em'ly Parks here before me! In all my life I never did. No, I never, never did."

The cook gazed at Lady Hunter's lorgnette fiercely.

"Miss Parks," said Mrs. Drelincourt, sweetly but coldly. Parks moved obligingly forward. "You may remember I told you something last night. Have you "

"No," said Parks very slowly.

"Well," said Mrs. Drelincourt—"well—will you—now?"

Little Parks did not answer.

"Have you told anyone, Parks—Miss Parks?" cried Gwen excitedly.

"No, Miss Gwendolen," replied Parks very slowly.

Arthur began to tug seriously at his collar and to look from one girl to the other.

Angela sprang up and intercepted Gwen. All three closed in a ring upon Parks, and it was sweet to note how loving and friendly they had all become.

Gwen seized Parks' hand, but Angela took it from her.

"Dear Miss Parks," said she brightly, "I always thought you ought to better yourself. Come! This is splendid."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Harmony," murmured Parks.

She looked very obligingly at Angela. "But—you're not looking quite yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"Well," said Angela softly, "there was something I asked you to do for me, wasn't there?"

She regarded Parks' shoes and stockings pointedly. Parks' gaze followed hers. They looked up thoughtfully at each other.

Somehow, imperceptibly, it seemed—so respectful was she—Parks broke through her ring of well-wishers. She emerged from them completely, as it were, and addressed Arthur:

"And do you wish me to do anything in particular, Mr. Netherby?"

"Yes," said Arthur. "Just pour out the tea—if it really must be poured out."

"By now," cried Lady Hunter piteously, "I am too faint to care."

Parks took her seat before the tea tray. It was cold inhospitable tea, and Parks was a domestic girl; yet she did not suggest a fresh brew to induce the visitors to stay longer with them.

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" cried Lady Hunter. "The whole position's full of absurdities. Arthur, you must speak out and end it!"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Drelincourt.

All looked at her. She recovered her usual coolness.

"The little secret," said she with delicious sang-froid but great significance, "has been given to Miss Parks. Let her tell."

Arthur sagged at the knees and his jaw dropped. It was a blow under the belt. It was the most unexpected awful thing that had happened to him during those two dreadful days. Parks knew?

Angela thrust forward. "Yes," she said boldly, as significantly as Mrs. Drelincourt, "Miss Parks knows. Let her tell!"

She gave little Emily's arm a loving nip. Never had this nice girl been so warmly appreciated.

Arthur gazed round, feeling himself now as helpless as if he were gagged and bound. She really knew?

"Parks knows!" shrieked Lady Hunter.

"Dear little Miss Parks knew all about it last night," said Gwen, pushing past Angela and Mrs. Drelincourt to fling her arms about Parks' neck and give her quite a sisterly kiss.

"The deceitful ——" Lady Hunter began.

Then the cook leaned forward on the little chair and cast her bomb into their midst.

"Em'ly knows. Tell, dear, tell!"

Arthur leaned, from sheer necessity, upon the mantelpiece. His condition was not lost upon Parks. As has been noted before, she had her maternal instincts strongly developed. She gave him an encouraging smile over Gwen's embracing shoulders. He just saw her two small front teeth glimmer.

"I came here to save you, Mr. Arthur," said she very softly and soothingly.

"Tell!" uttered Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Tell!" "Tell!" urged Angela and Gwen, storming against each other.

"Tell!" shrieked Lady Hunter.

"Tell, me dove!" said cook sublimely, rocking on the little chair.

Arthur tried to say "No! no!" but couldn't.

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" little Parks was heard to inquire very meekly.

"No, the end," said Lady Hunter.

"Begin just where you like, dear," murmured Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Thank you, dear," replied Parks.

Mrs. Drelincourt drew herself up, while the dusk hid Cyril's smile of appreciation. He was so seldom allowed to enjoy things like this.

"And don't—don't hurry," begged Arthur hoarsely.

"And don't let anyone flurry you," advised Angela, looking daggers, first at Mrs. Drelincourt, then at Gwen.

"No, Miss Harmony," said little Parks very peacefully; "no one shall flurry me."

Lady Hunter subsided again on the sofa, lorgnette on the narrator. The twins and Mrs. Drelincourt were poised tensely. How jealously Cyril watched Angela!

Parks sat domestically before the tea tray. "Last night, about seven ——" she began.

"Yes. Yes-s-s!" hissed Lady Hunter.

"Yes?" nodded Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Yes-s-s?" whispered Angela and Gwen.

"Yes?" said Arthur, frozen to the marrow.

"Yes?" encouraged Cyril.

Parks paused for a little while. She really had not prepared herself for this emergency; but she trusted to meet it somehow as the tale unfolded. If the worst came to the worst, she was absolutely and actually capable of telling the truth; but, naturally, she hoped for no such necessity.

"Last night, about seven," she began again, "Mr. Steers said to me, 'It's a full moon to-night, and there's bound to be goings on.'"

"Really!" said Lady Hunter, starting.

"And I said to Mr. Steers," the simple girl continued modestly, "I said, 'Don't you envy them?' And he said to me, 'Thank heavens, in some matters there is no class distinction.'"

"True," said Lady Hunter with pleasant patronage, after the pause had become marked. "Love is for all."

Little Parks looked around rather dreamily. Everyone manifested impatience.

"After dinner," she continued thoughtfully, "the ladies went out into the garden, Mr. Netherby following later."

"Go on!" cried Gwen, nodding.

"Cook came up to me in the kitchen window," continued Parks.

The cook drooped her head a trifle and might have been seen to smile.

Here little Parks spoke more dramatically. "'There he goes,' she says to me. 'A beautiful figure he's got, hasn't he? He's Australian.'"

Arthur writhed.

A low simper broke from the cook, and Lady Hunter instantly lorgnetted her.

"We heard the ladies coo-eeing," added Parks.

She paused again to consider the end of her tale.

"And then?" queried Lady Hunter tensely.

"Cook lost the cat," replied Parks in great simplicity.

Lady Hunter nodded and glanced round. The tale hung together. It was veracious. She remembered the cat.

"Yes-s-s?" she whispered. "And then?"

"Cook went into the garden, too," said Parks.

Arthur made weak signs for her to stop, but she continued to answer the questions put to her.

"Why?" gasped Lady Hunter.

"To find the cat," replied Parks in great simplicity.

Lady Hunter sighed and hit the floor with her toes. "And then?"

"I had to bring in the rugs and cushions from the hammocks," answered Parks.

"Yes?" gasped Lady Hunter.

"So I went into the garden," murmured Parks. *(Continued on Page 92)*

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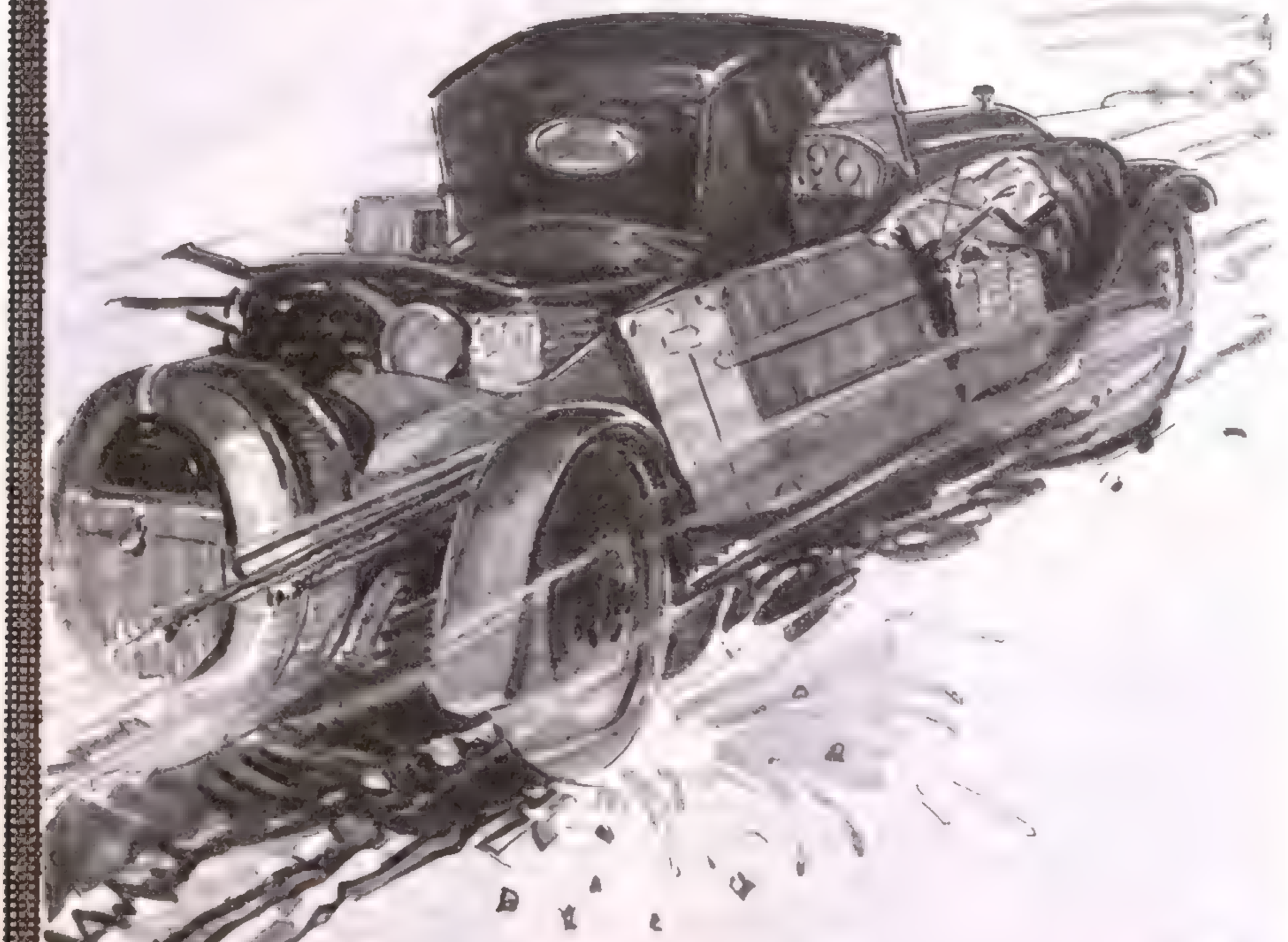

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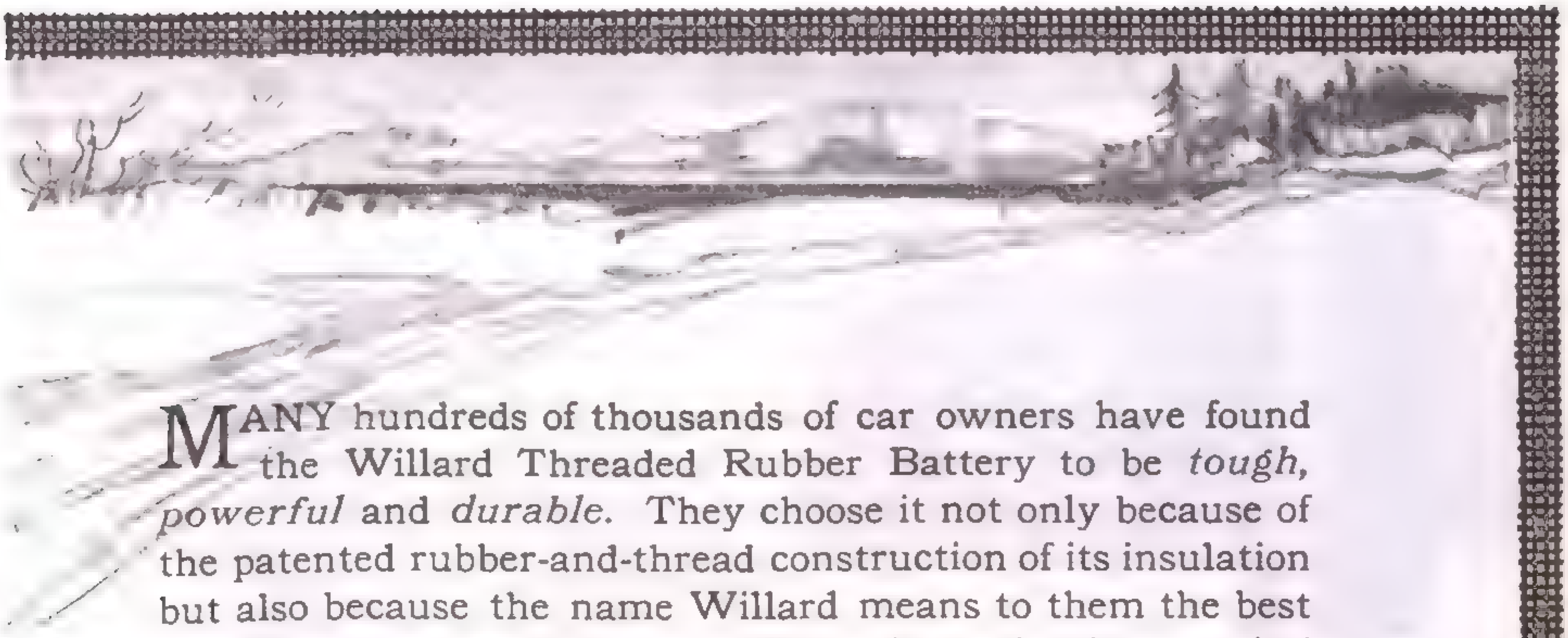

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Ask your dealer or write us for descriptive leaflet.

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THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse, and factory.

(Continued from Page 89)

Then Arthur suddenly drew himself erect, and stood away from the supporting mantelpiece. His hands had been clutched in the pockets of his ruined coat, but now he withdrew them. In one he held a telegram. He tore it open and took one look.

"Hi!" he roared. "Stop!"

The attention of everyone in the room was diverted instantly and completely to Arthur.

He brandished the telegram.

"Thank heaven," he said loudly, "that I opened this in time! It came an hour ago, but I ——"

He gazed round at all their startled faces. Little Parks' face was as wholly startled as the others.

"Thank heaven," said he devoutly—"thank heaven that no one's involved yet but myself!"

"What is it?" queried Lady Hunter.

"Has anything really happened, old man?" Cyril inquired tactfully.

Unnoticed by everyone little Parks rose, distraught, her hands clasped on her breast.

"Has anything happened!" repeated Arthur sardonically.

"Oh, please, Mr. Arthur," cried Parks chokily, "what's the matter?"

"I—I ought to know," said Mrs. Drelincourt, turning her back pointedly on the twins.

"I've had news from Australia," said Arthur.

As he said this he crumpled the telegram and pushed it back into his pocket. He seemed to do it unconsciously.

He continued, "As I said, this came a while ago, but I was so—so busy—so preoccupied—that I didn't open it. Now I have opened it I—I certainly feel you"—he looked at Mrs. Drelincourt, and from her vaguely to the twins—"you have a right to know." He took a deep breath. "I'm ruined."

A rustling pause fell upon the room.

"Ruined?" repeated Lady Hunter.

"Dear, dear Mr. Netherby," said Mrs. Drelincourt with much hesitation, "please—please—explain."

Arthur explained with a truly admirable fortitude in such calamitous circumstances. No one could do other than esteem him.

Little Parks sat down unobtrusively again in her seat behind the tea tray. No one now noticed her. She had lost her recent brief popularity.

"All my sheep," said Arthur, "have had foot rot; I doubt if they'll save half of 'em. I doubt if they'll save a quarter. There seems, also, to have been a bush fire which—er—spread to some new property I'd bought."

Preliminary sounds of grief were already heard from cook in her little chair.

"And to crown all," said Arthur somberly, "my mine's flooded."

"Ow! Ow! Dear!" said cook, crying.

It was quite interesting to observe how promptly the situation began obviously to present itself as one of great delicacy from which everyone must try to extricate herself in a nice way. This feeling began to run over the room in sympathetic air waves.

"Things seem complete, old man," said Cyril. "Complete."

"Yes," said Arthur; "I don't see that there's anything to add. But if you think there is I'll add it."

"Oh, there's nothing—nothing—to be said, my poor boy," said Lady Hunter agitatedly. For a few moments she had been stunned into utter speechlessness. "You must come and see Uncle William, and talk it over. But oh, dear! Oh, dear! I hate these come-downs when the family has only just got up! Really, it's terrible—terrible! Complete, as Cyril says. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I can't think what to do or say."

"It's like the book of Job," cried the cook, weeping.

"I haven't a solitary bean," said Arthur, looking stealthily around him, and getting the strength back into his knees.

There was, very suddenly, a sound in the room—a rustle, a wave of impending departures.

"This is too terrible!" Lady Hunter was wailing; and Mrs. Drelincourt was sighing, "Oh! it's all too—awfully sad!" And they were all drawing on their gloves. Mrs. Drelincourt began; and then Gwen, observing her, did likewise; and Angela, who throughout the imbroglio had kept step for step in her turn, followed suit. There seemed to be a kind of feeling that whoever had her gloves on last would have to stay longest, and everyone made haste.

"Buck up, darling," said Angela in dulcet tones to Gwen. "After all, you're young and strong ——"

Gwen turned on her swiftly.

"I was never as strong as you!" she cried.

"As one engaged girl to another ——" said Angela gently.

"Engaged?" cried Gwen.

Angela smiled at Cyril, and the youth stood by her gladly.

"Yes!" he cried, "to me!"

He rolled an eye round a little deprecatingly in Lady Hunter's direction, and indeed she appeared devastated—but the thing had to be.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter very faintly.

Her emotion was covered by Angela continuing to Gwen: "You know I've been engaged ages, my dear. And now you must try to cheer up Arthur."

"I don't know what you mean!" cried Gwen. "It's Mrs. Drelincourt who's engaged to Arthur."

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Drelincourt in a cool voice, "what a funny mistake! I've been longing for the moment when I could congratulate one of you."

In spite of the awful shock she had received, and the blight it brought upon her, Lady Hunter clung to Cyril in this emergency. She wished above all things to end this situation.

"Oh, Cyril, Cyril!" she said. "What shall we all do?"

"Go home," said the youth languidly.

For he was sorry for Arthur, and he wanted his dinner, and, though there was a full moon, the arbor in Lady Hunter's garden was dark, and he reckoned he had got Angela now, stone cold.

When Arthur heard Cyril say this he mopped his forehead relievedly.

"Yes," said Lady Hunter woefully, "dear boy, we'll go. And, Arthur, you must come and see Uncle William in the morning." She embraced Arthur. "Oh, I'm so upset!"

"Thank you, Aunt Jane," muttered Arthur.

Mrs. Drelincourt was at his elbow, touching his arm with kind fingers. "Good-by, Mr. Netherby," said she, oozing womanly feeling. "I'm so sorry; and comforting words are so vain. I just love your quaint homely house!"

She moved from him like a mermaid, and found herself by Parks. For a moment they looked at each other. Then little Parks smiled reassuringly, laid her finger on her lips and nodded; and Mrs. Drelincourt passed on.

"Gwen's staying, Lady Hunter," said Angela.

"I'm not!" cried Gwen tearfully. "I don't see why, just because I'm the littlest, everything should be put upon me!"

Angela ignored her selfish sister, and approached Arthur with a marvelous poise considering the awkward position from which she had just saved herself.

"Good-by, Mr. Netherby," she sighed. "Gwen's a selfish little thing, but do believe how I feel for you." The kind girl absolutely clung to his hand.

"Thank you," muttered Arthur.

Angela moved away, and a moment later was looking cautiously at Parks, who rose, nodded, gave silent promise of secrecy, and smiled most understandingly. She was a remarkable girl.

"Good-by," whispered Angela, "and if there's anything I can ever do for you ——"

"Thank you, Miss Harmony," Parks whispered back, "but you've already helped me far more than you know."

Angela joined Mrs. Drelincourt on the threshold. And the chauffeur outside the courtyard, seeing his party assembling, started his engine and switched on his lamps.

Gwen came, pouting, to Arthur.

"I'm not selfish a bit, Mr. Netherby," she whimpered. "I assure you, had it been I, I wouldn't have left you as Julia Drelincourt is doing. Good-by, you poor, dear man! Good-by."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," muttered Arthur.

Gwen lingered by Parks. "Good-by, Parks," she whispered, and placed an imploring finger lightly on her lips. Parks understood.

"Good-by, Miss Gwendolen," said she.

Cyril was still hovering in his usual undecided position between Lady Hunter and Angela, but suddenly Lady Hunter, exclaiming, "Good-by, my poor dear boy!" rushed out, for her emotions had the better

(Continued on Page 95)

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Crowley-Milner Co.	27 sets	Kingan & Co.	53 sets	Swift & Company	23 sets
Consumers Ice Co.	13 sets	Kroger Grocery & Baking Co.	49 sets	Smith, C. F., Co.	19 sets
Chicago Surface Lines	22 sets	Knickerbocker Ice Co.	31 sets	Superior Sand & Gravel Co.	16 sets
Continental Can Co.	8 sets	Krey Packing Co.	25 sets	Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	12 sets
Cooper, A. & W.	14 sets	Koenig, P., Coal Co.	22 sets	Stevens Fuel Co.	11 sets
Coca-Cola Co.	73 sets	Klein, L., Co.	22 sets	Standard Oil of Ohio	11 sets
Chelsea Stg. Warehouse	9 sets	Kloetzel Storage Co.	11 sets	Steinway Piano Co.	8 sets
Cleveland Milling Co.	7 sets	Liquid Carbonic Co.	47 sets	Stanley Soap Co.	10 sets
Colonial Biscuit Co.	7 sets	Luick Ice Cream Co.	14 sets	Solvay Process Co.	8 sets
Detroit Edison Co.	39 sets	Leggett, Francis H.	12 sets	Strong, Carlisle & Hammond	7 sets
Doster, Eli	14 sets	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	12 sets	Stoltz & Wright	7 sets
Detroit News	21 sets	Lehrer, J. P.	8 sets	Texas, The, Company	139 sets
DeFrain Sand Co.	25 sets	Lilly White Oil Co.	8 sets	Tidewater Oil Company	19 sets
Dodge Bros.	10 sets	Marshall Field Co.	86 sets	Tip Top Bottling Co.	17 sets
Detroit City Gas Co.	9 sets	Michigan State Telephone Co.	23 sets	Tait Bros.	12 sets
Deutsch Bros.	8 sets	Miller & Hart	18 sets	Thompson Bros.	10 sets
Detroit Shipbuilding Co.	7 sets	Mansfield, Geo. C.	11 sets	Tauber, Max, & Sons	7 sets
Dold, Jacob, Pack. Co.	7 sets	Mayer, Oscar F., Co.	12 sets	United Fuel & Supply Co.	18 sets
Dayton Eng. Lab.	22 sets	Marks, Wm.	7 sets	Union Transportation Lines	15 sets
Eckenroth Sales Co.	14 sets	Nielsen Cartage Co.	13 sets	Union Oil Co.	26 sets
Eastman Kodak Co.	13 sets	Nelson, F. C.	11 sets	Van Sciver, J. G.	15 sets
Everett Bros.	10 sets	Nunn, Geo.	11 sets	Wilson, Ira, & Sons	39 sets
Easton Sons	8 sets	National Ice Cream Co.	8 sets	Wiebolt, W. A., Co.	20 sets
Eaton, T., Co.	7 sets	Newport Chemical Co.	7 sets	Western Packing & Provision Co.	15 sets
Empire State Dairy Co.	21 sets	New York Times	7 sets	Wegener, A., & Sons	15 sets
Fisher Bros.	12 sets	New York Veal & Mutton Co.	7 sets	Whitaker Paper Company	11 sets
Fisher Body Co.	9 sets	Ohio River Sand Co.	8 sets	West Penn Power Co.	10 sets
Finkerberg & Sons	17 sets	Pittsburgh Coal Co.	19 sets	Wagner Baking Co.	10 sets
Gimbel Bros.	13 sets	Pidgeon, Thomas, Iron Works	11 sets	Wheat Ice Cream Co.	10 sets
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of her. She went, gasping, through the courtyard. And this left Cyril momentarily near Arthur.

"Good luck, old thing," said Cyril. He looked thoughtfully at little Parks, sighed, and went out.

Cook remained seated against the wall, Parks remained seated at the table, and Arthur stood surveying them both from the hearthrug. Then all at once the cook rose and addressed Arthur agitatedly.

"Oh!" said she. "'Ave you nothink left?"

"Nothing," said Arthur positively.

The cook looked around.

"Still," she argued, "it's a nice solid little 'ome."

"Soon to be broken up," replied Arthur.

"Ow, dear! Ow, dear!" said the cook, weeping afresh.

"Compared with me," said Arthur, whose brain, having got a start, was now in fine working order, "your admirer, Steers, is a millionaire."

The cook bridled, and it was obvious that her thoughts began to cast about in a new direction.

"As for me," said Arthur, observing the effect of his words, "I'm going out to Australia again to carve my way, among Red Indians who'd as soon tomahawk you as look at you. Sooner!"

"Ow, dear! Ow, dear!" said the cook, extremely agitated.

"As for a white woman," continued Arthur, "they scalp 'em on sight."

"It's a merciful thing you're not a married man," said the cook, making for the door. "Many as your troubles are, at least the 'at covers all."

She reached the door. The party outside had barely disposed themselves in the car.

"They'll give me a lift 'ome beside the chauffeur," said she. She threw a kiss to little Parks. "Good-by, Em'ly. You're a dear little thing."

The cook ran with incredible speed through the courtyard.

Arthur and little Parks were alone. And neither spoke till they heard the sound of the car's departure.

"Quick work," said Arthur.

"Yes," murmured Parks.

■

PARKS sat quite still at the tea table, and Arthur walked round her. He surveyed her from all angles, and the more he looked at her the quicker his brain worked. It was amazing; and to Arthur, alarming. Little Parks, however, sat steadfast, with her eyes on the tea tray.

"I say," said Arthur at last, "I don't know how much you know; but you weren't really going to give me away, were you?"

She looked up quickly.

"No," she replied. "Findings keepings."

"Eh?" said Arthur.

"Oh, nothing," she murmured hurriedly. "I mean: I'm not the sort of girl to give any man away."

Arthur watched her. He found himself strangely enraptured. He could not get over the entrancing vision of her as she broke the crockery over him anyhow. He moved still nearer.

"And now," he said slowly, "I suppose you're going too?"

"No, Mr. Arthur," she replied in a low tone, "not now."

"But if I'm broke?" suggested Arthur.

"That's why," said Parks, looking very small.

She was, as the cook had said, a dear little thing.

Arthur could hardly believe his ears, after the recent exhibition given by three worldly women.

He continued with bated breath: "But money matters quite a lot, y'know. All that those girls wanted was a rich husband, and you know it."

"Oh!" cried little Parks in a sudden shining transport. "And aren't they fools!"

Again Arthur could hardly trust his ears.

"Well," he said breathlessly, "I don't know that I agree with you. Supposing, now, that some girl were married to me, and I were a pauper—as I am of course"—here he looked keenly at her—"why—why—it seems to me she'd have a pretty poor time."

Emily never deviated an inch from the straight track whereon she had set her feet in Angela's shoes. Her stockings were silk all the way up, and there is no limit to the confidence with which a fact like that inspires a woman.

"No, she wouldn't!" she cried with a laugh that choked a bit. "You'd have this house; and"—her voice quickened "she'd manage for you, and she'd make the best of everything; and never—waste—anything!"

An emotional pause followed during which she gazed dreamily before her at the tea tray, and Arthur gazed straight before him, at her. It's hardly necessary to say that Emily recovered first from this emotional quagmire.

She hurried on, with great ecstasy: "And the best of being poor is, your husband depends on you; he can't do without you. And you help him with everything. You've got to. And the children ——"

"Children?" repeated Arthur, starting

"They depend on you, too," Parks murmured dreamily. "They've got to run to you all the time. If they hurt their little fingers it's mother they want, and mother's always there. That's where the work is; 'cause she's got work. No, I don't envy your rich woman!"

Arthur gazed at her with tremendous solemnity. Never in his life had he felt so solemn. For his mind had made itself up in spite of him to do an awful thing. He knew now that if he could only persuade or trap or lure or threaten this unsuspecting girl into the fell step he was going to marry her. He wished to marry her.

"When you're a poor man's wife," dreamed little Parks ecstatically, "you're just someone that can't be done without."

Arthur found he could no longer trust himself near her without betraying his feelings. The metamorphosis was as complete as it was staggering. Hardly had that iced cake hit him, such a short while ago, before the change had begun. He did not want to alarm her prematurely. He turned and walked cautiously to the hearth, whence he again surveyed her.

He really had never seen anything so nice in his life.

Emily rose tranquilly and pattered across to the old oil lamp that had served Arthur's family for two generations. She lighted it and adjusted the ancient shade very prettily. The parlor was now all in a soft glow. Arthur's heart was all in a glow, too, as he saw how sweetly she went about this domestic job, creating these entirely unconscious effects.

"But," she sighed, turning to look across at him as she stood beside the lamp, "I was only just—pretending. Besides, you're going back to Australia."

"Am I?" said Arthur feveredly.

Emily drew the red curtains across the window and shut out the evening gray. The parlor began to take on a nice air of soft privacy that it had not enjoyed a little while ago. Fixedly from the hearth Arthur watched her. He wished that he had had more practice. He saw how terribly innocent she was.

The stream of callers was not over yet, for almost at the moment that Emily Parks finished adjusting the red curtains over the window a stoutish figure with a dignified carriage came through the courtyard and rapped on the still-open door.

"Sir William sent you a little present with his compliments and sympathy, Mr. Arthur," said Steers; "and if there's anything he can do he will do it."

"Eh?" said Arthur, looking round at him malignantly. "Kind of him, I'm sure, Steers. Come in."

Steers came in, carrying a little hamper.

"For a minute," Arthur added.

Steers rolled an eye round at Parks as she stood beside the lamp and the red curtains; and the sight evidently distracted him.

"Sir William asked me what were the best thing he could do for you, Mr. Arthur," he went on after a pause, "and I says, 'Well, seeing the place he's gone to, send him something out of the larder to go on with, sir.' So a game pie and a couple o' dozen oysters, we having had a barrel down this morning ——"

"I'm going to look after Mr. Arthur," said Emily very quickly.

Steers looked from one to the other in silence, and caressed his chin. "That may be, Miss Parks, but something in the way of simple luxuries ——"

"I can manage 'em!" cried Emily in a thrilled voice.

"But why should you manage everything for me?" inquired Arthur in a very soft, swimmy one.

"B-b-because I'm not going to be beat by two Chinamen!" cried Emily.

(Continued on Page 97)

BYERS PIPE

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At right—Magnolia Building, Dallas, Texas. Architect Alfred C. Bossom, New York City. Byers Pipe installed in Plumbing, Heating and Refrigerating Systems.

Below—First National Bank Bldg., Jersey City, N. J. Architect Alfred C. Bossom, New York City. Byers Pipe installed in Plumbing and Heating Systems.

How Big Investment Values are destroyed by pipe corrosion

One of the largest items of cost in a building, large or small, is the piping. Certainly it is also an item of greatest influence on cost of maintenance. Its relation to the very investment value of the building is therefore evident.

If the pipe used is lacking in rust-resistance, record-breaking replacement costs must, sooner or later, be faced.

Where piping is buried in walls and floors, the damage done to these is often greater than the cost of repairs to the pipe system itself. But even where the pipe is exposed and readily accessible, the cost of repairs and renewals is usually *ten times greater than the initial cost of the pipe which caused the failure.*

Study the diagram above! Note the items of cost in one pipe system, and the small extra cost of Byers pipe. Note also the fact that Byers pipe, being made from rust-resisting, genuine wrought iron, practically doubles the life of the system.

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THE savage mountain tribes rolled huge boulders down on the invaders, but Hannibal only laughed. "Though the mountains topple upon us," he vowed, "our swords shall drink deep in Rome!"

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

ACROSS THE ALPS rode Hannibal, thirsting for the blood of Rome.

History holds no more breathless adventure.

Hatred of Rome was his African warrior's earliest heritage. A century after Alexander flashed across the page of Time, young Hannibal—not yet in his teens—swore undying vengeance against the foe of Carthage.

At twenty-eight he was acclaimed commander of the Carthaginian army in Spain. Like a thunderbolt he struck. Instead of following the seaward route to the south, with its inevitable delays on the African shore, he plunged daringly *overland*—across the frozen mysteries of the Alps.

Without maps, without guides, he flung himself boldly into the impassable unknown. His superb cavalry, his great herd of war elephants, struck terror into the swarming mountain hordes. Nothing could stop him. He knew the power of preparedness, the strength of surprise. He knew the Value of Time. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" he thundered—and the world's proudest empire staggered under his sledge-hammer blows.

* * *

The blood-soaked pages of Hannibal's bitter vendetta are covered with dust. Rome is but a memory. Yet the *Value of Time* so vividly seen by Confucius, Plato, Alexander, Hannibal—by all makers of history—is impressed more sharply on the race with every passing century.

"Time is the stuff life is made of." "Who wastes Time, wastes life!" These hard-learned lessons of ages past are reflected in the earnestness with which the history makers of our own day guard life's most costly commodity—*Time!*

Below, one of the new Elgin Presentation Watches – material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee.

Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN U S A

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(Continued from Page 95

"Chinamen?" said Arthur. "Oh! Ah! But I do assure you they're not in the same street with you. Not in the—same—street!"

She began to smile. "I wanted to make you say that."

Arthur approached her, fairly aching all over.

"If there's anything else you want me to say I'll say it."

Steers was a sportsman who had enjoyed life, and he did not grudge it to others. Moreover, he never minded a novice taking a pot at his bird. That was the nice way he looked at life. So when he had just glanced from one to the other he only sighed faintly, and became almost negligible, seeking in his hamper.

"Sir William suggested a bottle of champagne, Mr. Arthur, so I have it here. 1911."

"What a price!" exclaimed Parks.

"Oh, it's not the price, Miss Parks," said Steers with a very kind look. "It's the vintage."

"Never mind the darned champagne, Miss Parks!" cried Arthur.

"Shall I take the hamper through to the kitchen, sir?" asked Steers, looking about him for an outlet.

Arthur waved him to the kitchen door impatiently.

"Yes! Yes!"

Steers left them. He was a sportsman right through.

"You'll have to give up the champagne habit, now, you know," said little Parks, shaking her head at Arthur. "Now you're poor. You're ruined."

"Eh?" said Arthur vaguely. "Oh! Ah!" He pulled himself together and laughed. "If you'll just sit down and prepare for news I'll show you something."

She went to the sofa and sat down, smoothing Gwen's frock over her knee. Arthur sat beside her, a little nervous but excited. He handed her the fateful telegram.

She read it silently three times before she read it aloud: "Your breeches are ready to be fitted any time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Arthur. "Ha, ha!"

"Your breeches," murmured Parks faintly, "are ready to be ——"

"Sort of inspiration I got, don't you see?" cried Arthur. "It did the trick all right, didn't it? Eh?"

"I didn't think you had the brains," she replied faintly.

Arthur grew more pleased with himself.

"I'm not so bad when you get to know me, y'know," he said eagerly.

Emily swayed a little away from him. "Then—then you're still rich."

"Well," said Arthur, delighted with himself, "I—I guess I'm not exactly on the road to ruin." He looked under Mrs. Drelincourt's hat. "Eh? Aren't you pleased?"

"I don't know," said Emily.

"You don't know?" echoed Arthur. "What d'you mean?"

"I was so glad you were poor!" Emily cried passionately.

Arthur groaned.

"Oh, women!" he said wildly. "'Pon my word, I don't understand 'em!"

Emily shook her head forlornly.

"And 's easy too," sighed she. "'S very easy."

"Oh, is it?" groaned Arthur.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Emily, biting her lip.

"Please!" groaned Arthur. "I tell you, money isn't so bad."

As he said this he touched her hand very hesitatingly, and at the contact they looked at each other, immensely startled.

Steers chose this moment to enter again, with a great air of discretion it is true, but still he was undoubtedly ill-timed. He had not, however, been able to help himself. He had found the kitchen tenanted by people named Stoker; the class of people with whom butlers of repute do not fraternize.

He coughed and kept his eyes away from the sofa, focusing his gaze upon the table.

"May I congratulate you on your beautiful prize, Miss Parks?" he said, smiling discreetly at the epergne.

Little Parks answered, distrait, not looking at him or the epergne. "Isn't it just beautiful!"

"Is there any little trifle I can do for you, Mr. Arthur?" said Steers, studying a fox's brush placed long ago by Arthur's poor father upon the opposite wall. "Can I unpack for you? I were told to ask. I was driven over in the luggage cart, and though I shall walk home you need not mind keeping me longer, sir."

"I'm here to do everything for him!" cried little Parks, and she began to cry.

Arthur had heard her cry before, and it had not touched him. Now the phenomenon affected him with agonizing sensations. He was terribly distressed.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, don't!" he groaned. "Or tell me what's the matter."

"N-nothing's the matter," sobbed Parks.

"Nothing!" groaned Arthur. "But you can't cry for nothing."

"They can, Mr. Arthur, they can!" said Steers delicately, interesting himself now in a sporting print.

"Something must be the matter," continued Arthur, imploring the enigmatic girl.

"Sometimes," Steers went on murmuring delicately, "they cry because they're so 'appy."

"Let me help!" said Arthur. "Tell me about it."

"They can't, sir," whispered Steers in the background; "they can't tell you."

"Oh, please!" said Arthur.

Little Parks shook her head.

"It may be her prize has upset her," whispered Steers.

Parks rose suddenly, controlling herself, and turned to the table.

"All this to clear and wash up!" said she vehemently, "and I sit and sit and sit!"

"Steers will do it," said Arthur, following her.

"No one but me will clear this table," she replied.

She piled the few remaining articles of crockery together and carried them into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Arthur stared after her in dismay.

"Women!" he was muttering in a lost voice. "They—they—they ——"

Steers approached him and stood near. A very human look illuminated his face.

"Don't take it to heart, Mr. Arthur," murmured he. "No offense meant. Pardon me."

Arthur mopped his brow.

"I'm not offended, Steers," he said sadly. "I dare say in some matters you're a wiser man than I."

"Oh, no, sir, no," said Steers, waving the deserved impeachment away out of sheer respect.

"Life's a problem, Steers," groaned Arthur.

"Tch! Tch! Tch, sir!" said Steers delicately. "I'm sorry to hear you say that. If I may be permitted to generalize, sir, as man to man, there are some men, sir, who will make work of play. Beautiful play. And from what I 'ave taken the liberty to observe, that is your trouble, if I may diagnose it."

"Play!" groaned Arthur. "Her crying like that has unnerved me a bit," he added. "Awful!"

"Awful!" Steers exclaimed warmly. "I was a bit unnerved myself for a moment, standing there not being able to do no good, as it were. Pity I was here; or a pity you were here, one or the other. A sweet girl like that crying and two men in one room is just stoopid."

"Awful! Awful!" muttered Arthur.

"Cheer up, sir," Steers exhorted.

"I don't know what sort of a chap you are, Steers," said Arthur, "but have you ever been at all—er—interested in women?"

The butler sighed, but not unhappily.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," he said amply. "Oh, sir!"

"I've known a few men here and there interested in women," added Arthur, musing.

"And I 'ave known a few, too, sir," replied Steers blandly.

Little Parks broke in, snatched the tea cloth from the table, and was out of the door in a twinkling. There was no stopping her.

"Ch-Chinese house boys!" said she, still somewhat fluttery of voice. "You want a woman round you!"

"I do! I do!" cried Arthur hastily. He dashed after her in time to have the door slammed right in his face.

Steers observed these phenomena without surprise.

"It's all very well," said Arthur, feverishly stamping back. "You may be a wise chap 'n' all that. But answer me this: How the deuce is one to start breaking it to a girl who hasn't the slightest idea of anything? Not—the—slightest—idea?"

He walked about vehemently.

"Pardon me, sir," said Steers, deducing all, and perhaps more, "but if you mean ——"

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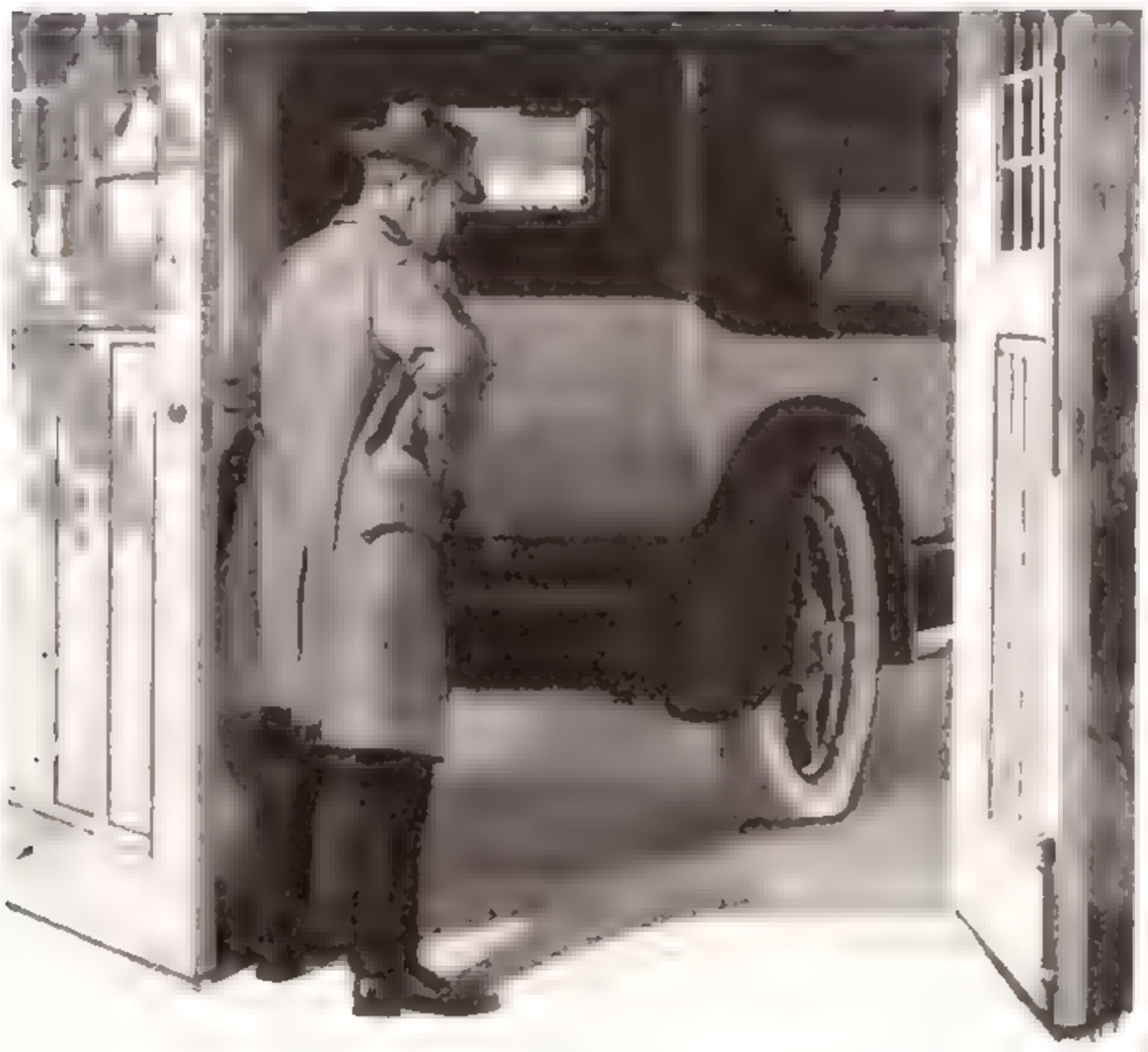

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"I do mean!" replied Arthur fiercely.

"Then it had ought to come naturally, sir," said Steers.

They looked steadily at each other.

"You've surprised me a good deal, sir," he added. "But here's wishes!" However, he had taken the champagne into the kitchen. "She beats 'em all, sir. She beats 'em all."

"But how the devil am I to break it to her?" demanded Arthur.

"Well, sir," said Steers, "cheer up. You got the oysters, sir. They're courageous things, oysters. And you can't do better than that champagne."

In came little Parks again, sort of shaking her skirt straight as if she meant to stay.

She closed the door resolutely, and she closed the outer door. She looked at Steers. She looked at Arthur. She went and sat down on the sofa, where she sat twisting her little handkerchief about.

"Are you better?" asked Arthur, very swimmy of voice once more. He edged towards the couch.

"I don't know," said Emily.

"It may be the prize," began Steers in a dulcet tone from the background.

She gave him one look.

"Mr. Steers," she said. Steers attended. "There's your hat." And she indicated his hat lying obscurely on a distant chair.

For a moment Steers stood stupefied. "I was about to take my leave, Miss Parks," he remarked when sufficiently recovered, "but ——"

She gave him a look.

"We'll open the champagne ourselves, thank you, Mr. Steers," said she with quiet resolution. "And the oysters."

"It is quite time I started on my walk home, I am aware, Miss Parks," said Steers feebly.

"Do," said she. "Do start. Good night."

"Good night, old Steers," added Arthur in an unfriendly fashion.

He was looking at little Parks.

The parlor was all in a soft glow, the red curtains drawn.

"Good night, sir," Steers faltered. He turned for his hat. "I know human nature," said he rather sadly, "but there's some things ——"

He picked up his hat and stick. Arthur was looking at little Parks. Another knock fell on the door.

"There's another damn nuisance!" said Arthur impatiently. "Open the door an inch and send it away, Steers."

A second knock followed the first peremptorily.

Steers retreated nervously into the room.

"Please, sir," he implored, "if you'd keep me just a few minutes longer. I mean to say, sir, perhaps you'd open the door yourself and send it away, sir."

"Eh? What's the matter?" said Arthur abstractedly, for he was now entirely lost to all troubles save his own.

"I've got a nasty feeling, sir," said Steers, beginning to gibber—"a very nasty feeling indeed—that a certain lady friend of mine, a woman as seems to feel a sort of right to fall back on me, sir, quite unjustified, sir—if there's anything I've got, it's taste—and I'm not quite certain, but I shouldn't be surprised to find as I-I-I'd been followed, sir."

"Followed?" muttered Arthur, looking at Parks.

"Yes, sir," whispered Steers. "Of course"—he threw an ironic look at Emily upon the sofa—"you don't know what it is to be followed, sir—dogged from your pantry to your bedroom and back again, sir. It stopped yesterday evening and this morning; diverted itself, so to speak. But I shouldn't be at all surprised if it was renewed. 'Ark at that knock again!"

"I'll open it, Mr. Steers," said little Parks kindly.

"No, no!" said Arthur, detaining her. "I'll open it."

"Only an inch, sir, for my sake!" whispered Steers. "Only an inch!"

He retreated to the fireplace, out of range of the door, where he cowered nervously. Arthur opened the door a small space, and immediately a foot and arm were thrust over the threshold. Arthur held the door valiantly, examining these limbs.

Then the voice of the cook was heard, saying, "I know the way that door's being 'eld. I've 'ad your pantry door 'eld against me like that, I 'ave. But it's no use. I'm coming in."

Steers almost obliterated himself against the wall.

"Cook!" said Arthur, holding the door against her. "Good heavens! Here you are again!"

The cook squeezed her face round. "Ow! Mr. Arthur. Yes, here I am again. I thought we passed a friend in our luggage cart coming this way, and I got the chauffeur to stop to set me down, it being me evening off anyway. And when I felt the door being 'eld against me it seemed so natural I were certain. 'Asn't Mr. Steers been 'ere, Mr. Arthur?"

"Er old Steers?" said Arthur. "Old Steers? No-o, cook, no."

"Ow!" said the cook, struggling. "You men do hang together, don't you? Won't you let me in to look, sir? Early this afternoon the undergardener's little boy reported as Mr. Steers had ordered the luggage cart ——"

"Darned little liar that boy is!" replied Arthur firmly.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the truth comes nearly as often as not," said the perspiring woman, "and will you please be good enough to let me in to satisfy meself?"

It was Emily who, in an access of feeling for a fellow woman, betrayed Steers.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," she cried, clasping her hands in sympathy, "let her in!"

"No!" roared Steers.

"His voice!" said the cook.

Arthur fell back. "Cat's out now," he said.

And the cook entered, and saw. She behaved herself like a true woman; ignoring what she wished to ignore, and explaining matters as she wished to explain them.

"Ow!" she said, reproachful but arch. "You shouldn't play your little games on me!"

"Games!" cried Steers, trying to pull himself together.

But the situation had passed for the moment beyond even his experience; and well he knew it. Again it was Emily who basely flung him to the enemy.

"Oh, Mr. Steers," said she, "she just wants you to take her home."

The cook looked sweetly at Emily.

"Yes, Mr. Steers," she echoed softly. "There's a field with a bull in it. And I'm so frightened."

"If you expect me to fight a bull for you," said Steers, "it's off. The bull can 'ave you."

He looked at Arthur for help, but there was none. It was human nature. They wished to get rid of him, to any fate. No matter.

The cook was simpering.

"You make such 'eartless jokes," said she.

"Jokes!" cried Steers wildly.

Emily now spoke again, very firmly: "Oh, Mr. Steers, she only wants you to take her home at once."

Once more the cook regarded her sweetly. "Yes, lovey, that is all I want. A gentleman's escort through the field with a bull in it." She caught sight of Parks' toilet. "Oh, my lovey! How nice you look!"

Little Parks rose to display herself. "It is rather a nice frock, isn't it, dear?"

"You must let me try it on, dear, one day," said the cook, eying Gwen's frock dreamily.

"I will, one day," Parks nodded.

"You've got a grateful little heart, Emily," said the cook, remaining, in spite of her preoccupation, between Steers and the door. "I'd like a dress like it." She examined the frock. "Turn round, dear. And round. I'd like a dress like it. If it was a bit wider, and say a vest to fill in the V. And say more of the pannier effect. And per'aps a Turkish 'em, and a little pearl embroidering in front, and if it was white, say, with a train and veil"—here she and Parks looked ecstatically at each other—"it might just do for an occasion."

"The very thing, dear," Parks nodded.

"What occasion?" gulped Steers.

"Oh, Mr. Steers!" murmured the cook.

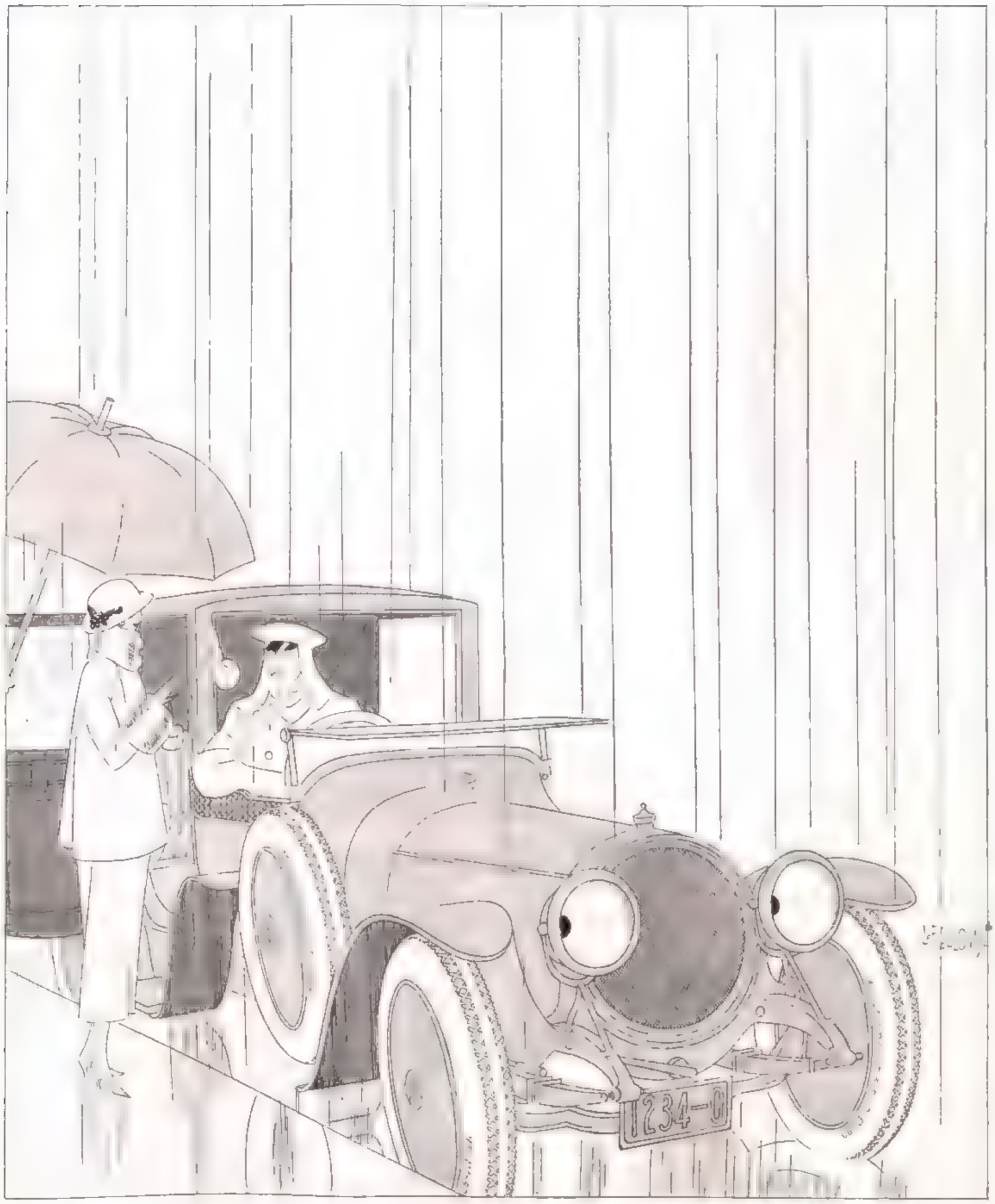
Arthur had had about as much of this delay as he meant to stand. He now butted in:

"I say, old Steers, you really must come up to the scratch, don't you know, and take her home. Take—her—home! Take—her—home!"

"Take her home!" gritted little Parks.

"With my best wishes, Miss Parks," said Steers, pulling himself together with commendable dignity now that he indeed saw all was over, and realized that he must drink of the cup, and that was that. "With my best wishes I will tender you a remark.

(Continued on Page 100)



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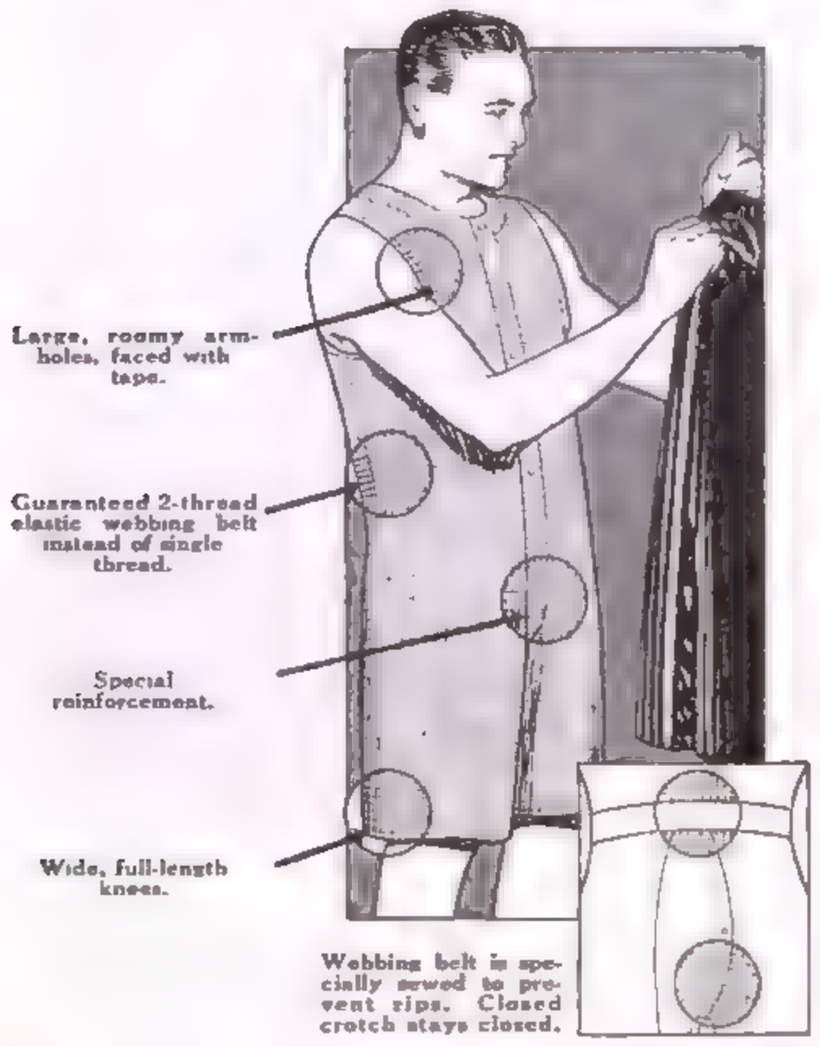
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(Continued from Page 98)

There are none so hard and pitiless and selfish and crool as some people when they wants their place to theirselves. They'd turn out a dog to starve or a little child into the snow."

"Snow, Mr. Steers!" said the cook meltingly. "Why, the evening's fairly tropical. And"—she began to smile engagingly—"there'll be a full moon."

"Beautiful night, Steers," cried Arthur.

"Come along, Mr. Steers," said the cook meltingly.

She led Steers by the coat sleeve towards the door.

"Good night, dear," said little Parks.

The cook looked round. "Good night, lovey."

"Good luck, dear," cooed Parks.

"Oh, thank you," said the cook emotionally. "You've got a kind grateful little 'eart. A sweet little 'eart."

Arthur followed them up closely. He was sick of them. "Good night!" said he stridently.

Steers vacillated on the threshold. "A moment, Mr. Arthur. For the sake of old times ——"

Arthur urged him on. He pushed him on. "Good night. The bull may help you out. Good night."

He shot the bolts. He made a job of it.

"'Straordinary," he said, "how some people don't seem to feel when they're not wanted."

"No-o-o," murmured little Parks.

Arthur returned to gaze upon her. "Still, it must be a horrid thing to have a woman chasing you like she's chasing poor old Steers."

"Yes-s," murmured Parks, looking down.

"It's awful," said Arthur.

"Oh, 's awful," murmured she in a very small voice indeed.

"A-a fellow likes to do his own chasing," continued Arthur.

"So-o I-I've heard," said little Parks.

There was one of those pauses. Arthur swallowed two or three times.

"All the same," hazarded he, "it's difficult for a fellow to begin telling a girl—a girl who hasn't the slightest inkling—has—has—never even thought ——"

"Thought?" asked Parks.

"Of—of getting married," said Arthur.

"Oh, do you know such a girl?" breathed Parks.

Arthur nodded.

"Oh, d-do you know such a f-f-fellow?"

Arthur nodded. He was very husky. "I know him too."

"Well," said little Parks in a brave voice, "what does he want to tell the girl?"

"That he loves her," said Arthur despairingly.

"And can't he?" whispered little Parks.

"Well, you see," said Arthur, "it's a bit of a job, isn't it? Telling her, I mean, when she's never thought about anything of the kind. It might surprise her so."

"It might," she agreed faintly.

There was another of those pauses. Arthur leaned over her.

"I don't know," he began, "if I ever mentioned to you that I—I—break all my own horses."

"No?" she murmured. "Do you?"

He nodded. "Yes. And—I told you about the house I built, didn't I?"

"Yes," she murmured. "But why ——"

"Why do I tell you?" said Arthur. "Because I want you to know that I can do something. I'm a pretty useful chap in many ways; it's just this—er—certain job that stumps me."

Parks murmured, "A certain job?"

"I've been thinking about it for a good hour now," said Arthur, kneading the sofa cushion with both hands, having really to do something safe with them. "That's the kind of chap I am. When I do think at all I think quick; and I think hard!"

Little Parks glanced from the corner of her eye at Arthur and the sofa cushion. She knew precisely why he was manhandling it. Oh, it seemed to her such a silly waste, when there she sat, and the door was shut and the curtains were drawn, and the parlor was all in such a sweet red glow!

"And did you make up your mind about it?" said she, sighing.

"I made my mind up," said Arthur, "but I-I'm still worrying about how to do it; and for the life of me I can't think. Only thing I know is, it's got to be done. Don't you see?"

She saw exactly.

"I-I don't know," she replied. "I should like you to explain more clearly."

Arthur wiped the anxious sweat from his brow. "I wish I could explain everything here and now. But perhaps it'll be easier after supper to tell you what I've been worrying about. It fills my mind and every bit of me so that I can't think of another single thing. It'll come as a pretty big shock to you, I suppose. But there it is."

After a tiny silence she said faintly but firmly, "You'd better tell me before supper, Mr. Arthur."

"Before supper?" repeated Arthur. "I can't."

In his own mind he was catching at straws of wisdom flung by Steers regarding the qualities of oysters and champagne in these crises.

"Before supper you'd better get it over," continued Parks in a little, low, sweet, quiet, sympathetic voice, but inflexible for all that. "You oughtn't to eat with anything on your mind. It's bad for you."

There was a silence.

"Well, you see ——" said Arthur.

"What do I see?" replied Parks, tremblingly inflexible.

"You see," said Arthur, feeling a palsy creeping upon him, "I don't believe I can—before supper."

"Try," whispered Parks.

Arthur dried up completely.

"I can't," he said.

He turned away, walked to the mantelpiece and leaned on it, head in hands. Little Parks looked after him slowly. She could have laughed, and she could have cried. She began to sing.

She sang in a soft and desperate voice:

"Dearest, the night is passing,
Waneth the trembling moon ——"

She looked round rather desolately at Arthur, for all was in the balance. She hummed on through pouting lips that trembled. Arthur pulled himself together; he looked round at her.

"How can I live without you?" sang Little Parks.

"H-h-how can I let you go-o-o?"

Still she looked at Arthur. He realized his cue. He swallowed once or twice, and plunged.

So they were singing together:

"You that I love so well, dear,
You that I worship so."

Arthur reached the sofa in a stride, and little Parks caught her breath.

"Take off that hat," he uttered breathlessly.

Parks sighed and pulled it off. She threw it away anywhere. Arthur was leaning over the back of the sofa, and she put her head against his shoulder.

"That's the way to talk," said she rapturously and with perfect approval.

"You touch," said Arthur in a stunned voice of discovery, "like that girl I'll never forget—in the arbor. I could tell you in a million by the touch of you."

"The worst's over," murmured Parks tremulously. "You've said it once, but I don't mind hearing it again."

"It was you, dearest?" said Arthur. "You?"

"'M," she said. And they kissed; and kissed again. Steers was quite right about it all coming naturally. "And now you've only got to talk to me like you talk to that gun."

"You darling!" raved Arthur. "You peach! You beautiful peach!"

"You see?" murmured little Parks, her head on his shoulder. "'S easy, isn't it? 'S very easy."

(THE END)

THERE WAS A GREAT CAMP MEETING

(Continued from Page 7)

expounded. Mindful of Ashby's coming, she held each costume up to herself and demanded to know which, in Eve's opinion, was the most becoming. It was hard to decide between the *gaze de chambery* and a canary organdie, at once crisp and diaphanous.

"I think the organdie," said Laura Belle, turning slowly before the mirror. "The other's too much of a toilette."

"For what?" asked Eve.

"I'll let you be a clairvoyant and read my mind."

"Do you think a person can read another person's mind?" asked Eve hopefully.

Laura Belle became sibylline. "I can read yours now; you want to read Mister Reverend Aaron Baines'. How's that affair coming on?"

"He asked me to take a class in Sunday school. After prayer meeting last night. But"—her face clouded—"he asked two others—Lottie Richardson and Elsie Willoughby."

"And you all said you'd do it?"

"Of course. He'd asked us."

"It was a mistake. You should have let the other two consent, and then coolly but pleasantly declined. Then he'd have had to persuade you. A man likes a no he can overcome better than a prompt yes."

"I never thought of it. I'm so stupid, Laura Belle. Well—I might tell him I've been thinking it over and have decided that I can't."

Laura Belle smiled majestically. "Too late. Save your difficulties for the next time."

"But why?"

"A man doesn't like a rehash of a thing that's once settled."

"You know so much about men, Laura Belle—it's simply amazing!"

"If I only knew more!"

They parted on that note, but Laura Belle recalled it when on Friday night she dressed in the canary organdie for Ashby's coming. "You little fool," she said to the lovely, palpitant creature in the mirror, "sometimes I think you only want him because you can't have him. Oh me, how my heart races! He ought to be whipped for worrying me so."

She clasped a double chain of amber about her neck, kissed her hand to the girl in the mirror and ran downstairs, her little bronze slippers tapping out the tempo of her agitation.

She could hear his voice on the front porch, talking to her father. Before she went out to them she stopped to look at the table, spread with satin damask, lit by the cool shine of the famous Walker candelabra, colored richly by the deep blue of old Chinese plates and thousand-leaf roses in an old blue bowl. Heavy cut-crystal goblets, square-footed, awaited the promised toddy on a tray with the sheen of copper glowing through its silver plate. Laura Belle poured the tinted, fragrant liquid, picked up the tray and carried it out to the men.

"Here comes the new butler!" she cried. "Ashby, I'm glad to see you. I hope you're hungry and thirsty."

Ashby leaped to his feet to look down at her, his lean dark face, topped with a wave of romantic blackness, working a little with emotion, though he tried to clinch himself against it. He was shabby; he was, even as Mrs. Staley had said, harsh and moody of temper; but there was something gallant and clear and quixotic about him. Ashby had come home wounded and exhausted from stirring campaigning with Jeb Stuart, to a ruined farm—his slaves, his stock, his implements, all gone. As soon as he could hobble about he harnessed his cavalry horse to the plow and went at the ungrateful business of earning a livelihood and crawling from under a mountain of debt with the same determination with which he had followed his dashing leader. But it had turned out to be a long and galling business, and his spirit had warped under it. Still, he clung to his determination that until the mortgage was paid and he could see his way clear to obtain a decent livelihood he would not ask Laura Belle to marry him.

Her steadfast constancy, her willingness to share his threadbare poverty were at once his banner of hope and his torment. It made him harsh with her. To see her, after these long visits North, drove him frantic with longing for her, but he would not tell her so.

He tried to steady his voice to the commonplace of compliment. "You're just as blooming as ever, Laura Belle. Did you have a good time up among the Yankees?"

"Only fair. I'm getting too old for gayety. I ought to marry and settle down." She was mockingly plaintive. "Here's your toddy, father."

The aroma of old bourbon and lemon, iced and sugared, reached the major's nostrils gratefully. The two men took their glasses and bowed to the girl in yellow. "Your very good health, my dear," said her father, and dipped his white mustache in the goblet. Ashby said nothing, and drank abstemiously, his eyes intent on Laura Belle.

"You've been at my private closet again," complained the major, setting down the empty glass. "But the result condones

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the theft. You can mix a toddy, my dear, better than anyone in the world. Is supper ready?"

"Yes Ashby, will you give me your arm?" She laid her fingers caressingly on his worn coat sleeve, and had the satisfaction of feeling a tremor of the stark muscles beneath. "You're looking thin," she told him as they went in to the dining room. "You're working too hard. Now I'm back you'll have to stop it. I've got to have somebody to beau me round."

Ashby did not answer. The major took up the tale that had been interrupted by the toddy: "And I really think the young fellow quite the gentleman, although he is a Methodist and a parson. His aunt, Mrs. Hallett, is a genteel-looking lady—but the name Baines—Baines—there's nothing to indicate any pedigree in that. It sounds like a tradesman's name. His given name, too Aaron—hopeless! My contention is that a male child should be named from the classics—or the family."

"That's a very convenient belief for you and Ashby," said Laura Belle. "But honestly, I think Leonidas is as bad as Aaron. Who was Leonidas anyway, father?"

"That's the impertinent way she talks to me, Ashby," scolded the major dotingly. "The younger generation has no respect at all for the older. Laura Belle comes back from the North a graceless chit."

"She always was a graceless chit, and you made her so," affirmed Ashby, smiling.

"Even you turn on me. Take the mock terrapin around to Mr. Ashby, Toothpick, and let the offering be as coals of fire on his head. Well has Rochefoucauld said: 'Most young people think they are natural when they are only boorish and rude.'"

Laura Belle and Ashby groaned together. "Now you've started him on Rochefoucauld," she accused him. "Father, I shan't sing for you to-night if I hear another word of that old bore."

Toothpick at this moment created a diversion. He had gone to answer a knock at the front door. "Mista Baines heah," he announced.

"Ah! Now we'll have a little truly sensible conversation," promised the major, and left the table to meet his guest.

"Ashby," commanded Laura Belle softly, "look at me. Are you glad that I'm back?"

"Don't, Laura Belle."

"I must—because you won't."

His hand wavered out toward her, then was drawn decisively back.

"I have no right."

"You have every right. You know it."

The major reappeared, bringing Aaron Baines triumphantly with him. The young minister was ruffled and embarrassed.

"Major Walker—really—I've had my supper. I had no idea ——"

"A place for Mr. Baines, Toothpick," quoth the major. "You will at least join us in the dessert and coffee."

"Oh, but you must," added Laura Belle cordially. "Do you know Mr. Walker—Ashby Walker—Mr. Baines?"

The two young men shook hands and the unhappy Baines subsided into a chair placed for him by Toothpick.

"You complete the square, sir," declared the major, rubbing his hands. "We are now a *partie carrée*, as the French say. The vacant side of the table was waiting for you. A little of this mock terrapin—I presume your cloth prohibits you from tasting a drop of some very excellent toddy—quite so—I appreciate your scruples, though I have known many clergymen who partook."

"Old Doctor Henderson got tiddled once on communion wine," supplied Laura Belle with a naughty giggle.

"How shocking—how outrageous!" burst involuntarily from Aaron Baines.

"And what about Noah?" pursued Laura Belle.

"Don't mind her—she's a confirmed tease," interposed Ashby.

But young Baines could not hear a word against his idol. "Oh—I'm sure Miss Laura Belle didn't quite—didn't quite—understand—or imply ——" he floundered.

"But I did," said Laura Belle. "And I've no doubt it was because Noah loved his toddy that he had the vision to build the ark, and the animals went in two by two—but he wasn't seeing double."

"Laura Belle!" roared the major. "I positively will not have you talking in this abandoned way. My daughter has moods, sir, in which 'incorrigible' is the mildest word I can truthfully apply to her."

"I like frankness in ladies," declared Baines, turning toward Laura Belle.

Her golden dress, her golden beads, her smile—all dazzled him. He felt light-headed, daring. Ashby, watching him from across the table, divined his state of mind and smiled wryly. So Laura Belle had acquired another victim. And what an unlikely one!

"I disagree with you, sir," said the major. "The wit of most women rather strengthens their folly than their reason."

"Rochefoucauld!" exclaimed Ashby and Laura Belle in unison.

The major swept them with a militant glance. "A cup of coffee, Mr. Baines. And some of this peach shortcake. Delicious fruit, the peach. I'm often constrained to think of the four seasons in terms of food. Spring, for instance—asparagus and strawberries. Summer—peaches, green corn, young fryers, melting in the mouth ——"

"You're forgetting watermelon," reminded Ashby.

"A common, too exuberant fruit, sir; not for the epicure."

"But what about soft-shell crabs?" asked Laura Belle demurely.

"I wish you two would not interrupt me. Where was I? Autumn—oysters, winesaps, purple grapes ——"

"Pork tenderloins, sweet potatoes," chanted Laura Belle.

"And in winter—let me see—roast ham, hominy, mince pies ——"

"Father, you are positively gluttonous. Shall we go into the parlor?"

She led the way, followed by the three diverse men, diverse but all of them intent on her, and she quite aware of it.

"I'll play you the very latest polka," she said. "It's called The Aureola. And I've a charming new Strauss waltz—Lischen and Fritschen. Are you fond of music, Mr. Baines?"

He hung over the piano, far more intoxicated than if he had taken the toddy. "I'm fond of music if I may turn the leaves," he said, only stammering a little.

"Too bad that Laura Belle plays from memory," said Ashby.

Young Baines subsided. He realized that he had been bold. He wondered painfully if he had annoyed Miss Laura Belle by his remark. But no, she seemed to be in very good humor.

And now she began to play. From his position he could see the swift sureness of her fingers, the entrancing lift and bend of her wrists, the graceful way in which she bent her head over the keys or swayed as she took the runs. Her eyelashes—he had never before realized what delicate dark shadows they made for her soft eyes. And the slim penciling of her brows and the dusky deeps of her hair. "Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that from Mount Gilead" - he indignantly rejected the simile. The bare idea of comparing Miss Laura Belle's hair to a flock of goats! It occurred to him that Solomon had said some very odd things. How much better was "As a piece of pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks." And—and—"Thy neck is as a tower of ivory." With a violent effort he wrenched himself away from further mental quotation. Miss Laura Belle was too truly a lady to be thought of in the intimate terms of Solomon.

He lapsed into gentle ecstasy. Presently she sang, completing his delight. Why Was I Looking Out?—one of the new Parepa songs, Laura Belle told them—was followed by We Met and Talked of Other Days.

"And now your favorite, Mr. Baines," said Laura Belle; and he had the gratification of hearing Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down. It affected him powerfully.

"Your voice is b-beautiful," he murmured when she had finished.

"Did you like it, Ashby?" she questioned, disregarding him.

"It seems a little high for you. You're not quite true on those top notes."

"What a horrid speech! But I'll play your favorite." She struck up gayly If You Want to Have a Good Time, Jine the Cavalry.

Ashby roared out the words with her. "Lord, how that takes me back," he said when the duet was over. "Jeb Stuart with his sash and his golden spurs and his voice—I'd have died for him. I wish I could have died in his place."

There was a sudden deep stillness in the room. The young minister could hear the ticking of the clock, and it reminded him that he was staying too late. "I must go," he said. He told them good night, and the major accompanied him to the porch.

(Continued on Page 105)

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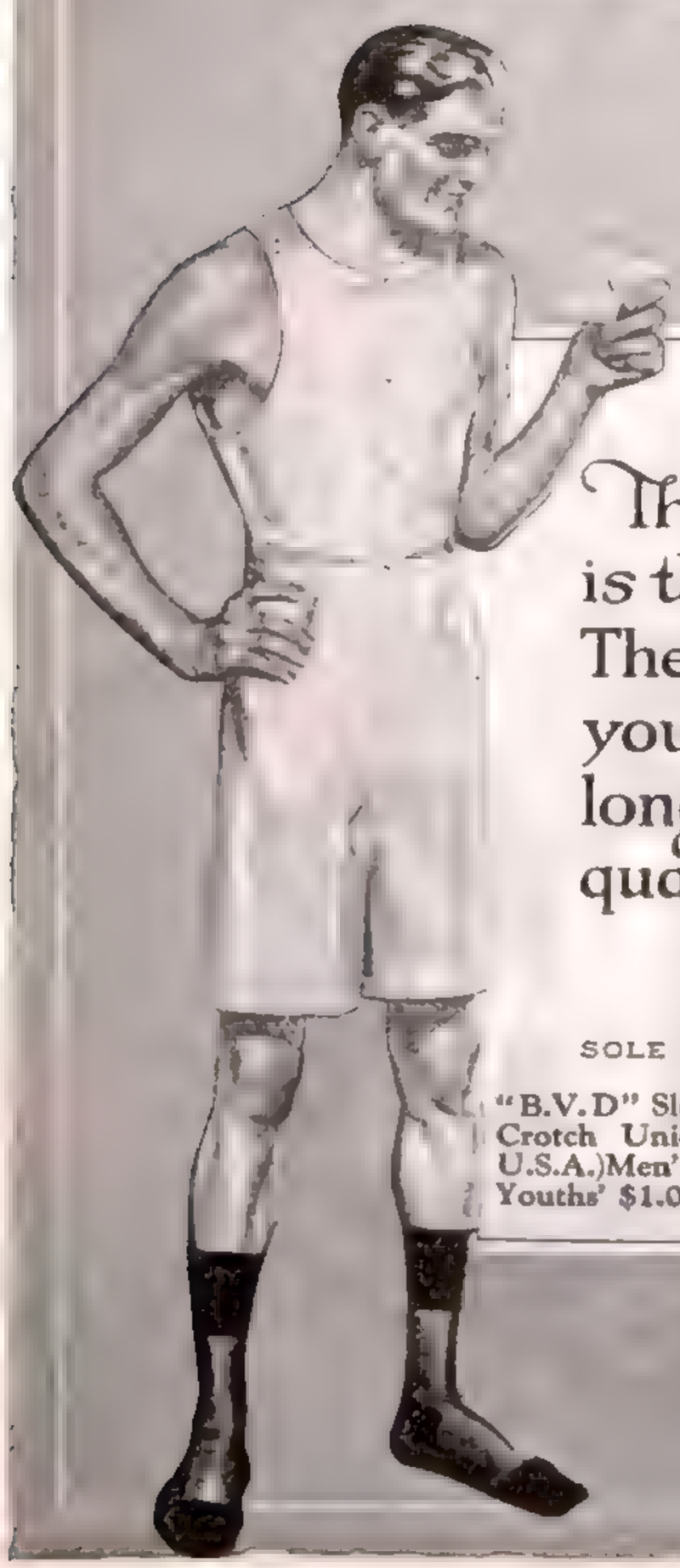

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(Continued from Page 102)

"You had no right to say you wish you had died in Jeb Stuart's place," said Laura Belle. "Ashby, why are you so ——"

"It's all no use," said Ashby. "I don't get on. Cholera in my hogs, smut in my corn, the drought killed my clover. And I come in here like a stricken fool and look at you—and can't have you! I wish you had stayed up North and married there. There must be plenty of men—there have been plenty here, God knows—after you, and look how you've drugged this poor little chap to-night. He couldn't take his pious eyes off you."

"And what about me?" demanded Laura Belle. "Do you think I find happiness in standing about protesting my affection for a man who lets his silly pride keep him from answering it? Oh, Ashby, you're so hard. What does the mortgage matter? I could help you so—I'd turn your luck."

He shook his head. "I won't make a drudge out of you."

She took sudden bitter resolution. "Very well; this is the last time. I've gone as much of the way as I can. I've been bold, unmaidenly, immodest, daring. Oh, I know what people would say about me if they could hear me urging myself on you! I shall never do it again. If you ever make up your mind that you care less for your ridiculous self-conceit than you do for me ——"

"It is not self-conceit—it is self-respect."

"Oh, is it? Until you can make up your mind that you care less for your alleged self-respect than you do for me, I shall certainly hereafter leave you—unsolicited." She flung the words at him, pelted him with them. Then she changed, became amused at herself. "But yet I don't know. It strikes me that I'm being too kind to you. No, Ashby, on further consideration, I'm afraid that I have no pride, even if you have. I think I must continue to be a brazen hussy!"

The major returned, and Ashby rose to go. "Better look out, major," he said; "you've got another candidate for Laura Belle's hand and heart in that nice little yellow-haired boy who's been coming round to hear you quote your favorite author."

The major ruffled. "Lord bless my soul, Ashby—a Methodist parson! Don't be a fool."

"That's what I say," commented Laura Belle. "Don't be a fool, Ashby."

"I'll be here for supper next Friday night and argue my foolishness with you both," said Ashby. "Let me remind you, major, that Rochefoucauld says that 'Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.'" He laughed and waved his hand and was gone in the glimmering night.

Summer ripens slowly in Arborville. The burning heat of late June and early July deepens, and steadies into the sultriness of August until endurance becomes a habit. It is fresh in the morning, and then the town wakes and stirs, front doors and shutters are opened, walks are sprinkled and swept, housewives and their servants go to market and choose the day's supplies. There is chatter from porch to porch, a film of animation which presently the rising brassy sun evaporates. Then shutters and doors are closed again, no one is on the street save an occasional negro cart or peddler's wagon, chickens wallow happily in the dust of the deserted roadway, the trees of the street stand motionless, their upheld appealing leaves a "myriad prayer" for rain. With twilight comes again release from the spell. Now a little breeze dances by and ruffles and teases the suppliant trees, touches them with the cool refreshment of dew. Shutters and doors fly open, and airy gay frocks blossom like flowers on the porches. There are errands to the post office, to the drug store, to the telegraph office, and comment on the temperature begins every conversation.

"It seems to me this is the hottest spell we ever had!"

"I almost perished to-day; I thought I'd melt away."

After this preliminary the gossip of the town is exchanged—who is sick, and who has gone away, and who is visiting, and then invariably: "Have you heard anything more about the young minister and Laura Belle Walker?"

For with the deepening of the summer's exigence deepened and became more open the possession of Aaron Baines. He went to the Walkers' as often as he dared. He grew thinner, there was a gaunt whiteness about his face that was piteous. His eyes lost their boyishness. He was a man gripped, held, devoured. It was there for all to see who cared to look. And everyone cared to look and, having looked, to talk. It was the town's drama.

"He's simply crazy about her."

"But she won't have anything to do with him."

"I heard the major had asked him not to come any more."

"Oh, well, she must have led him on; Laura Belle's always been a flirt."

"But she's always declared openly that she and Ashby ——"

"She wouldn't have been so open about it if she'd really wanted Ashby."

"That's so; there's no reason in the world why she and Ashby shouldn't have married long before this if they'd wanted to. They're not really cousins—except in a distant way."

"They say the deacons in the church have talked to Mr. Baines."

"Yes—the ones with daughters."

"He looks stricken; he's really a sight."

"It's shameless; he ought to be reported to the conference."

"The conference can't prevent a man from falling in love."

So the wave of talk washed back and forth, a tide of surmise, of criticism, of amusement, of sympathy. Gentle and kind-hearted, the townspeople could not help but sympathize with the young man's evident distress. Yet they were not blind to its droll implications and facets of comedy.

Laura Belle felt these last acutely. She had seen the young man's agitation, marked his growing feeling. At last she spoke to him frankly:

"You know that my father and I"—she dragged in the major's name to share her stand—"dislike to seem inhospitable to anyone. But we feel that it would be better if you did not call here quite so often. It will deprive us of the pleasure of your society, but it will—it will give the critics of your congregation no further ground. It is for your own sake I say this."

He misunderstood, twisted it to her praise. "You are so kind, so compassionate!" he had exclaimed adoringly. "I—perhaps I should not say so, but there are few in my flock who are congenial to me. Here I am happy—happier than I dare tell you."

Laura Belle listened, was startled by the revelation of his words. She had prepared her little speech carefully; she did not want to wound his feelings. But she saw that she had to be more blunt.

"Even so—I think I must ask you not to come so often," she said. "It can lead to nothing, as you know, and makes people talk unpleasantly. The mere fact that I'm of another church than you"—she cast away the pretense of the major—"makes them talk."

He was so inexperienced, so bewildered by emotion, he did not see the obvious. "How often may I come?" he demanded.

Laura Belle felt her patience slip. The man was simply a fatuous idiot; he made himself and her grotesque.

"I would greatly prefer that you did not come at all," she said. Then, relenting a little at his look: "Please don't look as if I'd slapped you. I'm only doing what is best for you."

"You're not—you're not telling me I'm never to see you? I couldn't bear that."

She thought he was going to cry, and her impatience increased. She was used to men, not lovesick adolescents.

"I mean exactly that," she exclaimed. "You make us both absurd. Don't you see it? Please go and don't come back." She made a little gesture, which she instantly checked. "I won't be Zenobia, the tragedy queen," she told herself.

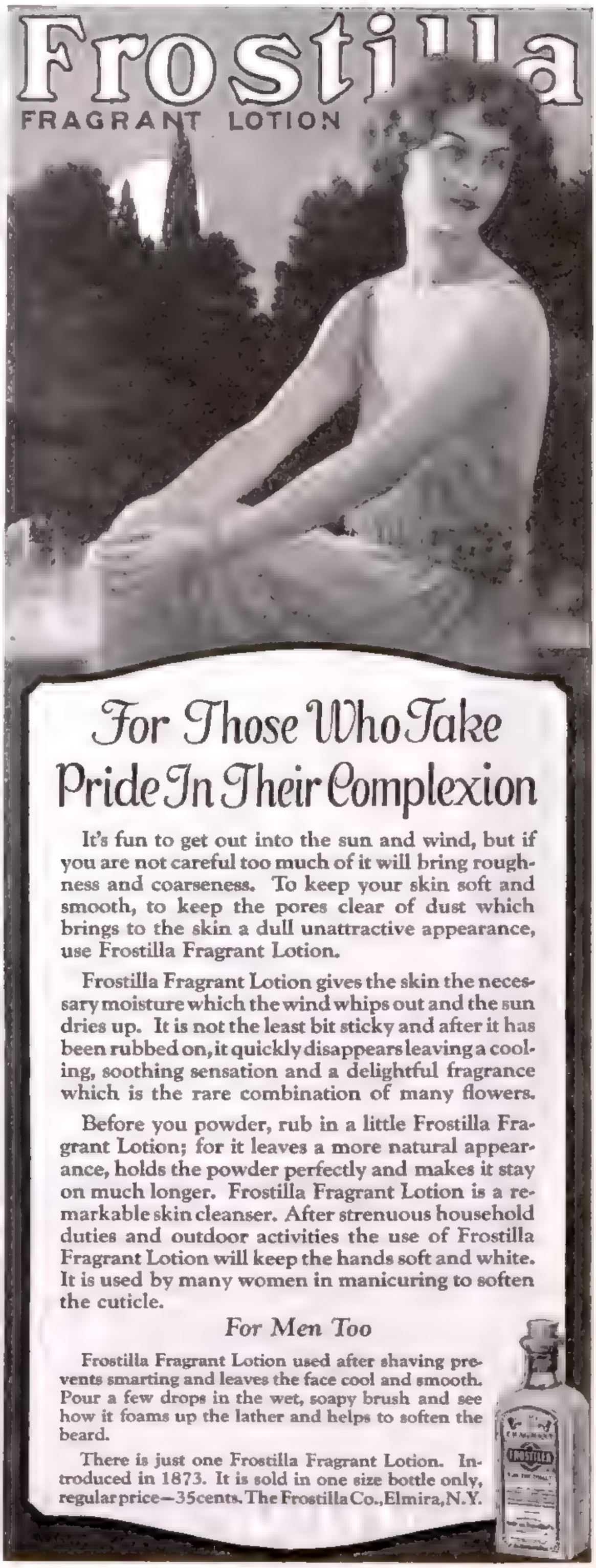
Aaron Baines said nothing, only looked at her as if he would fill his eyes and his heart with her forever. At last, without a word, a waking sleepwalker, stunned, mechanical, he left the room. Laura Belle ran out to her father.

"You were a coward," she scolded, "to leave it all to me. It was just like striking a child. I was so sorry for him, and yet so provoked."

"But he was not—insistent?" queried the major, passing by the slur on his courage.

"No, but I was."

The major shook his head in sorrow over the unhappiness in the world caused by misplaced affection. "'A gentleman may love like a lunatic, but not like a beast,'" he quoted sententiously.



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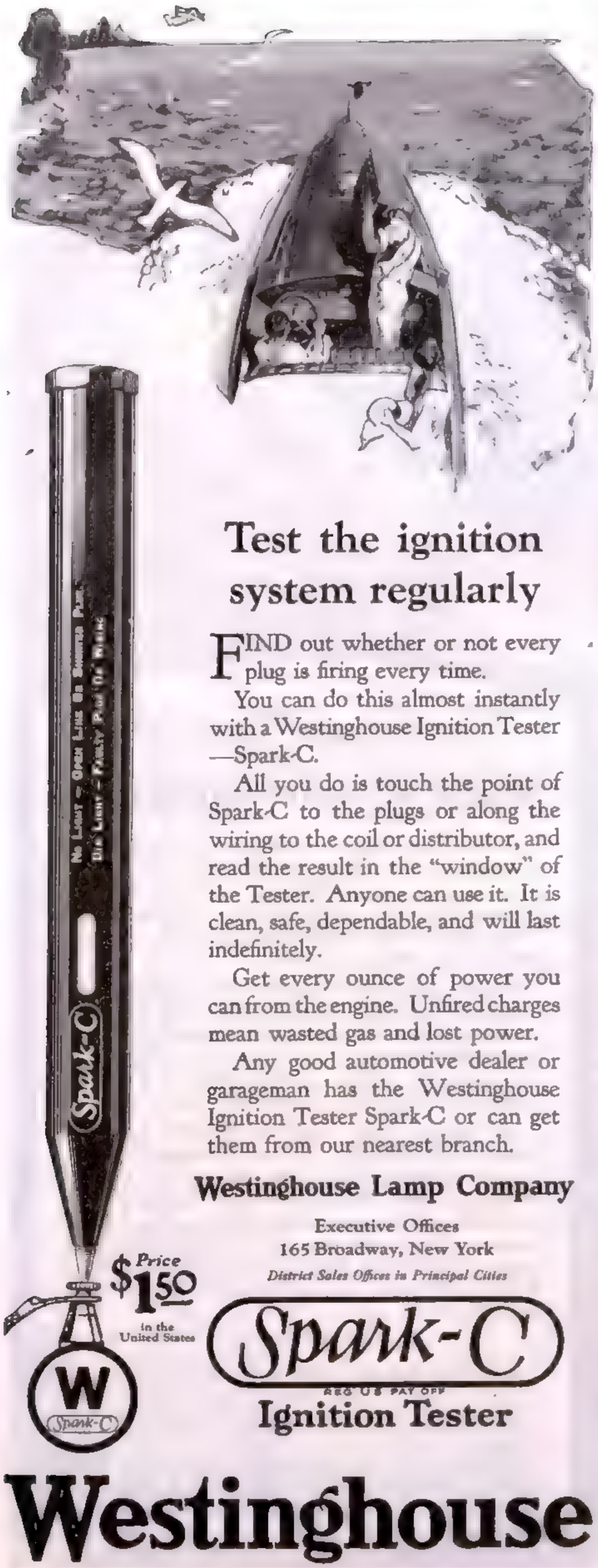

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"According to Rochefoucauld, then," said Laura Belle acidly, "Mr. Baines is a perfect gentleman."

She switched her figured muslin with the sulphur ribbons indignantly upstairs, chose a white chip hat with yellow poppies and went to the Staleys'.

"Let's go up to your room," she said to Eve. "I must talk to you."

As soon as the door was shut the two girls faced each other. In Eve's face was reflected Aaron Baines' suffering.

"I don't see what use there is in talk," she said sullenly.

"Now don't be peevish. It's not my fault."

"No, but"—Eve buried a despairing face in her hands—"it kills me to see him suffer so."

"It probably kills you because he's suffering about another woman than you. Eve, this isn't the moment to be sentimental and missish. The question is—do you want him?"

Behind her fingers Eve made muffled reply: "What good does it do for me to want him or not? He's run after you until he's town's talk. You let him do it. Oh, it was shameful of you, Laura Belle! I suppose you learned such things up North."

"Don't blame the North for everything. Remember your dear Mr. Baines is a Northerner." She laughed. "Oh, I do think this is the richest! Take down your hands and act like a grown woman. I've told him he mustn't come up to the house any more. And now, on the rebound, is your chance—yours or some other girl's. Don't you be a ninny and cry and mope. He's not in love with me, and never was; he's just in love with the idea of being in love. If you'll be sensible—and artful—you can turn him toward you. He needs sympathy."

Eve's blue eyes, tear-drenched, appeared wide and wonderful. "If I only thought what you say might be true ——"

"Of course it's true!" She swept Eve along on the torrent of her will. "If you love him as you say you do you won't sit down and let him drift into anybody's arms now. He'll get over his slight infatuation for me. It's nothing but puppy love."

"You shan't talk him down!" Eve was indignant.

"It's good if you can get mad about him—I'm glad. Spunk up, Eve. What you want with him I can't for the life of me imagine ——"

"Well, I don't see why you should want Ashby Walker."

"Oh, law, you are spirited enough with me. We're both in the same case, my dear—I want Ashby and you want the Reverend Aaron. Can't you make an opportunity to see him—often? When does Bethel Camp Meeting open? Aren't you going? Get your mother to invite him and his aunt to stay in your tent. Then you'll have him right there, particularly at mealtimes, when any man is malleable. Even Ashby nearly owns he loves me after a good supper."

"Do you really think it would do any good?"

"Not if you go at it in that frame of mind. Well, I've said my say. I'm going. Don't hate me, Eve. It's not my fault that the man hankers after something new, someone who isn't like all the other girls in the town, someone who'll tease him a little, and laugh at him, and play a schottish to him. I suppose you lure him on with Rock of Ages—a very nice tune, but one he's sick of. Oh, why can't you treat him like any other beau?"

"Treat the minister—like a beau?" Unheard-of daring!

"Gracious mercy, what is he but a man, and a young man? And a very green young man, too, let me tell you. He has possibilities; every man has when the right woman gets hold of him. You could do wonders with him. Oh, how he needs a wife and a manager!"

"I think your tongue runs away with you," said Eve after a pause. "All this—is just words."

Laura Belle's white chip quivered with mirth. "If you can make up any better plan than getting him out in your tent, right under foot every minute when he isn't on the preacher's stand, please let me know. The more I think of it the better I like it. Get him there, and then—grab him!" She bent her pretty wrists to a quick, pouncing gesture.

Eve listened while the figured muslin rustled down the stairs, heard the shutting of the front door. Something as definitely determined as old Elihu Staley's line of cheek and jaw became apparent through her childlike facial contour. She went to find her mother.

Laura Belle did not raise her eyes as she went past the parsonage on the way home. She had a feeling that she might see a very miserable man, and she did not want to know anything more of Aaron Baines and his unhappiness. She resented it. He had made her seem absurd to herself and in the eyes of the town. "Silly boy," she murmured, giving a small scowl at the parsonage front gate.

Aaron Baines was not in sight; she need not have averted her eyes. In his small study he was kneeling, his arms outflung upon his desk, praying a prayer that he was not sure might not be sin, but which rose, stronger than he, to his lips:

"Let her love me. . . . Give her to me. . . . She is so beautiful, she is so good. . . . Lord, hear me. . . . I cannot do without her. . . . Turn her heart to me, O All Merciful ——"

Chaotic phrases like these made up his petition. His head, bowed upon his sermon papers, disordered them, tears he could not restrain blotted them. He did not know what he was saying. Where now were the words of consolation, of comfort, that he had uttered so many times to others? There forced itself into his mind a conviction that he had been a vain fool when he had offered platitudes of sympathy to those in trouble. He had descended to that depth of solitude of the soul which crushing sorrow alone opens. He felt that no one had ever suffered as he was doing. He knew profoundly that he had received a mortal blow. He was, in short, making a very bad business about his first rebuff in love.

Still he had presence of mind enough to scramble to his feet and bend his face over his desk when he heard Lucretia Hallett's footsteps outside.

"Aaron, Deacon Staley and Deacon Richardson are downstairs, along with the overseer of the camp ground. They want to make some final arrangements." She came closer and whispered, "Mrs. Staley's just run over to ask us to stay with them in their tent during camp. I told her I'd speak to you. What shall I say?"

"I don't care; do what you like," he replied, hardly hearing her.

"And, Aaron"—she paused, retreating, still whispering lest the two downstairs should overhear—"comb your hair before you come down. It looks like a hurrah's nest."

Presently, somehow, he managed to comb his hair and follow his aunt downstairs. The three men awaited him in the parlor. Somehow he listened to what they had to say and made answer. Yes, he had written to Brother Waddell, of Cordova; he was coming. Yes, the presiding elder would be there to preach on the last Sunday night. Yes—yes—and yes. They felt his abstraction, his impatience, his heartsickness, and were gentle with him. It was impossible not to be. But when they had retreated and were a little way down the street Henry Williams, the camp overseer, twitched a thumb back at the house.

"I suppose the minister feels it just like any other young feller. I mind when I was going with Virgie, she took a dislike to a fancy weskit I bought, and we had a terrible touse about it. Upshot was I couldn't eat ner sleep for ten days till we'd made it up. I give the weskit to a nigger that worked round the hotel; cost me eight dollars too. Women can prey on a man—yes, sir."

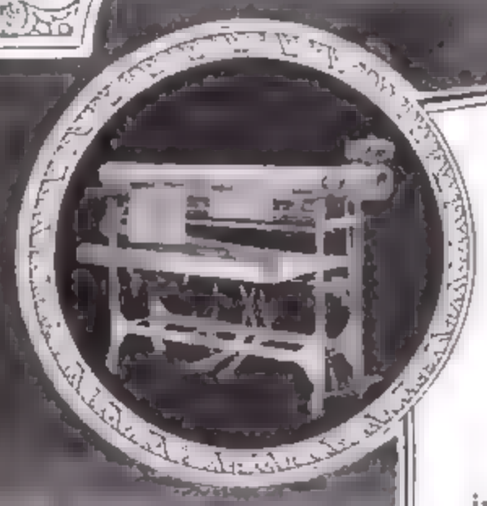
Deacon Staley's long beard wagged disapproval. "A man of God should be above such light-mindedness."

And Deacon Richardson nodded acquiescence. But they did not convince the more secular Henry Williams.

"All very well to say, but I want to tell you Miss Laura Belle Walker's a mighty taking young lady. Everybody knows that. When she looks out of them big knowing eyes of hers she's calculated to set most any man's head to spinning, preacher or what not. He ain't in the proper frame of mind to carry on a big camp meeting, that's flat. We got to look out for him."

On this the others were agreed. Bethel Camp Meeting, in the grove seven miles from town, was the great event of the church's year, rivaling in significance the winter series of revivals. For the camp drew larger crowds, its harvest of repentant souls was larger, and it brought together the leading ministers of the county, working for a common cause.

(Continued on Page 109)



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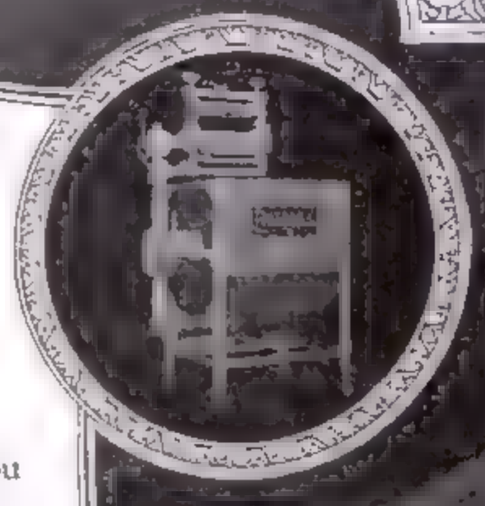

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(Continued from Page 106)

It was an old camp, this one of Bethel. For years it had existed, with its square of backless board benches grouped about the little covered stand from which preacher and choir assailed the congregation with sermon and hymn. Round about the square went the sawdust-covered promenade, where before and after service the young people strolled in endless procession to show their best clothes and their latest sweethearts. Beyond the promenade were the "tents"—rough two-story shacks of unpainted planks, wide open to sun and air, furnished with odds and ends hauled there before camp opened and carted back home again afterward. There was a little rivalry in decoration, and some of the front openings had lace curtains looped and tied with colored ribbons, but these were frowned on as worldly by more austere tenters.

At the four corners of the square were rough trays of sand, upheld on high posts, and on this sand were laid lightwood knots, which gave a murky radiance to the evening services, while a big tin kerosene lamp hung in the preacher's stand.

All through the benches about the preacher's stand, between the tents and beyond them, were the old trees of the grove—sentinel pine, sweet gum, white oak—first growth, towering far beyond the little shacks clustered amongst them. They gave the shabby place a certain grace, a touch of invulnerable beauty, where none had certainly been contemplated by its builders.

To this camp flocked the farmers and small townsmen, bringing furniture, food, sometimes a servant to attend them, but more often not, to spend ten days in religious rusticity, for the camp began on a Saturday and ended one week from the following Monday.

The last Sunday was the scene of the biggest, most vital meeting. It was then that the faithful gave testimony, and those who had just professed conversion came forward to the mourners' bench. Under the stress of this contagious fervor many sinners invariably sought the light. It was looked to as the crowning effort of those in charge of the camp, and for this it was carefully planned. Some leading preacher, the presiding elder perhaps, gave a powerful sermon on repentance, warning and exhorting those who were not yet numbered among the elect that the day of judgment is forever near. Younger ministers and pious lay brothers and sisters passed among the crowd, urging the faltering to come forward and openly testify to their need of grace. Those at the mourners' bench were counseled as to the way of light, the change of heart. At last, some one of these could rise and shout for glory, won through to light, and this one would be promptly followed by others, converted as much through this example as through any inner conviction. Then, amidst singing and shouting, enthusiasm would run high, never ceasing until the garnering of this precious grain of heaven—part of which invariably turned out to be chaff—was complete.

Since Arborville had the biggest, strongest congregation of the county its pastor was given place as protagonist of Bethel. Aaron Baines had looked forward eagerly and humbly to the camp meeting until the misfortune of unrequited love fell upon him. Now it had become a weight on his shoulders, an exigent care. He wished, oh, how he wished it were over, so that he might have leisure to luxuriate in his woes. He did not know that was why he wished it was over, but it was the real reason none the less. He found the consultations with his deacons, the considerations of visiting ministers, the proper care and attention for the presiding elder almost beyond his endurance. As for preparing any of his own sermons—that was quite beyond him. He would have to rely on extemporaneous inspiration. He did not even look up appropriate texts.

Mrs. Hallett, watching him anxiously, wondered if he might be going into galloping consumption. "Thank goodness," she confided to Mrs. Staley on their way to the camp, "he'll have this ten days in the open air, and it may do him good. I'm really worried about his health."

"Many people from the North find their first summer South very trying," replied Mrs. Staley sedately. But, eye to eye, the two women were silently agreed that perhaps the distance from the wiles of Laura Belle Walker would be as beneficial as the fresh air. And Mrs. Hallett was affectionately familiar to Eve.

Of this Eve herself was quite aware, and she met Mrs. Hallett a good halfway; but she had a devastating consciousness that Aunt Lucretia might smile at her forever and she not be advanced one pace thereby in Aaron Baines' heart. She was very forlorn, was Eve. At times she almost regretted the precipitancy of Laura Belle's will that had made her run to her mother with the demand that they ask the minister and his aunt for the camp. All the same, she reflected a little less mournfully, it was some comfort to know that he wasn't going to stay at the Richardsons'.

With a courage fostered by her desperation she forced herself on Aaron Baines' open attention. She sat beside him at table, she helped him to choice titbits, she asked his opinion of the various discourses and tried to open discussion with him about them. All the time she was conscious of a rising anger against Laura Belle—not personally of course, but that she should be such a witch, such a charmer, as to have blinded Aaron Baines to every other girl.

And she was conscious, too, of a growing devotion and tenderness for him. He was so unhappy and he was so painfully thin! His eyes were tortured eyes. If he had become a man under the pain of Laura Belle's dismissal, so Eve became a woman in longing to console and comfort him. Her love for him, at first no more than a romantic fancy, grew into a consuming, yearning worship, half lover and half mother.

Yet no matter what she felt, no matter what she did, she was honest enough with herself to see that she made no headway. He looked through or past her, never really at her, save with the same unnoticing wistfulness that he gave to everyone now.

For all she was angry and resentful against Laura Belle, Eve would have liked to talk to her. She wanted to ask so many things in which Laura Belle, of all Arborville, had wisdom. Might it perhaps be that there was a subconscious antipathy between a man and a woman who were both blonds? Did Laura Belle's dusky creaminess make a real complement of the Reverend Aaron's blondness, which Eve's own fair color could never hope to do? Might that not explain? But no—Laura Belle herself inclined to Ashby, dark as a crow. It was very puzzling.

And didn't people with broken hearts sometimes die of them? At this thought Eve felt such a pang in her own heart that she had to lay her hand upon it to hush it. Oh, if he should die! She would not want to live herself. Or—perhaps she would die too. She sincerely thought she might. She hoped so. Eve found that it was not hard to go to every service and appear devoutly attentive, she had so many engrossing things to think about. And she could always look at Aaron, on the stand among the other preachers, feasting her eyes on him, hoping, despairing, reveling in unusual emotions, desires and fears, such as never before had invaded her quiet maidenhood.

"I just know," said Laura Belle to Ashby, on the occasion of his regular Friday-night supper at their house, "that Eve's going the wrong way with susceptible young Aaron. Ashby, you must hitch up your buggy and take me out to camp on Sunday night. I'd like to see what's going on."

"I suppose you meddled with Eve—gave her the benefit of your worldly wisdom. I can see the pricking of your conscience."

"It wasn't my worldly wisdom at all; it was my plain common sense. She wants him; I said to her to grab him. Are you going to take me out there Sunday night?"

"I suppose so. Will you go with us, major, or does Rochefoucauld ban camp meetings?"

"My dear boy, I believe he would have enjoyed them—as a spectator, not as a participant. But I think I won't go. I'd crush Laura Belle's furbelows, and the roads are dusty."

"I can take the surrey instead of the buggy. There'll be plenty of room for Laura Belle and you too."

"Even so—I'm better at home. I do not care very much for long drives at night. I shall be interested to know, however, whether my young friend has recovered from the influence so disastrously wielded upon him by my charming daughter." He bowed to Laura Belle. "I don't want to flatter you, my dear, but I don't blame the young man."

"I find it all very silly," said Laura Belle.

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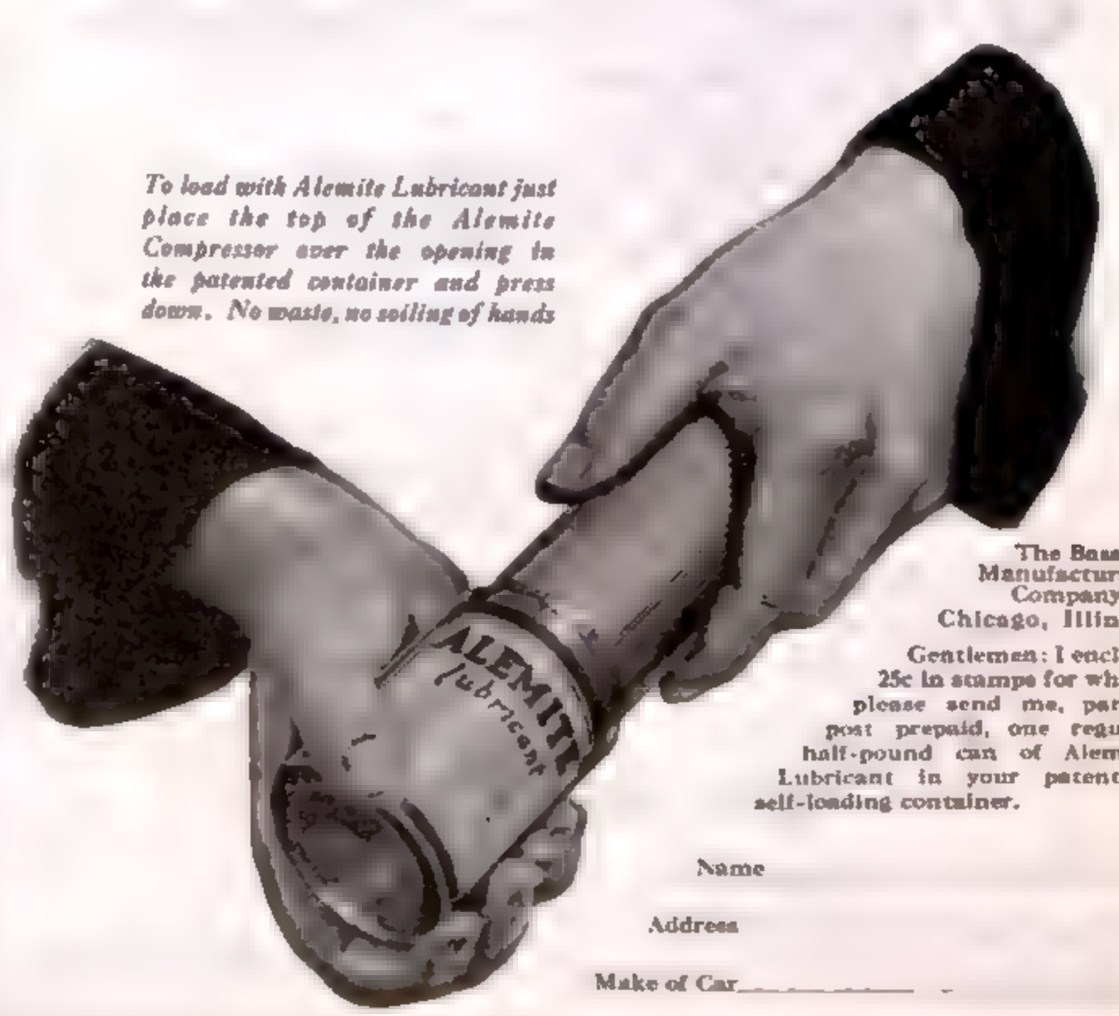

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"Ah, well," said the major, as a passing shot, "I fear he is too young to know the truth of the saying of the immortal Frenchman: 'We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.'"

"I'm sorry for him," said Ashby. "I know what he feels."

Laura Belle snapped her fingers at him. "You! Ashby, how do you have the face to say such a thing?"

"It is quite true. But I've learned to conceal my feeling. He's not so fortunate. Miss Walker, I'll have the honor to call for you on Sunday evening at half past six, with my buggy newly washed, and a brand-new lap robe. Please be ready on time."

"Come in earlier and have supper here."

"No; two suppers a week here would make me fat. Don't wear your yellow dress; it's far too dashing for a camp meeting."

"Then you like it, and I'll certainly wear it."

She was as good as her word. It was in the yellow organdie that she stepped into Ashby's buggy, newly washed, as he had promised, but an old ramshackle affair even so. The lap robe he had vaunted was the cheapest of thin gray linen.

"The vehicle is not worthy of your splendor, but it is the best I can offer."

"So long as I am with you," she replied, "I don't mind if we ride in an oxcart."

"Laura Belle, you are shameless. When I look back at the wreckage you've caused! There was Haley Pritchett. And that fellow from Church Hill—what was his name? And your Centerville beau, Ned Brown. And Billy Hackett. And the doctor from Philadelphia ——"

"Wait a minute. Please note that they're all happily married now, so you can't call them wreckage. And that's what's going to happen to the young minister."

"You think Eve will—grab him—as you so inelegantly advised?"

"What is elegance when you want something? Women should be more primitive, Ashby. We're too restrained, too hemmed in, too bound down."

Ashby's frowning seriousness relaxed in genuine laughter. "You, restrained! You, bound down! I love the picture."

Laura Belle disregarded his mirth, produced a little fan and waved it. "Whew, it is dusty—and very hot! Father was sensible not to come. And look, Ashby—look at the crowd. The whole county's here! Where will you hitch?"

"As near out on the edge as I can, so we won't have any trouble getting away when it's over. You don't mind walking in?"

"I mind—but what's that to you? Oh, Ashby, I hope that Eve ——"

"I don't believe you really care. Your vanity would be immensely flattered if he'd be constant."

"Ah—does it flatter your vanity that I'm so constant to you?"

He would not answer, busied himself selecting a convenient hitching place. At last he helped her out, and they strolled slowly through the press up toward the center of the camp. It was all confused, crowded, jumbled. Carriages were coming in in droves. Here and there a big farm wagon drawn by mules brought a load of young people taking the occasion as one for gayety rather than piety. The girls were helped down with little squeals of laughter, and after they'd shaken out their light frocks to the fullest circumference and collected wraps and fans and such trifling impedimenta, linked arms with their special swains and made what haste they could to the promenade. They were viewed with indulgence or with reprobation by their elders, according to their benevolence.

Laura Belle, on Ashby's arm, watched it all curiously. The two were marked figures among the simpler folk; distinctly observers, not participants. Ashby's shabby coat could not make him naïve or rustic, and the suave finish of the girl matched his look of experience. They did not pause at the circling walk.

"We'll go on and get good seats, beside an aisle," she said. "It's a real mêlée."

The air of the whole camp was filled with dust, which under the waning of twilight took on soft blue shadows, belying its promises of grime. From the lightwood flares just kindled rose thin spirals of smoke, mounting straight, for there was no wind.

Heat like a smothering blanket lay close over everything, enervating, relaxing the mind and the will.

"Give me your fan," said Ashby as they sat down.

In his strong hand it made a little oasis of coolness for her face and throat. She looked about her. People were gathering for the service, but there was no sign of Eve or any of the Staleys. Other Arborville people she saw and nodded to. Presently the choir appeared on the preacher's stand, grouped themselves importantly about the little organ. Visiting ministers appeared, sweltering visibly in their black coats. At last came the presiding elder, tall and impressive, and with him was Aaron Baines.

By the time the first hymn was sung people were packed solid on the benches and in the aisles. The promenaders had to give way to the devout. From the upper story of the little wooden tents leaned many listeners who had seen the impossibility of getting places outside. Over all there brooded a tense emotion, awaiting expression. The fervor of the hymn attested to this eager expectancy. A revival is always an electric affair, but out of doors, in semidarkness, and with a packed multitude waiting for the word, their bodies touching, communicating magnetism, a revival becomes an intense drama, enormous in its potentialities.

Under the high hard light of the preacher's stand the face of young Aaron Baines shone like a martyred ascetic, far from earth. Laura Belle wondered if he had seen her, wished they had sat farther back. Mechanically he gave out the hymn and stood to sing it. One of the visiting ministers offered the opening prayer, with a thrilling voice, full of strange wailing swoops and emphasis. They sang another hymn. Then came the sermon.

The presiding elder was a man with a face that denoted heady pride, arrogance, self-will, but bent to noble ends. He was of fanatic stuff. His text rang out, a menace to the ungodly: "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness."

He stretched his long arms and clenched his hands as though he would seize and force the wicked to their knees. He leaned out to them, not so much imploring as denouncing, not offering everlasting mercy but picturing everlasting punishment for the recalcitrant, with all its details of horror and of woe. He showed them hell, and found them surely on the way thither. He wielded the lance of terror, the bludgeon of assured rebuke. And he disregarded the sweat that poured down his face, wilted his collar and made his cuffs stick to his wrists, intent only on the great force of emotion that he was building up, a force which at its peak he would utilize in his appeal for souls to be saved.

The grove was very still as he went on. Even breath itself was drawn carefully, lest it disturb. The speaker held them entranced, helpless before him. Only Ashby Walker's hand moved regularly with the little fluttering fan that he kept in motion for the comfort of Laura Belle. He was outside the preacher's spell, alone, and he watched the man and marked his tightening grip upon his audience. He had seen men go into battle with that look of a glorious avenging power upon their faces, possessing them for the time of the conflict. He reflected that the preacher would have made a first-rate cavalry trooper, a demon for fighting, would have enjoyed using the saber. By this aloofness Ashby held back Laura Belle from too much feeling, kept her also somewhat detached, so that she could notice the pale, rapt misery of Aaron Baines on the platform and covertly keep up her lookout for Eve.

In a last far-flung rush of words the speaker reached his climax, and stood silent in the living silence. After an intense pause he stretched out his arms once more and his great voice belled and boomed over the crowd: "Now is the accepted time."

The choir, at the words, roused themselves and took up their duty. They sang, at first a little shakily, then growing stronger, as voices in the audience joined in: "Just as I am, without one plea."

The crowd moved, stirred, rustled with the breaking tension, still under its spell. A young girl burst into noisy tears—first sign of coming grace. One of the visiting ministers came down from the platform and made his way toward her. The harvest was ripe.

As the hymn went on people could be seen here and there in the press, rising, with straining, drawn faces, ready to come forward and kneel at the altar. Brethren and sisters in Israel hastened to these, encouraged them. A middle-aged farmer from down the county with the reputation

(Continued on Page 113)

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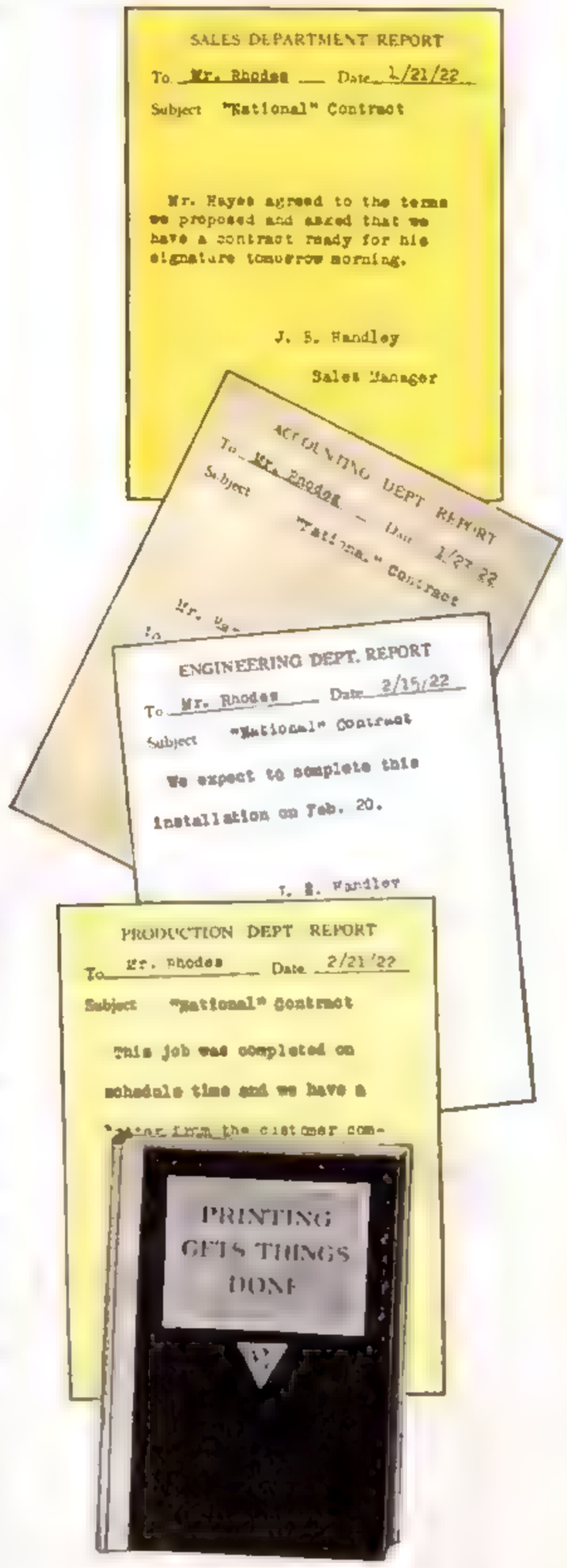
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Pistons and Pins of quality

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(Continued from Page 110)

for being a hard case, faltered to his feet, his hands twisted in his beard, his eyes rolling. His wife, beside him, sobbed with joy.

A dozen souls seeking the light were bowed at the mourners' bench, and others were slowly coming forward. Tremors of excitement ran through the crowd; they were in far, strange fields of emotion, penetrated by the ardors of the hour. There was no reality in their movements—they were not themselves, but beings wrought into strange ecstasies, palpitant with mystic longings, piteous, suffering stimulation. Some wept and moaned, called out their incoherent hopes and fears, gestured wildly, while others sat in mute immobility, sunk deep within themselves. The hymn went on, softened by the soothing murmur of the exhorters, when suddenly through it all there sounded a cry of bitter agony, of unspeakable pain, through and above all else, as lightning pierces murky lowering clouds. It was the voice of Aaron Baines. He had roused himself from his stupor, and stood at the edge of the platform, a man torn and ravished by his soul, struggling to be free.

"I should be amongst you!" he cried wildly to the kneeling penitents. "I—I am a sinner—I—a worse sinner than any of you. I, who was so sure of myself—set up to lead others—and cannot lead myself. O God," he groaned, "have mercy on me! I who fell into the snares of a woman—whose heart is eaten up with desire of her—who have forgotten everything—who would give up everything—who would barter my God in all His majesty for her." Feverish, distraught, his sunken eyes sought and found Laura Belle in her golden dress amongst the crowd. "It is you," he cried, "you who have done this! O Lord, pity me! Grant me release."

If there had been silence for the presiding elder there was deeper, more significant silence now. People were frozen in their places, aghast, appalled. The very sinners at the mourners' bench raised their heads, gaping. This thing was too extraordinary to be believed; their own ears and eyes must have deceived them. So testified their horror and surprise.

Then as the stricken man stood, facing her, pointing her out, Laura Belle got deliberately up in her place, and her cool indignant voice struck crisply across the static amaze that held them all.

"This is rude and dreadful of you," she said distinctly to Aaron Baines. "You are really fantastic."

"Oh," he cried, answering her, "I do not blame you. I blame myself. I am unworthy; I am a sinner to have cared so much; but I am in hell. I am in hell."

He collapsed, dropped groveling to his knees, weeping horribly. And with that, confusion sprang up, the amazement was released, excited voices mingled in ejaculation and questioning.

But through the weaving, agitated press Eve Staley came, steadfast, intent, brushing people inconsequently out of her path. Even as Laura Belle had prophesied, when her moment had come she knew what she must do. Unfaltering she climbed the steps of the preacher's stand, knelt beside Aaron Baines, raised him and pillowed his head upon her shoulder.

"Aaron," she said to him, and her voice was as steady as Laura Belle's had been, "loving isn't a sin. Look—I love you, just the way that you love her. Look at me—I'm just as well worth your love as she is, and I could return it. I could comfort you. I love you. You must feel it."

She felt his amazed stir, his gasp of incredulity, and then she felt a little tightening of his hands on hers, a clinging, a pressure of his cheek against her throat. And she knew that at last he had found her, perhaps dimly, weakly, but he had found her, he had realized her. In her was his healing, his safety. She helped him to rise.

"Will one of you take his other arm and we'll get him over to the tent?" she asked composedly, and the presiding elder himself came forward to help her.

They supported him to the Staley tent, laid him on a cot. A doctor was called. He had lapsed into unconsciousness. But through it all he held tight to Eve Staley's hand, and she knew that he would never let it go.

It was of no use to try to gather up the fragments of the revival. They had scattered and vanished in the greater sensation. The congregation dissolved into groups of passionate comment and description, and at last, moved only by the extreme lateness of the hour, sought out their several vehicles, and took their ways home, replete with drama. Nothing like this had ever happened at Bethel Camp before; nothing like it would ever happen again. It was the event of a century. They felt themselves magnificently fortunate to have been present. It would make a tale for their children and their children's children.

Laura Belle and Ashby had not lingered for a moment. In a strange, rather flat restraint they made their way out of the press to the buggy, and thence to the starlit road. At last Laura Belle spoke.

"Perhaps it was dreadful of me," she said, "but with all that going-on I did feel that it needed a word of plain common sense. I hate scenes."

"I suppose," said Ashby thoughtfully, "I should have got up and demanded satisfaction of him for making a show of you before everybody, but I was so knocked over by the thing. I sat there waving your fan, open-mouthed like a zany, and let you do the talking. He was out of his mind."

"Oh, well, he's all right. You saw Eve?"

"Yes, I saw." Ashby fell again into that curious restrained silence. And then he burst into vehement speech. "But he was right, Laura Belle—he was right—to love you like that, I mean. What I saw in his face and heard in his voice I've felt—how often! And he made me see—that I must have you."

"Ashby!" She turned to him in incredulous rapture. They flung their arms about each other and kissed like children. "Ashby! Ashby!" She said his name over and over, sobbing against his shoulder.

"I've been hard on you—but it was a million times harder on me. All the other fellows that have dangled after you! I've been so near committing murder! Laura Belle—how will you stand it, with me? I'm so poor. No more visits up North. No more pretty frocks. My lovely girl, it isn't right. But now—I can't help it. I'm just like your little preacher. I can't help it."

She mopped her eyes, straightened her hat. "Keep your arm tight around me, and I'll tell you a secret. I haven't been going up North to pay luxurious visits—not since the first time, that is. I go twice a year—and—and I design millinery in a big establishment in New York. I'm very clever at it, really, Ashby. And that's what keeps father and me going. Cousin Perry—dear mamma's cousin, you know—would give father an allowance, but I wouldn't let him take it. He can take it now. I don't care, I won't have to share it. But all my hats—and frocks—and pretty things—I make them, Ashby—they don't cost much. And I'm so s-sick of being a drudging old designer—and I was so afraid I'd have to keep on forever and ever and ever. You must never tell, for no one here has the least suspicion, and father would be so disturbed if people knew I worked. Oh, how I've been tempted to tell you!"

It was his turn to be incoherent. "Laura Belle! I am ashamed. I'm in the dust."

"Yes, you are. There's so much of it to-night."

They drove along serenely through the night. Even as Eve Staley's hand clasped Aaron Baines' so did Laura Belle's soft fingers cling to Ashby's work-hardened palm. They were tremendously at peace, happy in visions.

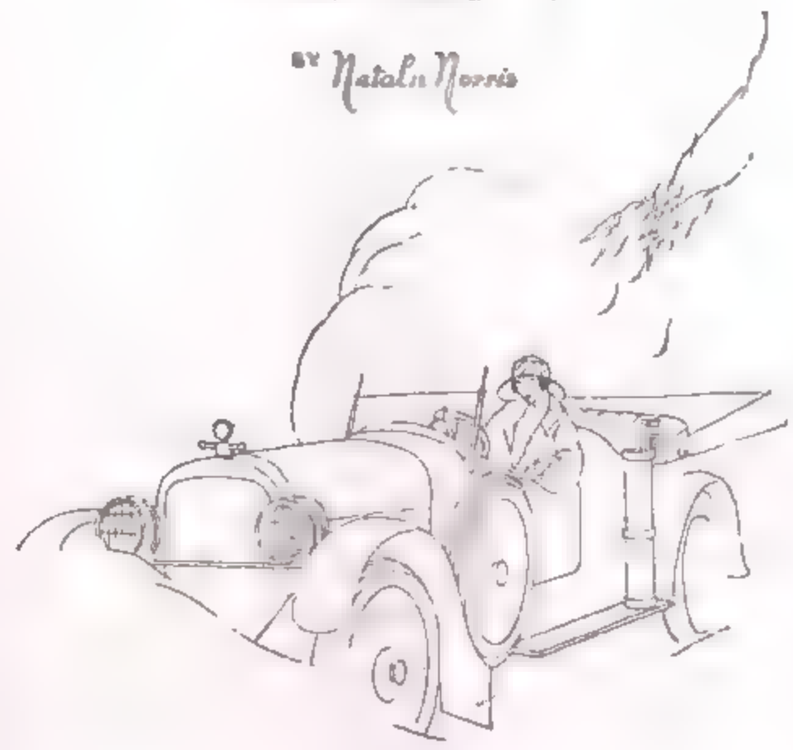
Laura Belle spoke dreamily: "I'm going to give Eve her wedding hat, and he'll love her ever after when he sees her in it. I tell you, Ashby, it's just a trifle mortifying that I—must take you as a gift of the little preacher's hysterics. Was it only that? Wouldn't you have told me soon—anyway? I want to think so."

Ashby, released from his pride, from his fears, was generous, offering the accepted lover's commonplace without a qualm. "You shall think whatever you want, and I'll swear it's true," he answered, "always and always."

Laura Belle laughed a little, accepting the tribute at its true worth, undeceived but uncaring. "You had to say so. Oh, Ashby—what a life—what a life I'm going to lead you!"

HONK! SERVE! FORE!

By Natalie Norris



FASHION, thank our lucky stars, has come to her senses at last. A mere wisp of a girl may now be comfortable and stylish at the same time. Those of us who prefer to ride lazily at anchor with the rocking-chair fleet, in the shade of the country club porch, can wear our Sport stockings as well as our sisters who swing the brassie and niblick beneath the broiling sun. One no longer has to be a Kellermann to wear a dainty bathing suit. Some of the most stunning ones I have seen were never meant to leave the beach. Sport clothes are the thing this summer and sport clothes are both good-looking and easy to wear.

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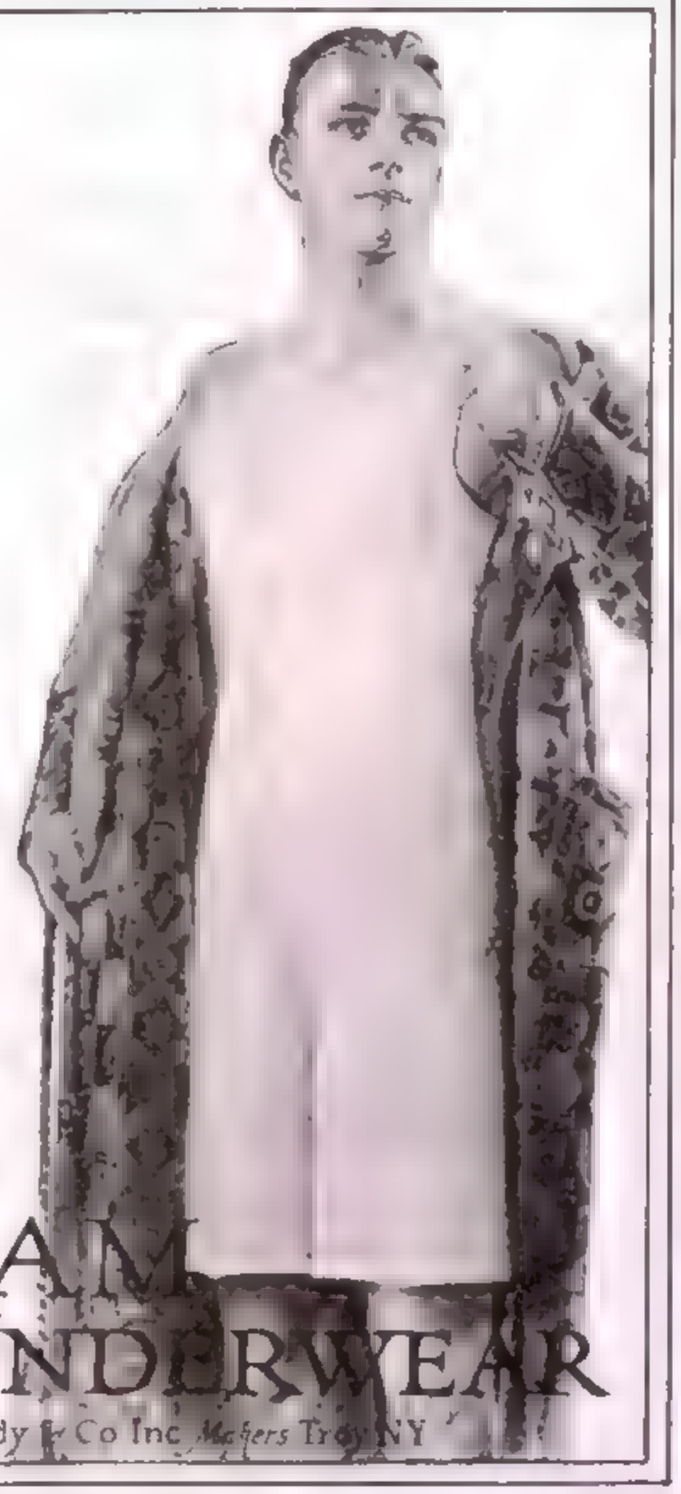

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 4)

"I don't believe the man who told you knew what he was talking about."

"He didn't keep Mr. Rockefeller's books any more than you keep Mr. Livingston's. But my guess is that your guess about Livingston is wrong. If you wish I'll make his acquaintance exclusively to ask him."

"And he'd tell you!" he jeered.

"Why not?"

"He doesn't talk," he said.

"Then how does he tell the waiter what to bring him? What you mean is that he doesn't blab. That fact and the report that he has put a million or two in trust against the possibility of the game getting him some day, as it does every one of your customers in the end, make me quite anxious to meet him. I understand that he never gives tips on stocks, but never hesitates to say whether he is bullish or bearish and why, and also that he never talks one way and acts another—a luxury that no man can permit himself unless he has an intelligent conception of the big swings. My own opinion is that Livingston will agree with me that stock speculation, considered as a continuous performance, is an unbeatable game."

"Sure! He'll agree all right. He's made millions playing it."

"You don't know that he plays the game as a speculator. Moreover, he has made and lost several fortunes and he evidently thinks he may go broke again or he would not have soaked away that million so that the same ticker that gave shall not take away. I know there is always a good reason for his operations; and that reason will prove my theory."

"He may talk about the market, but he won't talk about himself," insisted my friend.

"He can't talk about the market without talking about his methods of operating. His market philosophy is himself," I said.

Brokers do not listen to abstractions. If they did some of their customers might make money. My friend said earnestly, "He has always played a lone hand and I know he is a very heavy trader. He has friends, but not a personal following such as all operators had in the old days of which you are so fond of speaking."

The Livingston Personality

"Then he is really able and also honest, and therefore exceptional. My dear chap, on the bear side all the following an operator needs is to be right. But you are, as usual, wrong. In the old days the only operator I recall who really had a following was Governor Flower, and he was not, strictly speaking, an operator, but a pool manager and promoter of syndicates operating in an unusual period. There never was and never will be another such man. His type, his place in the popular regard and the conditions that made possible his leadership will not recur. Keene, who is the nearest approach to a predecessor of Livingston, played a lone hand. But he did not disdain to accept company when there was need. And it was his pools that hurt him most, and it was a pool that made his last Wall Street chapter so inglorious. But I have to thank you for one thing, and I am very grateful."

"For what?" he asked suspiciously.

"For my present intention to see Livingston, that he may prove how sound my theories are."

"Your theories!" smiled my friend.

"I never heard you say that they were yours," I remarked quite mildly.

A mutual friend told Livingston that I wished to meet him. I do not know what else he said, but he once upon a time was a newspaper man. At all events, Livingston sent word that he would have more time to give me if I took luncheon with him at his home on Sunday. We could then spend the entire afternoon together.

I was there at the appointed hour. It was a sumptuous home. Its owner, who had never done anything else in his life than speculate, obviously lived in the height of luxury—liveried flunkies in the hall, Old Masters on the walls, and all that. It was not the blatant assertiveness of new millions that obtruded itself, but the inescapable evidence of guessing correctly on the stock market. If the unbeatable game of stock speculation had not been beaten by this man it at least had received a severe jolt at his hands. He had made and lost several fortunes in a few years, according to the gossip of the Street. It was plain that he had not lost the last one—not yet! But I was forced to admit that the mere making of one of the magnitude at which his home hinted was a solar-plexus blow to my cherished theory.

He was tall and well built, and straight as a West Pointer. He was clearly a man in the pink of condition—that is, an intelligent human being. He did not look his years or his business. He showed no wrinkles, no traces of the worries and anxieties that bring premature old age on so many Wall Street professionals, no visible evidence that he had ever lived unwisely. But the chief impression I received was of a mind that worked both habitually and best when cold.

His greeting was neither distant nor cordial, but his neutrality was not instantly ascribable to a habit of caution any more than the mere shadow of a corrugation on his brow came from the pervasive hostility of a man perennially on his guard by reason of his business. And, quite definitely, there was about him nothing to make me think of the lightning decisions he was credited with making on big market days—decisions involving millions of dollars.

A Pointed Question

We shook hands, still neutral. I at once proceeded to tell him why I had sought him.

As I talked I kept my eyes on his face to judge the effect of my words on him, but I could not tell what his thoughts were, nor, indeed, whether he was thinking at all. His eyes were full of that baffling intelligence that you see in the eyes of some babies. They were of a clean, clear, blue gray, and so steady that they impressed me as being more than merely organs of vision, as if they greatly helped him in his listening.

Livingston did not baffle analysis, like Henry M. Flagler, nor remind you of a soul refrigerator like the late James Stillman. It was rather that the sending apparatus of his psychic wireless was not working. His face had the quality that goes with genuine imperturbability rather than the studied immobility of exercised self-control. Had it not been for the listening eyes you might even have called it placidity.

I told him that I had certain theories about the game of speculation, as well as of the psychology of speculators, big or little.

"I've read some of your articles."

He spoke so noncommittally that I said, "Well?"

"Well, you are one writer who is not afraid to tell the truth, even though it might hurt the brokers' business to tell it."

"But the truth does not hurt the brokers' business," I said.

He merely nodded.

"I'd like to ask you some questions," I said.

"I'll answer any question you ask me," he said confidently.

"About yourself?" I asked.

There flitted across his face the shadow of reluctance. It was plain that he was not in the properly loquacious mood. That comes only when a man knows that he is not only completely but instantly understood, when talking ceases to be talking and becomes thinking aloud.

I had heard from the newspaper men—of course nothing had been published about it—that Livingston had received threatening letters from cranks who had read about his alleged bear raids on the market. There had been some bad breaks in prices and no end of harrowing stories of terrific losses by the public. I argued that as he lived with his family in this house the threats of bomb throwing could not be ignored by him, however courageous he personally might be. The problem was to give him the habit of talking unrestrainedly about all things by first inducing him to talk unrestrainedly about one thing.

So I said, "The principal reason why I wanted to see you was that everybody said the weakness of the market last Friday was due to a bear raid by you. I have heard

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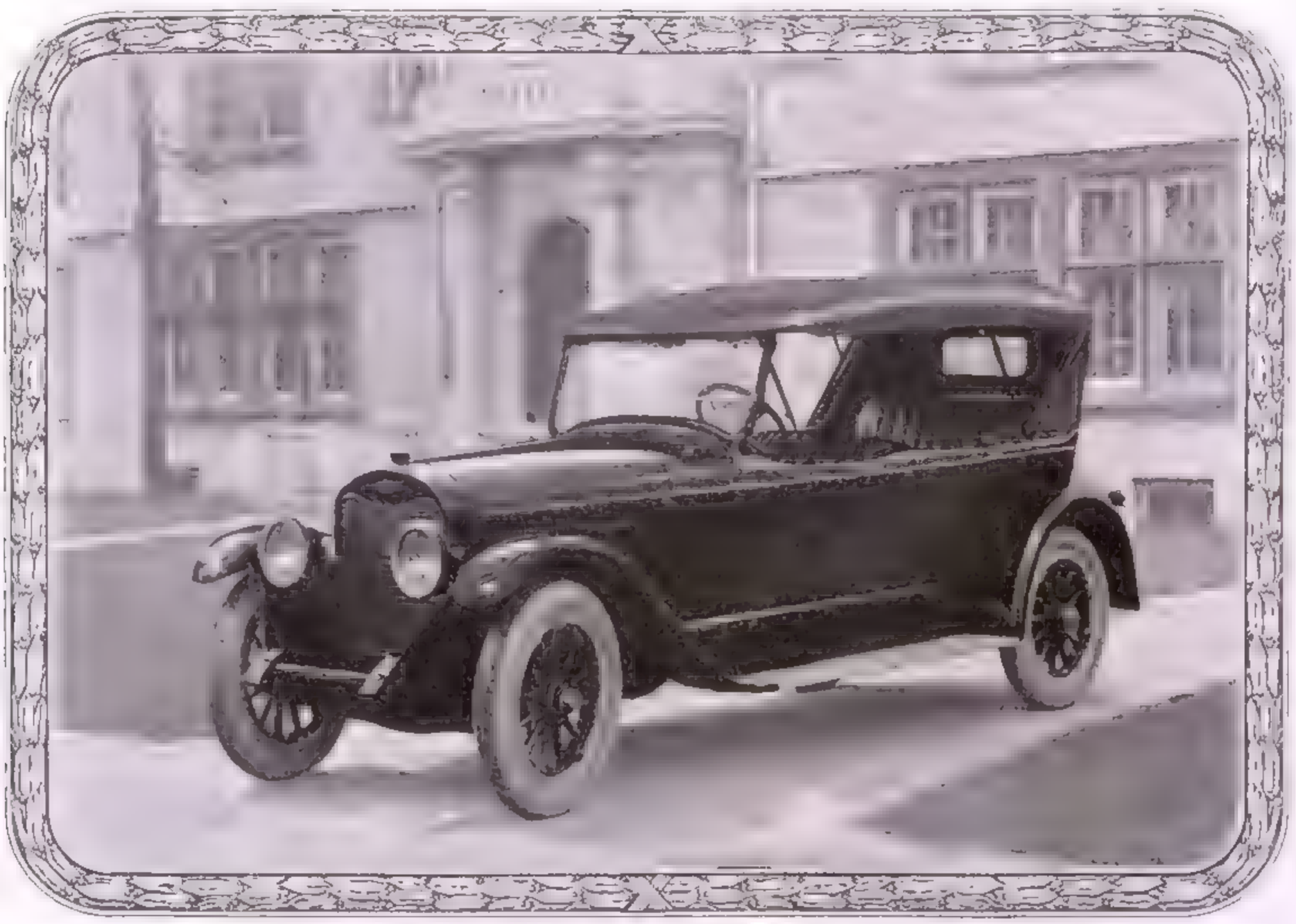

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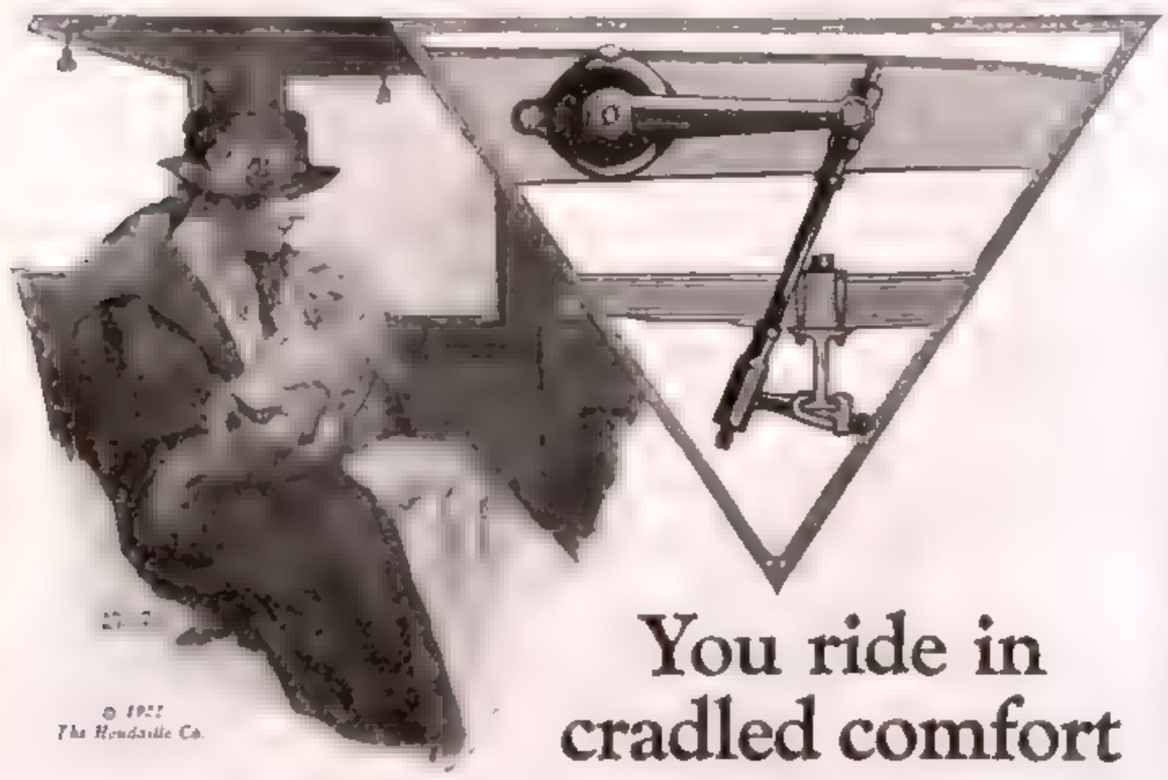

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(Continued from Page 114)

that you often spread your selling orders among a hundred brokers to give the impression of liquidation by the general public. How about it?"

Sure enough, his face flushed.

"I never raid the market," he said quickly. "It would be useless. The market raids itself when a lot of people suddenly discover that they ought to have sold out ten points higher, or when a lot of insiders dispose of stocks they couldn't land the public with, or when brokers have loans called on them. But they always blame it on the bears. As a matter of fact a bear market is 100 per cent legitimate. It begins without the need of manipulation or thimblerigging, and it continues without having to be nursed. No man or set of men can smash a market day after day. I might raid the market once. But what good would that do me? It won't stay down if it isn't a bear market; and if it is a bear market I don't have to raid it, do I?" He looked at me, frowning.

"No, you don't," I said.

Merchants in Wall Street

"Personally I'd rather play on the long side. It is constructive, and it is much nicer to share your prosperity with others. The public does not take kindly to short selling. For one thing, it is easier to be optimistic, to believe what it pleases a man to believe. And then, as I said, everybody boosts a bull market, bankers and suckers alike. Nobody speaks about the misdeeds of the bulls or the misstatements of insiders about their companies. Bull tips are mostly anonymous. I have an idea that if the papers published only signed bull dope there would be much less money lost by the public. Fix the responsibility. But don't talk about bear raids as though they really were the cause of the declines."

"I don't think anything anyone can do will help a man in whom greed takes the place of gumption," I said.

He nodded—the kind of perfunctory nod a man gives when he has only half heard but isn't interested enough to ask for a repetition. His next word proved it.

"I am tired," he said, "of hearing the public and the papers blame Wall Street for parting fools from their money. Take the biggest losers. They are not the piker suckers, who only lose what they risk—pennies. It's the successful business man, the shrewd merchant, who is the biggest sucker of the lot. He has made a fortune in his own line? How? By being on the job for years; by learning all there was to know about it; by taking reasonable chances; by utilizing his knowledge and experience to anticipate probabilities. He wants to increase that fortune at a faster rate and with less effort. He decides to make his money work for him—at high wages. He assures himself that as he is taking the risk of losing every cent he puts up it is only fair to make more than his usual profit. Why, that man doesn't lose his money in Wall Street. He loses it in his own office. It isn't the game that beats him; he beats himself. Am I right?"

He looked as if he really wished to hear my opinion, so I said, "Absolutely!" It was one of my own favorite points.

"That man expects to make money in Wall Street by using methods he wouldn't dream of using in his own business. That is why legislation can't help much, because it can't keep a man from wanting to get something for nothing. If all the so-called abuses were suppressed and the public protected against crooks and against its own greed and ignorance, so that nobody could lose money, who in blazes could make money? If everybody bought at the bottom, from whom would he buy? Who would sell?"

"Precisely. That's one point all the investigating committees overlook," I said.

He went on earnestly:

"The sucker play is always the same: To make easy money. That is why speculation never changes. The appeal is the same: Greed, vanity and laziness. The merchant who would not dream of buying and selling stockings or percales on the advice of fools goes to Wall Street and cheerfully risks his money on the say-so of men whose interest is not his interest, or tipsters who have not grown rich at the game they want him to play. He thinks his margin will take the place of brains, vision, knowledge, experience and of intelligent self-surgery. Whether the stock market goes his way or against him, his hope is always fighting his judgment—his hope of gaining more that keeps him from taking his profits when he should; his hope of losing less that keeps him from taking a relatively small loss. It is a human failing!"

"Yes," I said. "Even old Daniel Drew couldn't bear to take a loss. If he was trading in several stocks and one of them showed him a loss he would put his minus in some account that showed him a profit. That way he would tell himself that he hadn't lost money, that he hadn't been wrong! The foxiest of all stock operators in his day couldn't bear the mere thought of a loss, and he wasn't a miser. Imagine the average sucker!"

"Yes. He is the kind of animal that believes the reason stocks decline is because I raid the market," said Livingston.

It was plain that so far it had been his grievances that had been loquacious, and that he himself had been listening to those same grievances. But I was less keen to hear business aphorisms than I was to get the plain tale of his own successes—the how of this sumptuous house and the when of his market wisdom.

I asked him about his methods—later I would ask him about himself—and it became clear that he was far more concerned with determining the direction and duration of the big swings than with specific moves in specific stocks. There was no trouble about making big money if the operator's position was correct. All stocks, for instance, go down in a bear market. As bear conditions become more clearly defined the operator must pick out his stocks in accordance with the way in which the hard times develop and spread in the various industries. Every group has its turn. He himself studies conditions all the time. It is part of his day's work. Long before he has his breakfast he has read the various market reports in the daily as well as in the trade papers.

He told me a story that beautifully illustrates the Wall Street point of view, how apt are the wiseacres in the brokerage houses to be wrong and how an intelligent man earns his successes.

An Undeserved Reputation

The United States World Trade Corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, was formed to operate in various foreign countries. It owned steamship lines that went everywhere, trolleys in Brazil, coffee plantations in Guatemala, hydroelectric plants in Bolivia, banks in Peru, and in addition conducted a huge export business. When, after the armistice, business the world over fell off, the U. S. W. T. shares remained firm. Other stocks gradually declined, but the public remembered that the company's business was spread all over the world and so could divide its risks. Moreover the directors were the wealthiest financiers in the country. The company continued to pay its regular quarterly dividend.

The bear market developed. There were severe declines in security prices. One pool after another was forced to liquidate. U. S. W. T. stock descended in a dignified and leisurely manner as befitted its aristocratic directorate. One day when the rest of the market displayed an improvement in tone U. S. W. T. stock suddenly declined five points and was more active than in months.

There was the usual demand for explanations, and one of the financial editors was delegated by his fellows to call on the president of the company.

"There is a rumor that your directors are going to pass the dividend at the next meeting," said the newspaper man. It was no disgrace; other companies had been doing so on account of the hard times.

"It's news to me," said the president.

That didn't mean anything to the experienced financial editor, who persisted, "Has there been any formal or informal discussion about passing the dividend?"

"No!"

"Or about reducing it?"

"I might answer that it is none of your business what our directors discuss formally or informally. But instead I'll tell you that there has been no talk whatever about it, and no desire or intention of either reducing or passing the next dividend. I hope we may never have to do that."

"I hope the same thing. Thanks!" said the editor.

All the papers published the statement denying on the highest authority—the president's—that the company would cut

(Continued on Page 119)

What Your Money Will Buy

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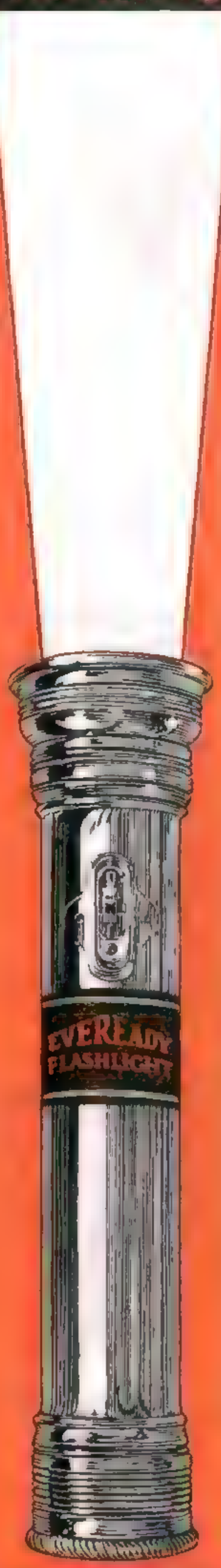

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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
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(Continued from Page 116)

or pass the next dividend. The effect was to keep many stockholders from selling out. The president was known to be a square and truthful man, respected even by the financial writers, who have very few illusions about presidents with tickers in their private offices.

Instead of rallying, however, the stock broke the next day worse than before, and on the day after it was the weak feature of the market. The newspapers did not know what to make of this slump, for the president's categorical denial made it difficult to believe that the dividend would be cut. Wise Wall Street, however, always ready to believe the worst—naturally—smiled and asserted, "The tape tells the story! There can be as many official denials as you please, but that stock has gone down on inside selling!"

The financial writer who procured the statement from the president told me at the time that it was a great shock to him, for he had always entertained the highest respect for the character of the president, who happened to be a particular friend of mine.

"But why do you think he lied to you?" I asked.

"Look at the price!" answered the editor.

I said nothing. I knew it was useless. Besides, I was looking at the price.

Sure enough, a couple of days later the board of directors of the United States World Trade Corporation met and announced, after the market closed, that in view of the unsettled conditions, financial, commercial and industrial, the world over, the company had decided to conserve its cash resources and would not declare the regular quarterly dividend.

The Inside Story

Wall Street rang with the jeers of the wiseacres.

"Of course! The directors sold out their holdings and went short. The rawest deal in years!"

The financial editor who had secured the statement from the president elected that gentleman to the Ananias Club of Wall Street; membership: *Omnes*.

It so happens that I know the president intimately. I ran across him uptown and, of course, like a true friend did not wait for particulars but accused.

"Why in blazes did you have to deny that you were going to pass the dividend?"

"It was the truth!" he said doggedly. I wasn't the first.

"Huh?"

"The truth! When I made that statement there had been absolutely no talk about the dividend. I give you my word that two minutes before the vote was taken there was not one director who was sure of what the board's action might be."

"You know I am your friend," I said. "I am the kind that sticks. Whether you are in or out of jail, I am strong for you."

"What do you mean?"

"That you do not have to tell me you are innocent. I believe you. But it smells mighty cod-livery. Who sold the stock?"

"I didn't; worse luck!"

He spoke with such sincere regret that I looked at him again.

Then I whispered; "Which director had the—er—prescience to sell?"

"All of them swore that they were not guilty."

"All of them always do," I remarked. "What did you expect, signed confessions?"

"Listen," said the president seriously. "Not a single director was guilty this time. After I issued my statement our business got much worse. Some of the markets for our products simply dropped out of sight; there were a couple of revolutions and a lot of banking and commercial failures all over South America; altogether one hellish state of affairs. We are going to need a lot of money, for there's a long hard pull ahead of us, and we naturally decided to keep as much cash on hand as we possibly could. There was considerable opposition to passing the dividend, but the conservatives won."

"Well, you'll never make Wall Street believe that story," I assured him cheerfully.

"I know it," he said. Then he exploded: "Why, I bought five thousand shares myself on the first break. It shows me a fifteen-point loss this minute."

"You shouldn't have talked to reporters," I told him.

"I shall not after this," he promised heartfully.

"Don't worry about the next time," I assured him. "They will never again ask you any questions. And if they do they won't print the answers. Not after this."

It all happened several weeks before I called on Livingston. The story he told me was that he had been keeping an eye on the export trade and on conditions in South America and the Orient. The future was gloomy. Things were bound to grow worse. He looked, in accordance with his usual practice, for the stock that would corroborate and justify his opinion of basic conditions. There was United States World Trade Corporation, selling way up. He got the annual reports of the company for three years, and then, when he knew all about the company finances as well as the underlying conditions in every one of the company's divers lines of business, he sold short ten thousand shares of the stock. He began at 110. The next morning he read the president's statement. It had the effect on him of making him sell another ten thousand shares short, and the price broke so badly that he was encouraged to put out an additional short line of ten thousand shares on the third day. By the time he was short thirty thousand shares the price was in the 80's. There was no inside support to speak of, and the room-traders on the floor saw it and sold it so recklessly that the stock had a good rally on their covering. Then came the last grand drive, at the opening, on the day after the directors' meeting. Livingston took advantage of the big collapse to take in his shorts at a trifle above 60.

"I made a killing on that stock. I didn't need any inside tip," he finished.

"And the beauty of it is," I said, "that Wall Street accused the directors of speculating in their own shares. Do you remember the shriek the newspapers let out when the stock broke after the president came out with a statement that they were not going to pass the dividend? They did not know that it was your selling. I happen to know that the decision to pass the dividend was not reached by the directors until two minutes before they took a vote on it."

"Wasn't it? Well," he said grimly. "I reached it for them two weeks before they voted. I read the president's statement. I didn't hope that they might never have to pass the dividend. I knew they must; if not this time, three months later. If they had paid the regular dividend I would have sold short twenty thousand shares more, because their action would have been proof that they didn't know their business or that their stock-market commitments obliged them to do the wrong thing; and with the help of the vanishing export business I would have made them let go their holdings before I got through with them. I knew the directors were the richest bankers in the country, but I also knew that no man or set of men could fight conditions."

Studying the Wheel

That is the inside history of a typical Wall Street episode. I told my friend, the president, what Livingston told me. His remark was, "That's very interesting; but I don't expect ever to live down my reputation as a conscienceless stock gambler."

Livingston and I discussed other market topics. He told me many illuminating stories about buying and selling stocks at other than the exactly right time. Also he discoursed at length on tape reading and on numbers and their meaning, which enabled him to base operations on what one might call behavior. Time and behavior! He was very keen about these.

"And it isn't only in stocks. It holds true in nearly everything in the world. I was at a Southern resort, and some friends took me to Gridley's. I had never played roulette. So after a while I d.d."

"And you beat it?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a matter-of-fact voice.

My heart sank so that I almost heard it. I had developed a very fair degree of admiration for this stock operator, who in the palace he had bought with his winnings had been corroborating my contentions about the fate of all stock-market players. I had seen in him the honest-to-goodness hero of no end of exciting Wall Street yarns. And now he had to go and spoil everything!

"Do you mean," I asked in a casual tone of voice, "that you have a system for beating the roulette?"

It was too bad, after promising so much!

"No," he answered slowly, "I haven't a system for beating roulette. I have a method that I follow in playing the game at certain wheels at certain times."

"Meaning?"

"I'll tell you what I mean. I stood at one of the tables and watched the wheel. I jotted down in a notebook every number that came out. I can't tell you how long I was at it. But I kept the tally of hundreds of plays. I studied these and saw that certain numbers appeared much oftener than others and that certain numbers also were very apt to come after certain other numbers. To make the story short, I found certain sequences. I waited for the right time and then I played according to the result of my observations at that one table! I figured that the odds were in my favor; and sure enough, I won."

"Did you always win?"

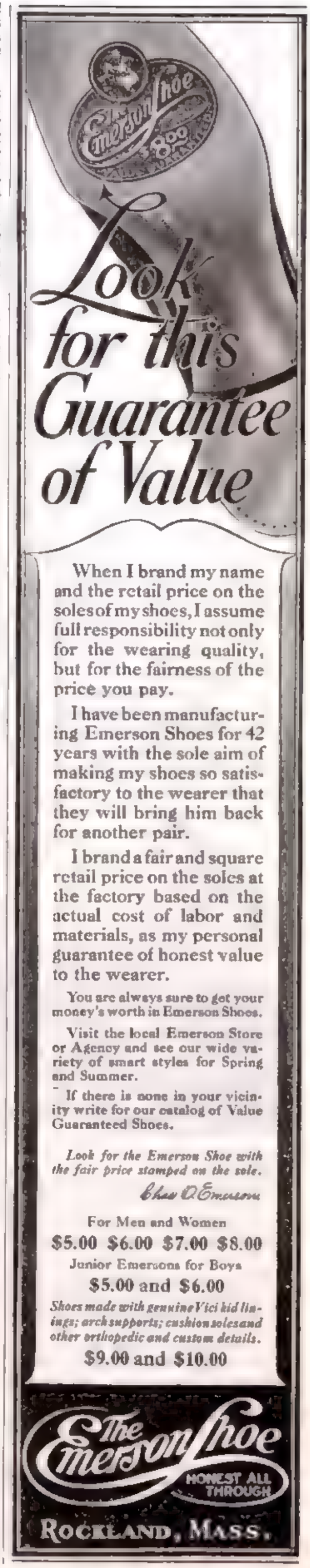
"Oh, no! Whenever things didn't come out as they should, I'd quit. There was no sense in arguing. Something had gone wrong. I might find out the reason later; but the pressing need when one is wrong is to quit quick. I went to Gridley's a good many times and studied his tables. I learned that the runs of numbers varied not only with the wheels but with the dealers. There were times when the same wheel and the same dealer would not run true to form. Probably they had oiled the mechanism that afternoon or had done something or other to alter conditions. The whole thing was simply one of the mechanical behavior of individual wheels, and the physical peculiarities of each dealer. I watched for the repetitions. As I told you, I always cut short my losses. No wheel could take more than two hundred dollars out of me. By the time I'd lost that sum I was sure something or other had changed, which rendered valueless all my previous observations. But often I won quite a little. At the end of the season I quit a small winner; say, three or four thousand. But that wasn't the thing. The reason I played was to learn whether my observations were accurate."

The Technic of Interviewing

The English-speaking man suffers from a purely conventional reticence. He seldom talks frankly about himself or humanly about his hopes, and the chief problem of the interviewer is to make him cease to think of his auditor as an auditor. A man who does not wish to be quoted must be persuaded that he will not be misquoted; and the best way to achieve that is to convince him that you know him better than he can possibly know himself, because it is your business to know men—as it is his to be an unusual personality.

A talker as a rule does not crave action; but a doer often loves to talk. When a man of deeds is convinced that you will not confound the certainty of knowledge with the dogma of egotism or that you are intelligent enough to be deeply interested in his pet hobby—his achievements—he regards you as his other self. Talk about the *femme incomprise!* It is the super successful man who is most vulnerable on his nonunderstood side. Of course, before he can be sure of the value of your appreciation—he does not crave d. f. praise—he studies you, tries to see the real you, even as you are after the real him. All you have to do to win out is really to understand him. You will best make this patent by listening accurately rather than sympathetically, for if he is a big man he doesn't need sympathy. You prove your understanding by occasionally not waiting for him to finish a remark, but finishing it yourself. If you put his own thought more epigrammatically than he himself would have done, you will find that he invariably repeats after you, as though he understood you! He will not talk down to you after that, but up! You may even interrupt, urging him to go faster. He will forgive your impoliteness because it proves that your interest makes you impatient to hear everything he has to say and hear it quickly; a thrilling story.

A quick-gaited mind finds its greatest torture in having to moderate its stride to allow you to keep up with it. With men like Theodore Roosevelt, James J. Hill or Nelson W. Aldrich it was no trick to get an answer to any sort of question after you once proved your ability to keep pace with their extremely rapid-working minds. To be understood, no matter what words he uses or how quickly the thoughts succeed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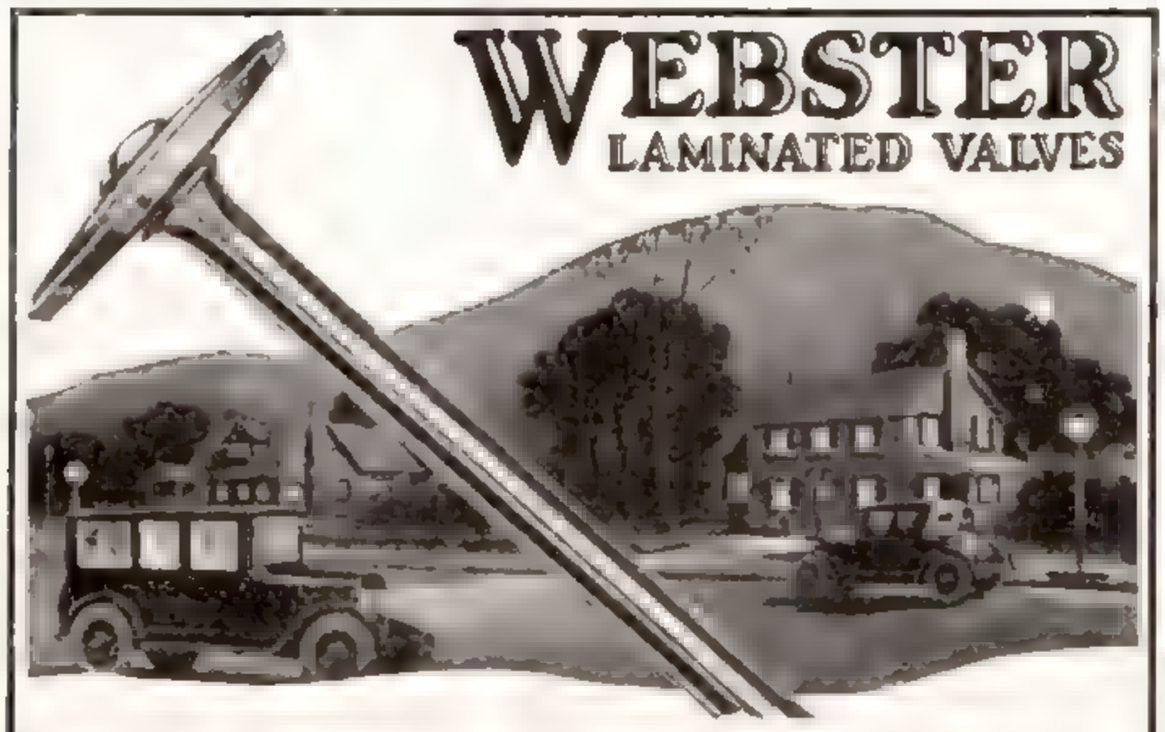

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each other or how far the leap is from subject to subject, makes a man cease to talk to you. Instead he proceeds to talk to himself in your hearing; for even the most self-repressed captain of industry or banker or poet finds pleasure in your listening when it compels him to justify your rare appreciation of him. Often he finds himself for the first time crystallizing his own opinion of his own acts. The man who does big things is less afraid of being blamed than of being misunderstood. He doesn't ask applause from you. His one prayer is that you should understand him as he understands himself; because then you will realize that it is natural for him to be what he is. And he knows what he is!

This digression was intended to make plain why men who seldom talk about themselves will at times talk freely. A politician need or need not talk about himself. He can be a Roosevelt or a Quay. But a stock operator should talk only about the market, and at that only when the talk helps him. Livingston had no axes to grind on the stone of publicity. He needed no following—no votes. He had no vanity to gratify by speaking about his successes, when the detailed story if published might mean merely more threatening letters or even bombs or midnight visits. It was less his philosophy of trading that I wished to hear than the story of his life—the reason for the Old Masters on the walls and the exquisite pearls about his wife's exquisite throat—the man himself, self-painted by his autobiography. A life habit of playing a lone hand was not conducive to garrulity. All during luncheon I was thinking of this man's stock-market life and how to induce him to tell it to me.

I have told how I received no definite impression of Livingston's personality except that it was bafflingly unvibrating. He was psychically inert, as it were. But soon I perceived that he was testing me—as all men who have many opponents do when they are interviewed. It is always better for the interviewer to reveal himself at once instead of waiting to be sized up by the sitter, who is less apt to be an expert character analyst.

Livingston's secretary brought in a certain document. I was about to move away, when he said, "No; it is nothing private."

After the secretary left, remembering that Livingston did not know me, I said, "It is very interesting to see how your mind works."

"How do you mean, see?" he asked sharply.

"That!" I said. "See! I could tell by looking at you."

The Business of Being Right

I described how he looked when he turned his mind from our discussions to the new matter, how he concentrated, how he forgot everything except the point he was studying. I then told him how I read back from his actions to his thoughts, and why in my opinion he had decided to do what he told the secretary he would do.

He listened intently—as all men of affairs do when you talk to them about themselves frankly—and nodded. But after that the change of attitude was noticeable. He was now quite as much interested in his own talking as in my listening. We had become acquainted. Those ten seconds of understanding were the equivalent with him of a year's acquaintance.

After Livingston begins to talk because it is you who are listening to him, it is impossible not to realize that he has the kind of mind that makes him the best tape reader and consequently the best technical trader of all the big stock operators of his generation. It is a decidedly arithmetical mind—not indeed of the type of the lightning calculator who is nothing but a lightning calculator, but of a man who reads numbers on the tape as an astronomer reads the stars in the sky; and remembers—both the numbers and their meaning according to the time and place. So marked was this, so obviously was his uptown life drab as compared with his daily five hours downtown, that one wondered a trifle dubiously about his grasp of human nature and human emotions in general. For it was as clear as day that he took no interest in men who were merely human beings, whether butchers or poets. It was the people who played the same game that he did who alone mattered. Plungers or pikers, they were all a part of his problem. For their human weaknesses he had neither sympathy nor condemnation. They were stock speculators who might help or hinder his plans; or, more accurately, who might retard or hasten the hour of his winning.

Later, when he told me about his own experiences, I was not surprised that not once did he volunteer any impressions of the people with whom he dealt. He did not describe the physical or mental characteristics of men who had played a part in his career. He either never had cared or did not think it worth while remembering. It was always what he did or what they said—that is, what made him do what he did at the time.. But he recalled in astonishing detail the facts of his deals; the exact number of shares and the prices of stocks bought and sold twenty years before—that is, all about his business, the business of being right in the stock market.

I am giving impressions derived from his words in the course of a talk of hours, that grew more personal as it proceeded; the cumulative effect of scores of little self-revelatory flashes. For instance, I easily gathered that he had the unusual type of mind that a great chess player has. He was born with it. That is the reason he knows what to do by instinct. He has, to an abnormal degree, the ticker sense—as Dempsey has the fighting instinct or some reporters the news sense. He was born for his game as Mozart was born for music or Ty Cobb for baseball. He came into the world with it and he has developed it as Paul Morphy developed his chess playing. He has both studied and practiced. But his own success, his very millions, proved, as you shall later see, that not even he can beat the unbeatable game. For what he does is not to gamble or speculate, in the sense in which I use "speculation" that is, the continuous practice of buying and selling stocks in expectation of a profitable change in value. He does what all successful merchants and manufacturers and railroad men and prize-fight promoters and pioneers do: He anticipates probabilities. And that is not a mere euphemism for gambling. It connotes a vital difference.

Traders of Various Types

It was most interesting to hear from his own lips that with all his natural and cultivated equipment as an operator, whenever he tried to get something for nothing out of the stock market, or followed tips or ventured in other markets on another's advice, he invariably fared as doth the sucker. He has lost millions by making sucker plays. He admits it painlessly. If it wasn't for his mistakes he would be one of the richest men in the world—like many others!

He has the marvelous memory of all men of that type of mind. He remembers numbers and fluctuations indefinitely. He can tell what a stock sold at when he became bullish or bearish on it fifteen years ago. Professional chess players will remember every move of a complicated game played years before. Only the other day a billiard player who may or may not be the world's champion as these words are printed, described exactly how the balls lay when he missed a certain shot that ended a certain run at a certain tournament before the war. That sort of memory is of value to a stock trader who remembers the lessons taught by miles upon miles of ticker tape.

Relatively few of the big men of Wall Street have been good traders in stock. Jay Gould, who was a great financial genius, saw in the market a means to an end. He made and lost millions in his speculations. In his manipulations to obtain control of companies he was more successful. But that was quite another game. One of his chief brokers told me that he made $100,000 in commissions from Mr. Gould in one year, and that he was certain Mr. Gould's net winnings that same year did not amount to $50,000. In fact, he suspected Mr. Gould quit a loser. It was the year of the famous Northwest corner.

Commodore Vanderbilt bought stocks that he believed in, and held them. He invested, not traded. He squeezed the shorts in his two Harlem corners, but his motive was mainly to punish treachery and crookedness. Moreover, he knew his own financial resources and believed in the future of the road, as well he might. But old Daniel Drew ran rings around him in the stock market more than once.

The late J. P. Morgan was never interested in the stock market as a trader, although the late Thomas Hitchcock—"Matthew Marshall"—and others have told me stories of certain coups of his when he was a young man working for his father,

who often told friends he was afraid Pierpont would never make a banker! When he formed the United States Steel Corporation he intrusted the market manipulation of the unproven shares to James R. Keene and, I have been told, always regretted the necessity of having to develop a speculative market for them. Of Mr. Morgan's partners I've never heard any accused of being a particularly good stock-market trader, with the exception of the late George W. Perkins, a man of unusual ability and imagination, who was a great and natural money maker and took kindly to the stock market, where he could utilize to the full his varied resources.

James J. Hill was a successful operator in stocks in which he was interested, but not as a constant or general trader. He was the most picturesque personality I have ever met in Wall Street. On the other hand, E. H. Harriman was a very good trader. His huge fortune, won in a few golden years, was taken out of the market not by trading in stocks but by high financial manipulation of entire capitalizations. But he could read the tape very well. His early career on the floor of the Stock Exchange gave him the needed experience. I remember once being in a certain office and one of the greatest operators that ever lived looked worried.

Ticker Sense

"What's the matter?" I asked, scenting trouble—that is, front-page news.

"Oh, I've been forced to change some plans. I told a friend the other day what I hoped to do, and he bought twenty thousand shares of—of a certain stock. I don't know whether to let him know now or wait a bit."

"Until you are entirely out?" I said—and smiled, so that he wouldn't shoot.

"No," he said frankly; "until some other friends are out."

"Is your twenty-thousand-share man a very good friend?"

"Not so very."

"Well off?"

"Yes. It's E. H. Harriman," he said.

I laughed and told him: "Don't worry about him. He's out."

"How do you know?"

"Look at the tape; and if that isn't enough, call him up."

The tape wasn't enough, so the greatest pool manager that ever operated in Wall Street called up E. H.

"Just ask him," I suggested, "when he sold the stock."

"No."

"Then ask him if he has it yet."

My friend did. He told me that Harriman answered, "Oh, I sold day before yesterday. I didn't like the looks of the market." He had called the turn on the minute.

James R. Keene, of course, was an artist as a manipulator, and a consummate reader of the tape. In his later years he interested himself chiefly in campaigns in single stocks, following the method first employed in the Stock Exchange by John M. Tobin in Civil War times, which consisted of carefully studying the affairs of one company and then acting upon the knowledge thus obtained. Tobin was Commodore Vanderbilt's chief broker in the famous Harlem corner of 1864. He and Jerome adopted the Napoleonic principle of concentrating their attack upon one point. One stock was enough. Keene, of course, traded in many stocks and he also had, very highly developed, what I have called ticker sense; that curious instinct that saved him more than once. He was a brilliant manipulator and a daring plunger. He did not care to direct a company's affairs, but he could analyze an annual report as accurately as an expert accountant; and ten times faster.

It was a wonderful equipment that Livingston had been born with, and I could not help comparing him with the average man who goes to Wall Street after easy money. I recapitulated the sources of loss by the public.

Speculators' Weaknesses

MOTIVE. The sucker wishes to get something for nothing. He is prompted by blind greed or by the excitement of gambling. But Livingston cared only for winning, for being right. Money was merely the proof of it. He sees. Then he seeks to verify his sight by actual operations. It was the hot passion of a chess master for chess, however cold-bloodedly he may play the game itself; the irresistible urge to find solutions to problems. And his were all stock-market problems.

TRADING IN AND OUT OF SEASON. Livingston had lost too many millions and had learned to wait for the right time. Too soon is as bad as too late.

HOPE. The average sucker does little more than hope, whatever official reason he may give to others or to himself. But Livingston doesn't hope; he thinks. He makes mistakes, but never the same mistake twice, for he has toward the game the curiously personal as well as utterly impersonal attitude of the artist toward his work. One of his aphorisms is "I never argue with the tape." He is right or he is wrong; hope has nothing to do with it. And even when accidents make him lose money they don't prove he's wrong. So his attitude is unchanged, his confidence in himself unshaken. And that makes the millions!

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME. Lack of knowledge of market movements, of general trade conditions, of specific conditions affecting specific stocks, of values, of money conditions, contributes to make the public lose. But Livingston knows and studies all the time. He reads trade papers, and hires experts, and gets reports, and is forever on his own job.

INEXPERIENCE IN THE STOCK MARKET. It is the one business Livingston knows. He has been in it since he was fourteen.

TEMPERAMENTAL UNFITNESS. That is back of many failures. But Livingston has experience, a remarkable memory, coördinates accurately and quickly, has ticker sense—the instinct for the game that a man must have to be a master. At times it proves to be a trustier guide than his reasoning, for that may be vitiated by ill health, nerves or special circumstances. But the instinct is never dormant.

And yet Livingston loses. He was a discharged bankrupt for millions, as late as 1915. In two years he had paid all his debts with interest; and two years later was a multimillionaire.

How did he do it all?

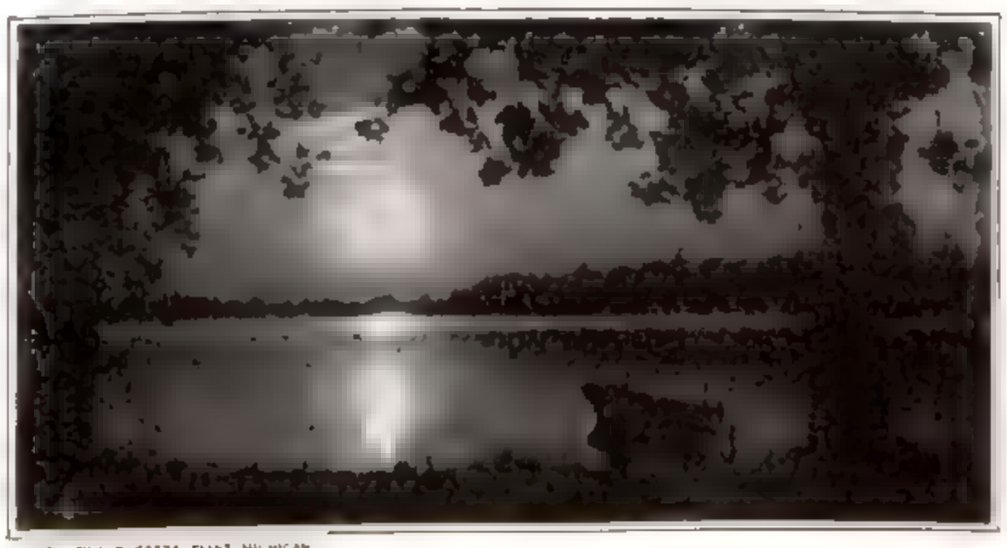
How did he make his first million in 1907?

How did he lose all his millions in 1915?

How did he get back?

And even more interesting and valuable—how did he make his first dollar?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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ASIA

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That's what the balanced feature does Master Balls are always the same—always accurate. The process that guarantees this accuracy is patented. Master Balanced Balls are $1 each. Ask your Pro or Dealer. (MACGREGOR 1.62 Dimple and Mesh Marking now only 75c.)

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2. "Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (Helpful suggestions for laying out a new course.)

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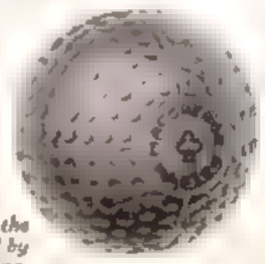

You can always tell the Master Balanced Ball by its Meridian Marking.

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 13)

and if I don't believe it is I can just ask any New Yorker after I gets there and he'll tell me the same.

So, taking one thing with another, I'm mighty much pleased when the word comes along in about a week from then that the old judge says I can go and sends me his best wishes and a twenty-dollar bill as a parting gift and friendship offering. He says in the letter, which Mr. Dallas reads to me, to tell me to be sort of careful about sampling the stock of liquor and cigars on the sideboard of any New York family when I'm in their house, and also not to start in wearing a strange Yankee gentleman's clothes without telling him about it first. He says people up there probably don't understand local customs as they have ever prevailed down our way, and if I ain't careful first thing I know there'll be a skinny black nigger named Jeff locked up in the county jail hollowing for help and not no help handy.

But that's just the old boss man's joke. He always is been the beatenest one for twitting me about little things around the house! Mr. Dallas he knows how to take what the judge says, and so does I, and we has quite a laugh together over the letter.

And lessen twenty-four hours from that time we is both all packed up and on our way, New York bound, me wearing one of Mr. Dallas' suits of clothes, which I figures he ain't had it on his back more than five or six times before altogether. It's a suit of a most pleasing pattern, too, and cut very stylish.

II

NEXT morning after we gets across into Ohio Mr. Dallas he fetches me into the Pullman car where he's riding. I finds myself more comfortable there than I has been riding up front in the colored compartment, but lesser easy in my mind. I enjoys the feel of them soft seats, and yet I gets sort of uneasy setting up amongst so many strange white folks. Still, there ain't nobody telling me to roust myself out from there, and after a while I gets more used to being where I now is. Also I gets acquainted with two of the porters, the one on our car and the one on the car which is hitched on next to us. When they ain't busy we all three gets out in the little porches betwixt the cars and confabs together. Course I don't let on to them, but all the time I studies them two.

The one on our car, which his given name is Gabe, is short and chunky and kind of fatted out; he's black as the pots and powerful nappy headed besides. His head looks like somebody has done dipped it in a kettle of grease and then throwed a handful of buckshot at it and they all stuck. But he's smart. He knows what's service. I sees that plain.

With Gabe it's this way: A lady gets on board the car. No sooner do she sit down and begin to fumble with the hatpins than Gabe is standing right alongside of her holding a big paper bag in his hands all opened out for her to put her hat in it and keep it out of the dust. A gentleman setting in the smoking room reaches in his pocket and gets a cigar out. Before he rightly can bite the end of it off there is Gabe at his elbow with a match ready. This here Gabe, he ain't hanging back waiting for folks to ask him for something and then have them getting all impatient whilst he's running to find whatever 'tis they wants. No, sir; not him. He's there with the materials almost before they is made up their minds what it is they craves next. He just naturally beats 'em to it; which I'll tell the world that's service.

He's powerful crafty about his tips too. When he does something for a passenger, and the passenger reaches in his pocket to get a little piece of chicken feed out to hand over to Gabe, he smiles and holds up his hand.

"No, suh," he says to him, "keep yore funds whar they now is, please, suh. There ain't no hurry—we're goin' travel

(Continued on Page 125)

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USG

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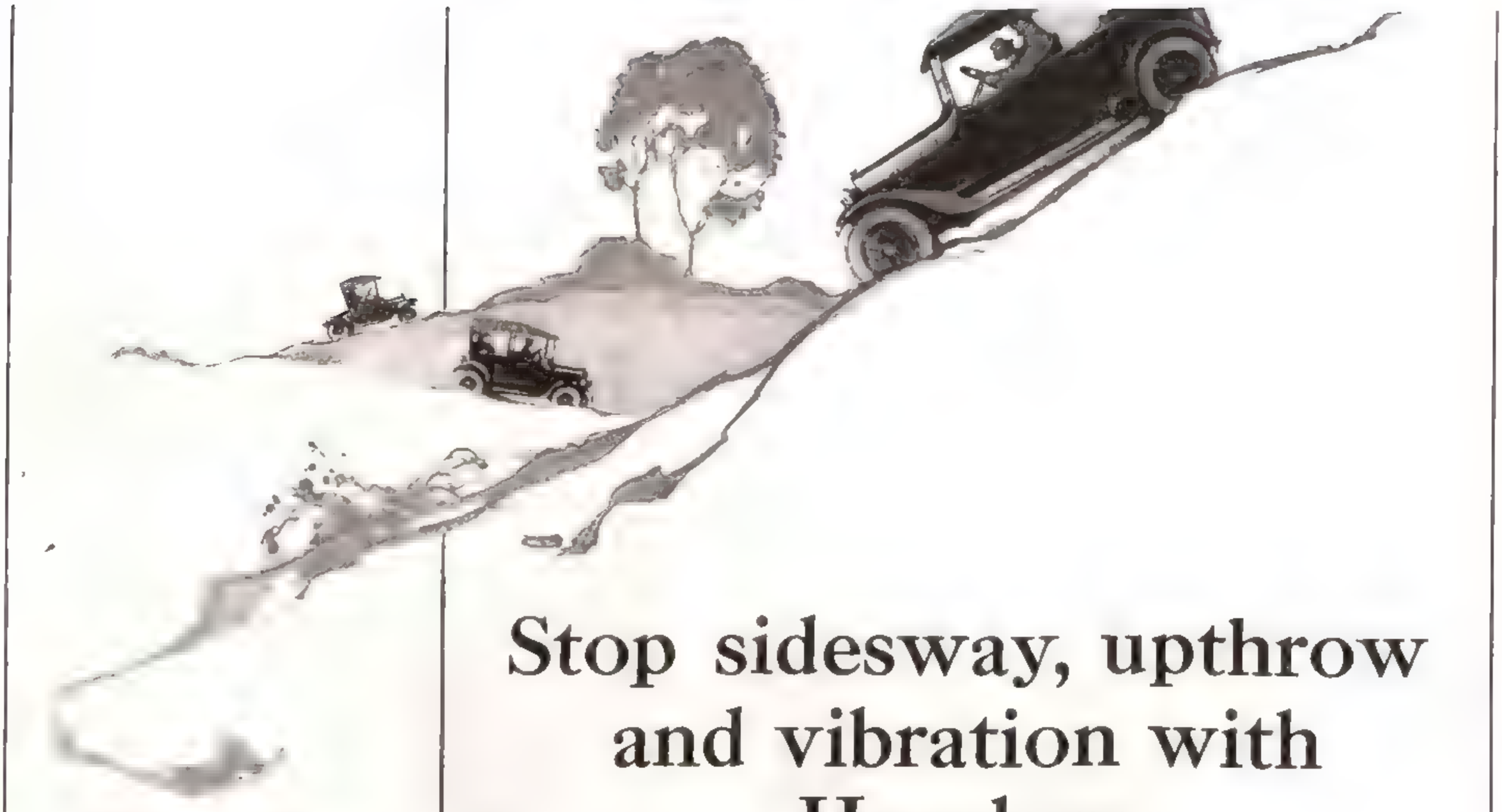

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THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL MOTOR CAR ACCESSORY

(Continued from Page 122

quite a piece together. When we gits to whar you gits off, ef you is puffec'ly satisfied wid all whut is been done in yore behalf, then you kin slip me a li'l' reward if you's a mind to."

He tells me in confidences that working it thataway he gets dollars where he would 'a' got dimes. He calls it his deferred-payment plan. He says some months his tips run three times what his wages is. I'll say that old tar baby is certainly got something in his head besides sockets for his teeth to set in.

The other porter, the one which is on the car next behind, is as different from Gabe as day is from night. He calls himself Harold. But I knows just from looking at him that he's too old for such a fancy entitlement as that. 'Cause Harold is a new-issue name amongst us colored, and this here boy must be rising of forty years old if he's a day. This Harold is yellow-complected, and yet he ain't the pure high yellow, neither; he's more the shade of a slice of scorched sponge cake. He's plenty uppidity. And I furthermore takes notice that the farther North the train goes the more uppidity he gets. He quits saying "No, ma'am" and "Yas, suh," almost before we leaves Cincinnati. He quits saying "Thanky, suh" and he starts saying "I thank you" in such a way it sounds like he was actually doing you a favor to accept your two bits. He starts talking back to passengers which complains about something. He acts more and more begrudgeful until it looks like it must actually hurt him to step along and do something which somebody on the train wants done. Along about Pittsburgh he's got so brash that I keeps watching for some white man to rise up and knock that boy's mouth so far round from the middle of his face it'll look like his side entrance. But nothing like that don't happen, and I is most deeply surprised and marvels greatly. I says to myself, I says:

"Harold," I says, "I aims to git yore likeness well fixed in my mind, because I got a presenterment 'at you ain't goin' be round yere so very much longer, an' I wants to be able to remember how you looked after you is gone frum us. Some of these times you is goin' git yore system mixed an' start bein' biggotty on yore way South, an' 'en you is due to wake up at the end of yore run all organized to attend yore own fune'l. Yas, suh, man, w'en you comes to in Newerleans you'll 'a' been daid fully twelve hours. I kin jest shut my eyes right now an' see the cemetery sexton pattin' you in the face wid a spade."

I talks to him about the way he acts. Course I does not come right out and ask him about it; I leads him up to it gentle and roundabout. He tells me he don't aim to let nobody run over him. He tells me he considers himself just as good as they is, if not better. He says he lives in a place called Jersey City, where the colored race gets their bounden rights and if they don't get 'em they up and contends for 'em until they do.

I says to him, I says: "Harold," I says, "I ain't never been about nowhars much till this present trip, an' I ain't never seen much, so you must excuse of my ign'ence; but the way it looks to me, I'd ruther be happy amongst niggers than miser'ble amongst w'ite folks."

He says to me ain't I got no respect for my color. I says to him I is got so much respect for it that I ain't aiming to jam myself into places where I ain't desired. He says that ain't the point; he says the point is that I is got to stand up for the entitled rights and privileges of the colored race. I says where I comes from I also has got to think of keeping from getting my head all peeled. He says to me I'll find out before I has been long up North that there is a sight of difference betwixt Kentucky and New Jersey. I says to him that most doubtless he is right. And then he says I should also be careful about speaking the word "nigger." He says the word ain't never used no more amongst colored folks which respects themselves.

I says to him, I says: "Huh!" I says. "Well, then, whut does you call a boy w'en you's blabbin' along wid him friendly lak?"

He says it is different when I is strictly amongst my own color, but that I mustn't never speak the word "nigger" in front of white folks nor never allow no white man to call me that and get away with it.

I says, "Not even ef you is wu'kin' fur him an' he don't call it to you to hurt yore feelin's nor to demean you, but jest sez it sociable an' so-and-so?"

He says, "Not under no circumstances whutsomever."

I says, "How is I goin' to stop him?"

He says, "With yore fists, or half of a loose brick, or something."

I says to Harold, "Harold," I says, "you shore wuz right jest now w'en you norrated 'at they wuz a difference betwixt Kintucky an' up North. Well, live an' learn," I says—"live an' learn. Only ef I aims to learn frum you I has doubts whether I'll live so ver' much longer."

We talks some about making money too. It seems like the closer you gets to New York City the more you thinks about money. I noticed it then, and I notices it since—frequent. He says to me that some of the boys in the sleeping-car portering business don't depend just on their wages and their tips alone. He says they has another way for to pick up loose change. He says he don't follow after it himself; he says he has got one or two other boys in mind which he has talked with 'em and knows how they does it.

I says to him, I says, "Specify."

He says: "The way these yere boys gits they money is 'at they gits it late at night after ever'body has done went to baid. Most gin'elly a man 'at's travelin', he don't keep track of his loose change. Anyhow, he don't keep near ez close track of it ez he do w'en he's home. He's buyin' hisse'f a cigar yere an' a paper-back book there an' a apple in this place an' a sandwitch in 'at place, an' he jest stick the change in his pants pocket an' goes on about his bus'ness. Well, come baidtime, he turns in. We'll say you is a porter on 'at train. You goes th'ough the car till you comes to his berth. You parts the curtains jest ez easy ez you kin an' you peeps in th'ough the crack an' sees ef he's sleepin' good. Ef his pants is all folded up smooth you better ramble along an' leave 'at man be. Folded pants is most gine'lly a sign of a careful man w'ich the chances is he knows how much he's got to a cent. But ef his panta is kind of wadded up in the li'l' hammock or flung to one side sort of keerless lak, you reaches in an' you lifts 'em out. But fust you wants to be shore he's sleepin' sound. Them w'ich sleeps on the back wid the mouth open is the safetest."

I says to him, I says, "Yes, but s'posen' he do wake up an' ketch you fumblin' round insides of his berth. Whut then?"

"Oh," he says, "tha's all purvided fur in the ritual. You sez to him: 'Scuse me, mister, I med a mistake. I thought you wus the gen'l'man 'at lef' a early call to git off at Harrisburg.' But most in gine'l he don't wake up. So you gits his pants out into the aisle an' goes th'ough 'em. Ef he's got somewhars round five dollars in loose change in his pockets you teks fifty cents, no mo' an' no less, an' 'en you slips his pants back whar you found 'em an' go 'long. Ef he's got somewhars round ten dollars in chicken feed an' in ones an' twos you assesses him jest one dollar even. Ef you plays yore system right an' don't git greedy they ain't one chancet in a thousand 'at he'll miss the money w'en he wakes up. But," he says, "they's one fatal exception to the rule. W'en you come to him don't touch a cent of his money, no matter how much he's carryin' on him, 'cause ef you do he's shore to mek a hollow the very fust thing in the mornin', an' next thing you know you's in trouble an' they's beckonin' you up on the cyarpet."

I says to him, I says, "Wait a minute," I says. "Lemme see ef I can't name you the exception my own se'f. The exception," I says, "is the w'ite man w'ich he carries all his small change in one of these yere li'l' screwed-up leather purses. Ain't it?"

And he says yes, for a fact, that's so. But he says how come I is knowing so much when I ain't never done no portering my own self. And I says to him a man don't need to be wearing railroading clothes to know that any white man which totes around one of them little tight, patent purses knows at all times, sleeping or waking, just exactly how much money he's got.

Well, when we gets to New York City it's morning again, and when we comes out of the depot onto the street I takes one look round and I allows to myself that these here New York folks certainly is got powerfully behind someway with their hauling. Excusing the time we had the cyclone down home, I ain't never in my whole life

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seen so much truck and stuff and things moving in all different directions at the same time. And people—who-ee! Every which-a-way I looks all I can see is a multitude of strangers. And I says to myself there certainly must be a big convention in town for the streets to be so full of visiting delegates, and it's a mighty good thing for us Mr. Dallas is done sent a telegram on ahead for rooms at the hotel, else we'd have to camp out with some private family same as they does down home in county-fair week or when the district Methodist conference meets.

The white gentleman that's going to fix up what I writes, he told me that I should set down my first impressions of New York before I begins to forget 'em. He says they'll make good local color, whatever that is. Which I will now do so:

The thing which impresses me first and foremost is a steamboat I sees on the river which runs alongside New York City on the side nearest to Paducah. She is not no side-wheeler, nor yet she ain't a stern-wheeler, which all the steamboats I has ever seen before is naturally bound to be one or the other. As near as I can tell, she had not got no wheel at all, side or stern. It would seem that what runs her is a kind of a big humpback timber which sticks up out of the middle of her hurricane deck and works up and down, and which Mr. Dallas tells me is known as a walking beam. But it seems like to me that's certainly a mighty curiousome way to run a steamboat, and I says to myself that wonders will never cease.

And the thing which impresses me next most is a snack stand on a sidewalk where they is selling watermelon by the slice—and it the middle of August!

And next to that the most impressiveness is when I sees a gang of black fellows working on a levee down by this same river, only it's mighty flat looking for a levee. These boys is working there, roustabouting freight, and there ain't a single one of 'em which is singing as he goes back and forth. When a river nigger down our way don't sing whilst he's loading it's a sign something is wrong with him, and next thing he knows he don't know nothing by reason of the mate having lammed him across the head with a hickory club. But this here gang is going along just as dumb as if they was white. I wonders to myself if thereby they is hoping to fool somebody into believing they is white.

I will therefore state that these three things is the things which impresses me the most highly on my first arrival in New York. I also takes notice of the high buildings. They strikes me as being quite high: but of course when you starts in to build a high building highness is naturally what you aims for, ain't it?

III

THE day we gets to New York is the day before yesterday, and we has been on the go so constant ever since and I has seen so much it seems like my ideas is all mixed up together same as a mess of scrambled eggs. The way it looks to me, the mainest difficulty with an author, especially if he's kind of new at the authorizing business, is not so much to find something to write up as 'tis to pick out the special things which should be wrote up and just leave the rest be. So it is now my aim to set forth the main points which sticks out in my mind.

Well, first off, soon as we gets in we goes to the hotel. Beforehand Mr. Dallas he says to me it's a quiet hotel uptown; but when we arrives at it I takes a look around and I says to myself that if this here is a quiet hotel they shore must have to wear ear mufflers at one of the noisy ones if they hopes to hear themselves think. To begin with, she don't look like no hotel I've ever been used to. She rears herself away up in the air, same as a church steeple, only with windows all the way up; and although the weather is pleasant, there is not no white folks setting in chairs under the front gallery. In the first place, there is not nothing which looks like a gallery, excusing it's a little glass to-do which sticks out over the pavement at the main entrance, and if anybody was to try setting there the only way he could save his feet from being mashed off by people trampling on 'em would be for him to have both his legs sawed off at the ankles. You'd think that being uptown the neighborhood would be kind of quiet, with shade trees and maybe some vacant lots here and there; but no, sir; it's all built up solid and the crowds is mighty near as thick as what they was down around the depot, and in just as much of a hurry to get to wherever it is they is bound for.

Even with all the jamming and all the excitement going on they must 'a' been expecting us. The way they fusses over Mr. Dallas is proof to my mind that somebody must 'a' told 'em in advance that he belongs to the real quality down where we comes from, and I certainly is puffed up with pride to be along with him. Because if he had been the King of Europe they could not have showed him no higher honors than what they does.

No sooner does we pull up at the curbstone in front than a huge big tall white man dressed up something like a Knights Templar is opening the taxihack door for us to get out; and two or three white boys in militia suits comes a-running at his call and snatches the baggage away from me; and another member of the grand lodge, in full uniform, is standing just inside the front door to give us the low bow of welcome as we walks into a place which it is all done up with marble posts and with red wall paper on the walls, and gold chicken coops on every side until it puts me in mind of a country nigger's notion of heaven. Over at the clerk's inclosure three white gentlemen is waiting very eager to receive us, which each and every one of 'em is wearing his dress-up clothes with a standing collar and long-tailed coat the same as though he was fixing to be best man at a wedding or pallbearer at a funeral or something else extra special and fancy. For all it's summertime, there is not nobody loafing round there in his shirt sleeves—I bet you there ain't!

One of the pallbearing gentlemen shoves the book round for Mr. Dallas to write his name in it, and the second one he reaches for the keys, and the third one he looks to see if there is not some mail or telegrams for him. It takes no lessen a number than three of them white boys in the soldier clothes to escort Mr. Dallas upstairs, and a fourth one he grabs up my valise and takes me on an elevator to the servants' annex. He don't have to run the elevator himself, neither. There's another hand just to do that alone, and all my white boy is got to do is wrestle my baggage. It's the first time in my life ever I has had a white person toting my belongings for me, and it makes me feel kind of abovish and important. Also, I takes notice that when we gets to my room he keeps hanging round, fussing with the window shade and first one thing and then another, same as if he was one of the bell boys at the hotel down home. He's lingering round until he gets his tip. For quite a spell I lets him linger on and suffer. I lets on like I don't suspicion what he's hanging about that-a-way for. Then I slips him two bits, and I don't begrudge it to him neither, account of it giving me such a satisfactory feeling to be high-toning a white boy.

I says to myself that if this here is the annex where they boards the transom* help, what must the main part of the hotel where the regular guests stays at be like? Because my room certainly is mighty stylish looking and full of general grandeur. But I ain't got no time then to be staying there and enjoying the furniture, because I knows Mr. Dallas will be needing me for to come and wait on him. So I starts right out to find him, and it seems like I travels half a mile through them hallways before I does so. He's got a big setting room all to himself, and a fashionable bedroom and a special bath and a little special hall and all. I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Dallas, they shore must be monstrous set up over havin' you pick out they hotel fur to stop at. Look how the reception committee turned out fur you downstairs in full regalia! Look how they mouty nigh broke they necks for to usher you in in due state! An' now ef they ain't done gone an 'sign you to the bridal chamber an' give you the upstairs parlor fur yore own use! It p'intedly indicates to me 'at they sets a heap of store by you."

He sort of laughs at that.

"Why, Jeff," he says, "if you think this is a fine layout you should see some of the other suites they have here!"

I says, "I ain't cravin' to see 'em. I done seen sweetness 'nuff ez 'tis. They suttinly is usin' us noble."

He says they should ought to use us noble, seeing what the price is they charges

(Continued on Page 128)

* Note: It is believed that Jeff meant "transient."

Good Business

The instructions I got on shaving cream

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

The makers of Palmolive decided to use their soothing oils in a shaving cream. And they gave me these instructions:

"The men we go to are all using other shaving soaps. Most of them are satisfied—some are wedded to them.

"You must create a superlative soap, conspicuously supreme. Otherwise we shall never tell men anything about it."

We asked 1,000 men

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a shaving soap.

Then we set out to meet their requirements better than others had done.

We are soap experts—that is our business. We have studied soap for decades.

We have won millions of women—won the topmost place in toilet soaps—by creation of Palmolive.

Now with those same oils—palm and olive—it was for us to make a shaving cream as popular with men.

Tried 130 times

We worked 18 months on the problem. We made up 130 formulas, and we tried them out on every sort of beard.

We knew soap chemistry. We had the oils which had held supreme place for 3,000 years. We had made the finest facial soap that women ever knew.

But we fell down 130 times before we satisfied ourselves on a shaving soap for you. You are one we tried to please. Now we ask you, as a fair return, to give this soap a test.

Go back to what you now use if we have nothing better. But find out what we've done. If you have something you want tested, we'll do the same for you.

Copyright 1922 - The Palmolive Co. 1849

Enjoy Ten Shaves FREE

Just send the coupon and we will send a trial tube. See our conception of what a shaving soap should be. See if it is not better than any soap you know.

The Four Things Most Desired

Men wanted ample lather. We made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—only one-half inch—suffices for a shave.

Men wanted quick results. Within one minute, with this soap, the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes the toughest beard cut like wax.

Men wanted lasting lather. The lather of Palmolive Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

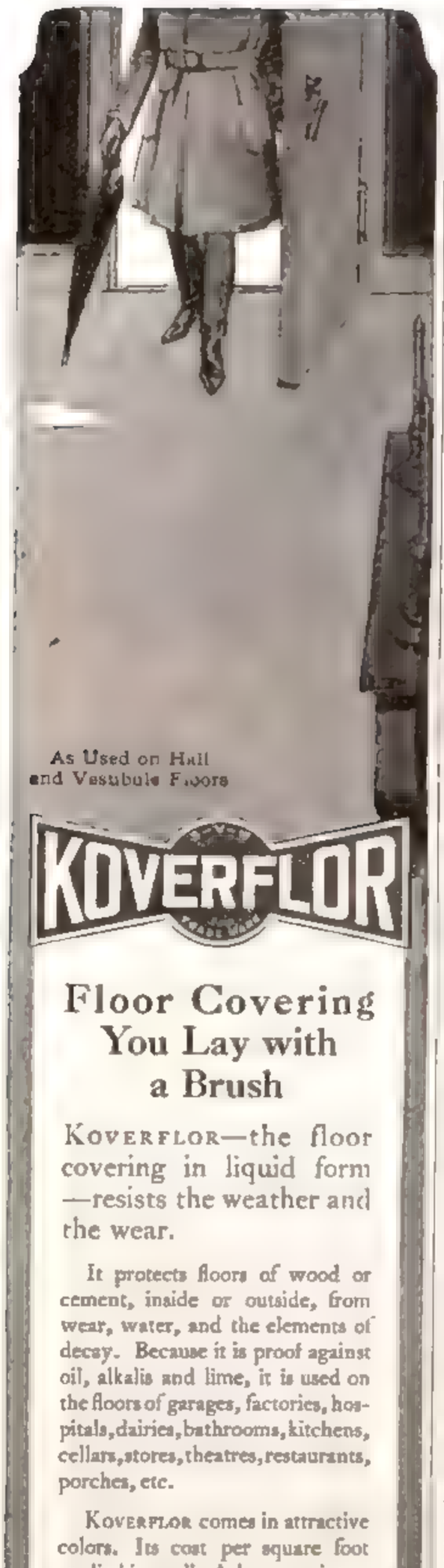
Men wanted nice after effects. Here the palm and olive blend soothes all irritation. No lotion is required. The skin is left in soft and velvety condition.

Those are the results that you want. Let us prove that we've attained them. Send this coupon for our ten-shave tube.

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

The Palmolive Company
Dept. B-283
Milwaukee, U. S. A.



Floor Covering You Lay with a Brush

KOVERFLOR—the floor covering in liquid form—resists the weather and the wear.

It protects floors of wood or cement, inside or outside, from wear, water, and the elements of decay. Because it is proof against oil, alkalis and lime, it is used on the floors of garages, factories, hospitals, dairies, bathrooms, kitchens, cellars, stores, theatres, restaurants, porches, etc.

KOVERFLOR comes in attractive colors. Its cost per square foot applied is small. Ask your paint or hardware dealer for KOVERFLOR—or send us his name and address and receive the KOVERFLOR Sample Book.

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For every architectural and household purpose.

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Can be applied one day and the car used the next

Satinette Enamel
The immaculate, enduring white enamel of distinction

(Continued from Page 126)

us. He says, "Do you know what I'm paying here for the accommodations for the two of us? I'm paying twenty-seven dollars and a half."

I says to him if that's the case he better let me clear out of there right brisk and skirmish round and find me a respectable colored boarding house somewheres handy by so's to cut down the expenses, because, I don't care what anybody say, twenty-seven dollars and a half is a sight of money to be paying out every week.

He says, "Twenty-seven and a half a week—huh! Remember, Jeff, we are in New York now, where everything runs high. This stands me twenty-seven and a half a day."

I says to him, I says, "Whoo-ee!" I says. "No wonder they kin purvide fancy garments fur all the hands an' buy solid gold bars fur the cage whar they keeps them clerks penned up. Mr. Dallas," I says, "it shore is behoovin' on us to eat hearty th'ee times a day in awder fur to git our money's worth whilst we's boardin' yere."

He says, though, for me not to overtax my appetite just on that account, because the eating is besides; he says we pays twenty-seven dollars and a half a day just for our rooms.

I says to him, I says, "Mr. Dallas, let's git out of yere befo' they begins chargin' us up fur the air we breathes!"

He says, "You're too late with your suggestion; they do charge us for the air. The air is all cleaned and cooled before it comes into these rooms."

Then I knows for sure he is burlesquing me. Who's going to hold the air whilst they cleans it? And the good Lord himself can't chill the air to order in the middle of a August hot spell, let alone a lot of folks running a hotel, can he? I asks Mr. Dallas them questions.

But he just laughs and says to me that there's not no need to worry, because he won't be staying there only just a day or so. He says Mr. H. G. Raynor, which is his principalest friend in New York and the one which he's thinking about maybe going into business with, has done devised for us to hire some ready-furnished quarters still higher uptown. He says something about 'em being Sublette quarters in a department house; leastwise that's what I makes out of what he says. Which it is news to me in more ways than one, because in the first place I didn't know any of the Sublettes, which is a very plentiful white connection in our county, had done moved up here to live; and in the second place it seemed like to me there just naturally couldn't be no more uptown to New York City than what I already had done observed from the taxihack coming from the train. He goes on to say he is expecting to hear from the gentleman almost any minute now, and then he'll know better what the program is.

Almost before he gets the words out of his mouth the telephone bell rings, and sure enough it is this here Mr. Raynor which is on the wire, and it turns out that the place where we're going is ready for us now on account of the folks which owns it having gone away sooner than what they expected, and the further tidings is that we can move up there that same day, which we does—along about an hour before supper time. I notices they don't make near as much fuss over us going thence from there as they did whilst ushering of us in. I judges the man what owns the hotel must be feeling kind of put out about losing of all that there money which we'd be paying him had we 'a' stayed on.

We gets into a taxihack and we rides for what seems like to me it's several miles, and still are not nowheres near the outskirts as far as I can judge, and when finally we gets to the new location I has another astonishment. For here all day I've been expecting we'd land at a private residence, but this place to which we've come at don't look like no private residence to me. It's more like the hotel we just left, only more bigger and mighty near as tall. In all other respects additional it certainly is a grand establishment.

It's got a kind of a private road so's carriages can drive in under shelter off the sidewalk, and 'way back inside is a round piece of ground all fixed up with solid marble benches and little cedar trees and flower beds, like a cemetery. I thinks to myself that maybe this here is the private burying plot for the owner's family; but still there ain't no tombstones in sight, excepting one over the front door with words cut on it, and since I figures I has done showed ignorance enough for one day, I don't ask no fool questions about it.

The help here also wears fancy clothes, but is my own color. I'm glad of that, because I counts now on having some black folks to get acquainted with and talk to; but just as soon as one of 'em opens his mouth and speaks I knows they is not my kind even if they is my complexion. Because he don't talk like no white folks ever I knowed, and yet he don't talk like none of the black folks does at home. Still, just from his conversation I can place him. There was two just like him which was brought South once by a Northern family staying in our town, but they didn't linger long amongst us. They didn't like the place, and no more the place didn't like them. They claimed they was genuine West Indians, whatever that is, and they made their brags constant that they also was British subjects. But Aunt Dilsey Turner, she always said they looked more like objects to her. Aunt Dilsey, which she was Judge Priest's cook for going on twenty years, is mighty plain spoken about folks and things which she don't fancy, and she did not fancy these two none whatsomever.

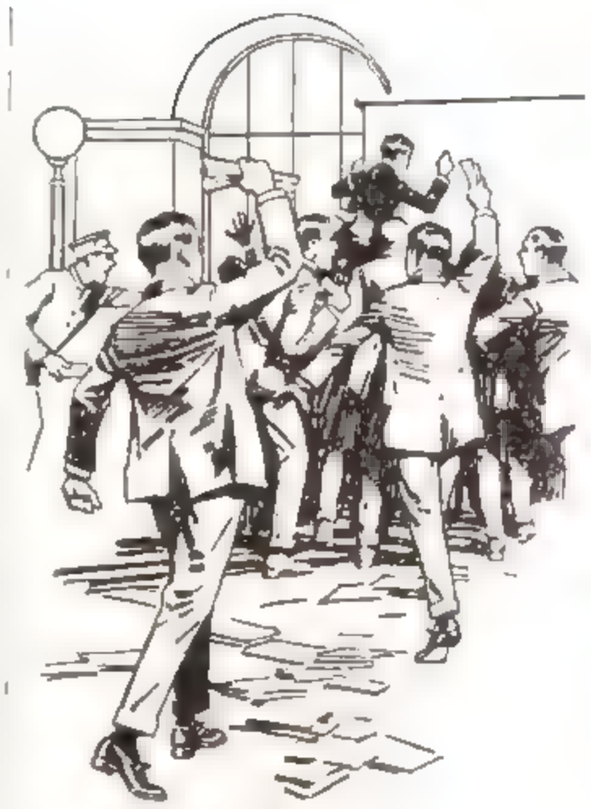
When we gets upstairs to our section I'm sort of disappointed in it. The furniture ain't new and shiny like what I naturally expected 'twould be. Most of it is kind of old and dingy and hacked-up-looking. The curtains at the setting-room windows is all frayed-like, and mighty near wore through in spots. And the Sublette family must 'a' run out of money before they got round to buying the carpets, because they is not no carpets at all, but only a passel of old faded rugs scattered about the floor here and there. Some of the chairs—the best company chairs too—is so old they is actually decrepit. I'd say that by rights they belonged in a secondhand store, or leastways up in the attic. Moreover, they ain't no upstairs to our department, nor yet there is not no downstairs nor no cellar; but instead, everything, kitchen and pantry and the rooms for the help and all, runs on one floor. But Mr. Dallas he deports himself like he is satisfied, and it ain't for me to be finding fault if he sees fitten not to find any.

Anyway, I is so busy for a little while flying round and getting things unpacked that I has no time to utter complaints. Pretty soon, though, I has to knock off hanging up Mr. Dallas' suits to mix a batch of cocktails from the private stock he has brought along with him in one of his trunks, because this here Mr. Raynor he telephones he's bringing some of his friends for a round of drinks with Mr. Dallas, and then Mr. Raynor says they'll ride out in his motor car to a road house to get 'em some dinner. I takes his message off the telephone and I knows that's what he says, surprising though it do sound.

That's shore a couple of new ones on me—eating dinner when it's already mighty near past suppertime, and eating it at a road house too! I says to myself that New York City is getting to act more curiouser to me every minute I stays in it. Because the only road house ever I knowed of by that name used to stand alongside the tollgate just outside the corporation limits on the Mayfield road, and the old white man which collected the tolls lived in it, his name being Mr. Gip Bayless. But the gate is done torn down since the public government taken over the gravel roads, and anyhow, even in its most palmiest days, none of the quality wouldn't never think of stopping there at that little old rusty house for their vittles. No, sir; they'd mighty near as soon think of having a picnic out at the pesthouse.

Still and notwithstanding, Mr. Dallas ain't indicating no surprise when I conveys to him what Mr. Raynor says, so I reflects to myself that if tollgate houses up here is in proportion to everything else this one which they're a-aiming to go to must probably be about the size of a county courthouse, with a slate roof on it and doubtless a cupola. So I just gets busy and mingles up a batch of powerful tasty cocktails in the shaker. I knows they is tasty from a couple of private samples which I pours off for myself out in the pantry. My experience is been that the only way you can tell is a cocktail just right is to taste it from time to time as you goes along.

Immediately soon here come Mr. Raynor with his friends, which there is four of them, besides himself—one other gentleman named Bellows and three ladies. One of the ladies is older than the other two, but decorated more younger, if anything,



MAN!

Here's a "market tip" that will jump you ahead of the crowd!

Next time you buy Shoes use the same good judgment that directs your business affairs. *Invest* your money; don't merely *spend* it. Avoid false "bargains." Don't let passing whims of Style override the common sense which tells you to guard health and vigor above all things. *Take your feet into partnership*, instead of forcing them to continue at irritating cross purposes with body, mind and nervous system. Treat them like the powerful assets they *should be* instead of the poor weak liabilities stiff-arched, narrow-toed footwear makes of them. *Give them LIFE!* Put them into a pair of smartly swinging, pliantly clinging

GROUND GRIPPER WALKING SHOES

Real Shoes for real Men who appreciate the value of real Comfort and know real VALUE when they see it!

These famous ORIGINAL muscle-developing Health Shoes are built on Nature's own incomparable principle of construction, with straight inside line, gracefully rounded outer swing and FLEXIBLE ARCHES. They fit with a trim, firmly supporting snugness yet flex naturally with your feet in every part at every step;—building strength and vigor through full-muscled exercise and unrestricted circulation. They "perk you up," give you a better *grip* on yourself, help you carry life's load lightly!

Only the very finest of leathers and workmanship go into GROUND-GRIPPERS;—a uniformly high quality insuring unparalleled money's worth. You'll like their STYLE too;—so *substantial*—so *intelligent*—*always* in Fashion.

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We have just issued an interesting Book on the Care of the Feet. It contains many facts of vital importance to every business man and woman

Send for it—
IT'S FREE!

He swapped a gold mine for a can of Edgeworth

Of course William didn't know how much gold there was in the mine or he wouldn't have paid so high a price even for his beloved Edgeworth.

As he writes the story with lead pencil on the back of a map—

Dear Mister Larus & Bro. Co.

You'll notice I ain't going to let them people what puts out that xxxxxxx [this was the name of a competitive friend's product] stuff get away by their lonesome in the high price class; cause they're just tinhorns anyway alongside of me, what traded a claim in the Diddyrod country one time for a small tin of Edgeworth

And the sourdough what got the claim from me for the Edgeworth took eighty thousand dollars out of the ground what I didn't think was in it

William Craigie

Salchaket Post-office
Alaska

That was the most expensive can of Edgeworth that ever was bought. We have many letters from our friends who have gone to great lengths to get their favorite tobacco. We prize them all, but this one has a particularly warm place in our hearts.

We don't want any Edgeworth smoker to have to pay more than the regular price for Edgeworth.

We do want every pipe-smoker to try Edgeworth, and it's just as pleasant for us to send free samples to any pipe-smoker as it is for a pipe-smoker to hand his can over to someone who's run short.

If Edgeworth doesn't suit you, it's no use trying to sell you any. If it does, the samples will soon tell you, and you'll be like the rest of us—happiest with a pipe of Edgeworth between your teeth.

Send us your name and address on a postcard. If you want to help us further, give us the name of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco.

Just as soon as we receive your request we will mail you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in flat cakes, cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands makes a fragrant pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is exactly the same tobacco, but ready to go into your pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to meet the requirements of many different customers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are put up in pocket-size cans, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in various quantities in between those sizes.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

than what they is. Introducing her to Mr. Dallas, Mr. Raynor says her name is Mrs. Gaylord, but they all calls her Jerry. She's pretty near entirely out of eyebrows, but she has got more than a bushel of hair which is all kind of frozen looking and curled up tight on her head. It don't look natural to me, and I knows it ain't natural a little bit later when Mr. Raynor sets down on the arm of her chair and throws his arm around her sort of offhand and sociable like, and she up and tells him for heaven's sake to be careful and not muss her up, because she says she's only just that day spent forty dollars and four hours getting a permanent wave put in. At that I says to myself, I says:

"Well, betwixt w'ites an' blacks we suttinly is mekin' the world safe fur them beauty doctors. Niggers down South spendin' all the money they kin rake an' scrape together gittin' the kinkiness tuck out of they haids, an' fashionable ladies up yere spendin' theirn gittin' it put in! It's a compliment to one race or the other, but jest w'ich I ain't purpared to say."

The other ladies is named Miss O'Brien and Miss DeWitt, but it's kind of hard for me at the first to remember which from which, seeing that the rest of the party scarcely ever calls 'em anything except Pat and Bill-lee. They is both mighty nice and friendly, but they is exclusively different one from the other. Miss Pat, she's got her hair chopped off short like a little boy's, and she acts kind of like a boy does too—free and easy and laughing a lot and smoking a cigarette so natural that it's like as if she must 'a' been born with one in her mouth and it lighted. And yet for all that I seems to get the impression that way down underneath she's kind of tired of herself and everything around her.

But this here Miss DeWitt, she is tall and slender and kind of quiet. She must 'a' been feeling poorly lately, because her face is just dead white and her lips is still bright red from the fever, and when she sets down in a chair she just seems to kind of fall back into it, all limp like. She ain't saying much with her mouth, but she does a sight of talking with her eyes, which is big and black and sort of lazylike most of the time. She sure is decked up with jewelry like the Queen of Sheba too. She's got big heavy necklaces round her neck and great long earrings in her ears and many bracelets on both her arms. She's even got two big bracelets clamped round one of her ankles, which I judges she didn't have room for 'em nowheres else and so put 'em there to keep from losing 'em; and when she moves the jewelry all jingles freely and advertises her. She walks with a kind of a limber, swimming gait, soft and glideful. Of course it ain't exactly like swimming, and yet that's the only way I can designate what her walking puts me in mind of. She wears dead-black clothes that makes her paleness all the more so. It comes out pretty soon that she's a moving-picture actress lady, off and on, and so is Miss O'Brien.

Right from the first jump I can see that Mr. Dallas is drawed to her powerful, and I thinks to myself that if he's fixing to favor this here languid lady with his attentions it proves he's got a changeable taste, because she ain't nothing at all similar to Miss Henrietta Farrell, which she is the one that he's been courting these past few months down in Kentucky. In fact, she's most teetotally unsimilar.

This Mr. Bellows which came with Mr. Raynor, he don't detain my attention much. If he wasn't there you wouldn't scarcely miss him; and when he is there you don't scarcely observe him. He makes me think of a neat haircut and nothing else. You just appreciate him being present and that's all. But I studies Mr. Raynor every chance I gets, the more especially because he's the one which is more or less responsible for us having come North. He's very cheering in his ways, laughing and whooping out loud at everything and poking fun and telling Mr. Dallas that he must be good friends with Mr. Bellows and the three ladies, because they is all four of 'em his friends. But I takes note that when he laughs he don't laugh with his eyes, but only with his mouth, and when he sort of smiles to himself quietlike, it puts me in mind of a man drawing a knife. I can't keep from having a kind of a feeling when I looks at him.

Well, they imbibes up all the cocktails that I has waiting for them and a batch more which I makes by request, and then they packs up a couple of bottles—one Scotch and one bourbon—to take along with 'em for to refresh themselves with at the road house and off they puts. And the last thing I hears as they goes down the hall is Mr. Raynor still laughing from off the top of his palates, and the sickly one, Miss DeWitt's, necklaces and things all jingling like a road gang. Mr. Dallas he calls back to me from the elevator that I needn't wait up for him because it is liable to be pretty late when he gets in.

But it's a good thing I does wait up, dozing off and on between times, because when he arrives back along about half past three in the morning he certainly does need my assistance getting his clothes off of him.

Not since dryness come in has I seen a young white gentleman more thoroughly overtaken than what he is. And we got aplenty vigorous drinkers down our way too! And always did have!

So then I goes to bed myself, and so that's the end of our first day. And the following day, which it was yesterday, is the day I gets lost, which I will tell about that next.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EDUCATIONAL RADIO PHOTO WASHINGTON D. C.

Black Cubs Caught by a Naval Radio Man at Eyak, Alaska

Every Shaft Is First Quality

THIS cannot be said of hickory, for hickory varies. Two golfers playing with hickory shafted clubs have not the same opportunity, for one may have first quality hickory and the other fifth quality. But when two golfers play with Bristol Steel Shafted clubs, they have the same opportunity, for Bristol Steel Shafted clubs are all of the same quality—equal to first quality hickory.

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May 12, 1914 May 2, 1916

The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is lighter than hickory. This brings the weight lower, thus making a better balanced club. It is unquestionably stronger and more durable. It cannot rust and the "whip" always stays the same.

Get one new Bristol Steel Shafted club from your "Pro" or have him attach a Bristol Steel Golf Shaft to one of your old heads. If your "Pro" is unable to supply you, send your order direct to us. Wooden Clubs, $8.00. Iron Clubs, $7.00. State length desired.

Write for descriptive circular, giving us the name of your club and professional.

Professionals: Write for Directions for Fitting Bristol Steel Golf Shafts to Old Heads.

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: It will pay you to investigate immediately this new development in golf.

Golf Clubs fitted with Bristol Steel Golf Shafts can now be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio, and The Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.

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Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

There are no better fishing lines made. Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines catch more fish, win more prizes, give more satisfaction than any other lines. There is a Kingfisher Line for every kind of fishing. Every one is guaranteed perfect.

If you like fishing, you will also be interested in Bristol Steel Fishing Rods and Meek and Blue Grass Reels.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Fishing Catalogs will be sent *free* upon request.

One symptom they don't discuss

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 17)

with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar salary to accept one at eight thousand dollars and spend three times my salary to live in Washington?" Next morning we walked again. I noticed signs of weakening. Mrs. Gage had evidently been at work!

As we parted I said, "When you get to your office send me a note by messenger and tell me just what you will do."

An hour later I received the note, which read: "After thinking of the matter I cannot *at present* give you the answer you want."

The underlining of "at present" convinced me that he did not want to say that he would accept a position that had not been offered to him. So I rang up Governor McKinley at Canton, and said, "I have a Secretary of the Treasury for you."

"Who is it?"

"Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National Bank. A gold Democrat. He will represent the gold Democrats in your cabinet. His appointment will show appreciation for their votes, as you would have been defeated without them."

"Have I ever met him?"

"Yes, you met him at a reception given by Ferdinand W. Peck on Ohio Day, at the World's Fair in 1893."

"Did he have white whiskers?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I remember him. Hold the wire a moment. That is an inspiration. Let me think."

After two or three minutes McKinley said, "I will send Charlie Dawes to see him Thursday. Prepare him for the visit."

The next morning the papers announced that great pressure was being brought to bear on Governor McKinley to appoint Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, Secretary of the Treasury. Mark Hanna came from Cleveland to Canton and said, "Where in hell is the great pressure? I never heard him mentioned for the place!"

McKinley told me afterwards he received more telegrams and letters of commendation on Gage's appointment than on all the other cabinet places combined.

Col. John J. McCook had been slated for Attorney-General, and Judge Joseph McKenna, of California, for Secretary of the Interior.

McKinley had a way of throwing out names for cabinet places and watching the reaction. If the man met with approval he sent for him; if the suggestion stirred up opposition he was dropped.

When Judge McKenna, now Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court, was suggested, the California papers were unstinted in their praise of him both as a judge and as a congressman. McKinley sent for McKenna to come to Canton. On his arrival he lunched in the McKinley cottage. McKinley told me the following story of the McKenna appointment:

"'Well, judge, they have been pretty busy with your name lately for a cabinet post.'

"McKenna replied, 'Yes, governor, but I don't believe you realize what you are doing. I am a Roman Catholic and the Protestants will never permit a Catholic to have charge of the Indian Missions.'"

McKinley continued, "Without taking my eyes from his I said, 'The place I want you for, judge, has nothing to do with the Indian Missions. I want you for Attorney-General.'

"'Oh, I was misinformed,' said McKenna. 'If you see fit to tender me that honor I accept with pleasure.'"

Later McKinley laughingly said, "I don't believe the judge suspected that I switched him! We were in Congress together several years, and it never occurred to me that he was a Catholic!"

Next day the papers announced McKenna was to be Attorney-General. That brought Colonel McCook hotfoot from West Virginia to Canton.

He said, "I understood I was to be Attorney-General!" McKinley said, "Oh, no, colonel! You are to be Secretary of the Interior."

"I don't believe that place would suit me," replied McCook.

"Well," said McKinley, "we will try to find something equally as good later on."

McKinley thereby killed two birds with one stone; he avoided the religious issue and pleased Mark Hanna, who greatly disliked McCook.

McKinley tried to get Mark Hanna to accept the Postmaster-General's office, but he refused. He kept the place open for him until thirty-six hours before his inauguration. Urging Hanna to accept he said: "Mark, you will feel pretty bad to see the ship of state sail away on the fourth of March and not be on board as first mate!"

At the last moment Mr. Gary, of Baltimore, was made Postmaster-General.

Two days after it was decided that Mr. Gage was to be the treasury chief Frank A. Vanderlip came to see me. He was a reporter on The Economist, a Chicago financial weekly of a high order. I think he owned 20 per cent of the stock, and received a salary of forty dollars a week. He had been financial editor of the Chicago Tribune.

He asked me what I thought of his going to Washington with Mr. Gage as his private secretary.

I answered, "Frank, you are too big a man to be anybody's private secretary!"

"The experience will benefit me greatly in my work on The Economist."

"Well," I answered, "you would be a good choice for Mr. Gage, as you can be of great service in handling the politicians and newspaper men."

Next morning Mr. Gage telephoned me to stop for him.

He asked what I thought of his taking Vanderlip. I told him what I had told Vanderlip the day before.

Three months after going to Washington, Vanderlip was made an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, at a salary of forty-five hundred dollars, more money than he ever received before in his life. He was of great assistance to Mr. Gage. They became intimate friends and the friendship has lasted to this day.

When the National City Bank of New York purchased the old United States Custom House in Wall Street, Mr. Gage turned over to Vanderlip all the negotiations for the Treasury Department, which brought him in contact with the elder James Stillman frequently. Mr. Stillman said to Mr. Gage, "When you are through with that young man I want him."

Vanderlip finally went to the National City Bank, and Mr. Stillman told me afterward he showed him his desk, gave him the key to it and said, "Now find something to do. Your salary will be fifteen thousand dollars a year."

I have watched many notable careers in my time, but I think Frank Vanderlip's rise from a forty-dollar-a-week reporter in 1897 to the presidency of the greatest bank in the country in 1909 is the most remarkable of forty years' experience.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

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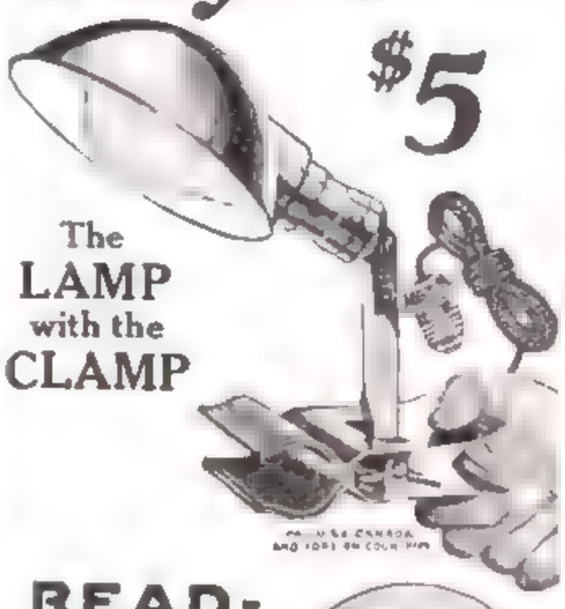

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THE BLOODHOUND

(Continued from Page 11

"No," he replied. "I cannot let an innocent man falsely admit that he is guilty under any conditions."

O'Brien's face hardened.

"Suit yourself!" he snapped back. "If he doesn't he'll get the limit."

"Not unless he's convicted!" murmured Mr. Tutt.

"Oh!" sneered his adversary. "You think you can get him off, do you? Don't fool yourself! It's a dead open-and-shut case. Will you or won't you? If you won't he'll be on his way up the river by two o'clock."

Mr. Tutt's blood boiled and tingled.

"Mister District Attorney," he said sternly, "may I ask if you have examined into the merits of this case?"

"I've seen the only witness there is!" retorted O'Brien. "This man is an ex-convict. His picture is in the gallery. So are his thumb tracks. He's guilty all right, all right! He's got no more chance than an icicle in Hades."

"Have you talked to him? Have you heard his story? Have you questioned the officer who arrested him?" went on the old lawyer.

"I have not! And I don't intend to!" answered O'Brien shortly. "He can tell his story on the stand—and if there's anything to it the jury can acquit him."

"What chance has he got to have the jury believe him if you bring out the fact that he has been in prison?" asked Mr. Tutt. "It will hopelessly prejudice them against him."

"That's why he'd better plead guilty!" grinned the Bloodhound.

"And you call that justice!" cried Mr. Tutt, his lips quivering. "Well, put him on trial—and be damned to you!"

"I will!" laughed O'Brien. "I'll put him on trial in ten minutes—as soon as the pleas are over. And then"—he bent over past Mooney and leered into Mr. Tutt's face—"and then be damned to you!"

As the court officer marched Mooney back to the pen a hand pulled Mr. Tutt by the coat tails. He turned and looked into the homely face of the girl in the shawl.

"Oh, sir," she begged, "for God's sake don't let them frame him! That brute Delaney was a witness against him on his first trial. He's Morrison's man. They've made up their minds to railroad him. Oh, sir! Save him! He's a brave, good lad that never harmed anyone. I know you're a big lawyer and don't bother with the likes of us, but"—she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I've saved ninety dollars, and it's yours if you get him off!"

Mr. Tutt patted her arm.

"All right! All right!" he said soothingly. "I'll do my best, but not for your money! What's your name, my girl?"

"Annie Murphy."

"Do you know the man Paddy worked for before he was sent up?"

"Sure!"

"Go bring him here."

The girl hurried away and Mr. Tutt walked back to his seat.

"If I ever get that fellow in a corner," he muttered, eying O'Brien as he swaggered at the rail, "may God have mercy on his soul!"

IV

IN THE good old medieval days our Teutonic relatives had a jovial habit of strapping any particularly unruly serf beneath the belly of a wild horse and then hunting him to death with dogs. The serf in this pleasant game he had a fair start, and the horse did not have a ball and chain attached to his leg. But in the coming course, in which the dogs of law would run down Paddy Mooney if they could, he was handicapped in two ways: First, he had a ball and chain on his leg in the shape of his prison record; and second, in addition to the hatred which O'Brien entertained for all defendants, and particularly for those who had served terms in prison, he was the object of the prosecutor's special malignity because he was to be defended by Mr. Tutt, who on more than one celebrated occasion had shown the braggart up for what he was. To his ancient grudge, fed fat by years of successful opposition upon the old lawyer's part, was now added the smart of present insult. His rage against Mooney for not being willing to plead guilty fanned his fury against Mr. Tutt, and his hatred of Mr. Tutt transformed his anger against Mooney to poisonous serpents. To be in any way fouled made him a madman.

"Come here!" he growled at Delaney as he dragged him into the corridor. "Give me the goods on this fellow! I'll teach that sanctimonious old he-devil a lesson he won't forget in a hurry!"

The heart of Delaney leaped within him. That was the bally boy! He would have another conviction to add to his scroll of honor, and maybe the D. A. would write the commissioner a letter of commendation, praising his services in sending up Mooney for another bit! Anyhow, Micky Morrison wouldn't forget it! Promotion dazzled him! He could have kissed O'Brien or licked his boots—which latter alternative most of us would have preferred.

"Listen here!" he said, fawning upon the prosecutor. "It's a cinch. I caught this guy and another gun—Mulligan—wit' a bag of goods. I give ye the cannon I took off him already. Mulligan'll turn state's evidence for a suspended sentence. Everybody's here! You'll eat him alive!"

"All right! Tell Mulligan I'll use him; and take him up into one of the jury rooms and go over his story with him. I don't want any slip-up now! I'm doing you a favor by trying this case myself."

"I know you are, Mr. O'Brien! I know you are!" declared Delaney in those tones of unctuous adoration that were as parmacety to the inward bruises of the Bloodhound's soul. "'Tis the next district attorney you're going to be!"

"Then get busy! Get busy!" ordered O'Brien, stalking back towards the court room.

The reader might well be pardoned were he incredulous of what O'Brien and Delaney purposed to do. Fortunately such prosecutors are rare; but once in a generation—perhaps even more often—they arise; and against their villainy judges and lawyers are generally powerless, for their assassinations are hidden beneath the cloak of law and the pretense of public service. Little did the judge upon the bench wot of the proposed tragedy; had he done so he would have arisen and rent his official garments. But Mr. Tutt knew, and his heart turned faint within his old frock coat. O Justice, what crimes are sometimes committed in thy name!

V

THE last disconsolate in the file of prisoners had pleaded not guilty and clumped back to the prison pen; the judge had listened to the manifold ingenious excuses urged upon him by talesmen reluctant to serve; the crowd in the court room had thinned; it was twelve o'clock; the holocaust was about to begin.

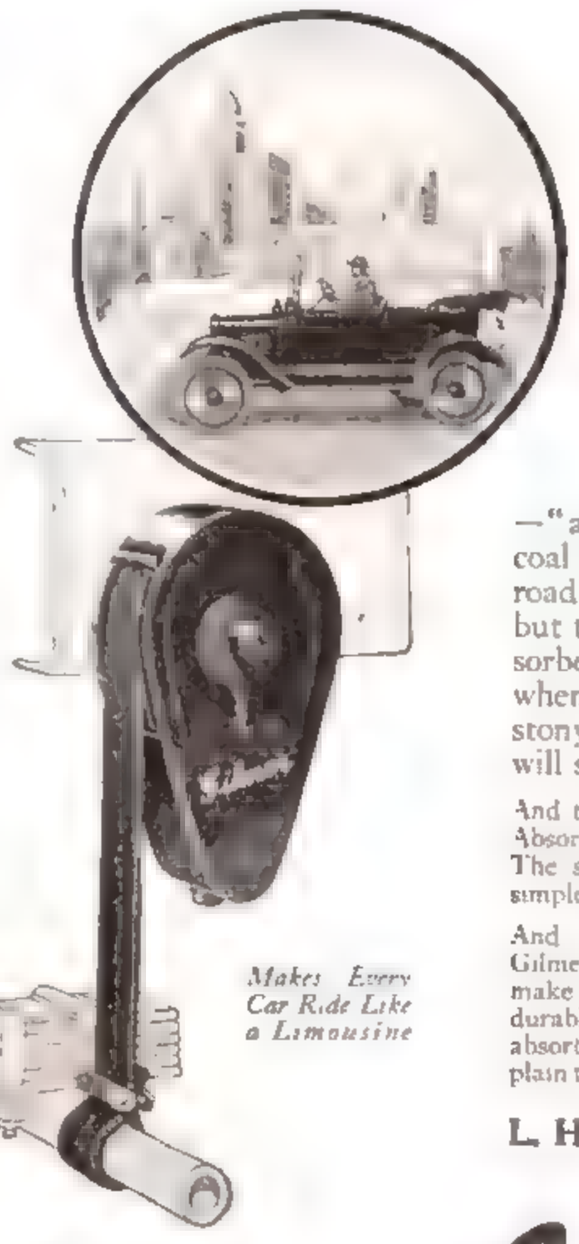
The Bloodhound arose and strolled to the district attorney's table in front of the jury box.

"Have you any case to move, Mister District Attorney?" asked His Honor, and at O'Brien's nod added to the clerk, "Fill the box, Mr. Dougherty."

"Take your places, gentlemen," called the latter, drawing twelve names rapidly from the box. "People against Mooney! Patrick Mooney, you are indicted for burglary in the third degree, grand larceny in the first degree, assault in the first degree, receiving stolen goods and carrying concealed weapons. If you desire to challenge any talesman you may do so now!" One almost expected to hear him continue "Or forever after hold your peace!"

But Mr. Tutt did not wish to challenge anybody, and smiled so genially at the double row of miscellaneous citizens, and with such an air of gratification declared "The jury is more than satisfactory," that every man of them expanded his chest and lifted his chin a fraction of an inch, convinced that Mr. Tutt was a man of parts, and became his friend for life.

Then the Bloodhound summoned them to their duty of sending men to prison. The defendant, he told them, had been caught in possession of the proceeds of a burglary committed but a few moments before his arrest. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, which he had sought to draw upon the officer, who luckily had reduced him to a timely submission. His fellow criminal would take the stand and testify against him. It was a cut-and-dried case, a routine affair; and they would have nothing to do but to convict. He called Delaney, whose immense blue bulk overflowed



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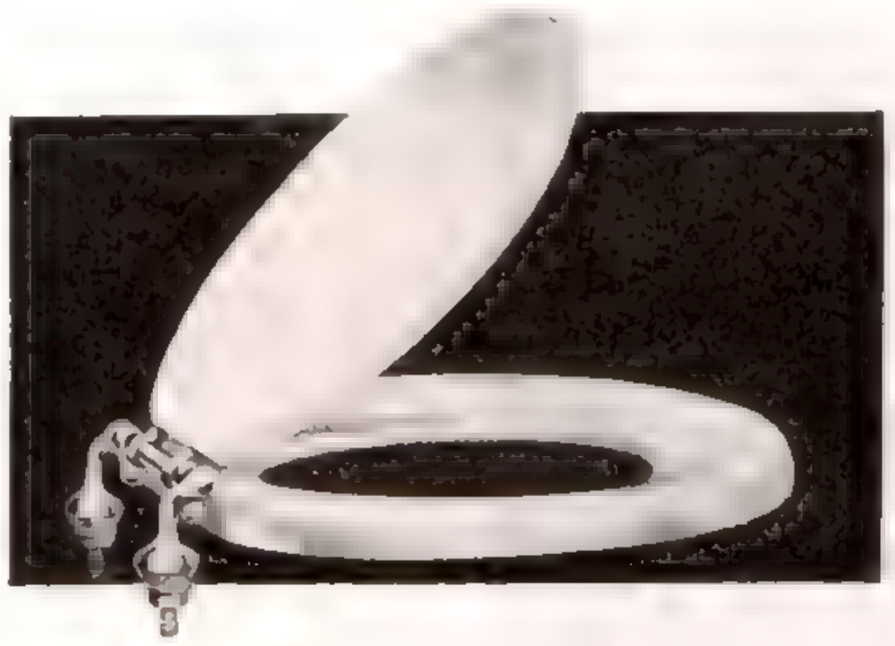

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the witness chair; and the cop made good the prosecutor's opening in every particular. He described Mooney's attempted flight, his effort to pull his gun and how he had frustrated it by felling him with his night stick. He then identified the gun which O'Brien produced from his pocket.

Cross-examine!

Mr. Tutt asked but two questions:

"Do you know Micky Morrison?"

"I do."

"Do you belong to the same club?"

"I do!" defiantly.

"That is all!" And the old lawyer waved him from the stand.

Then Mulligan was brought up from the pen and put in the chair, and swore that everything that Delaney had said was gospel. He admitted that he was a professional burglar, but allowed that on occasions a burglar could tell the truth, and that this was one of them; and he supplemented the cop's story by describing in the most graphic detail how Mooney and he had planned and perpetrated the burglary of the cigar store; but, his imagination being limited and his general intelligence even more so, he made a sorry exhibition of himself under Mr. Tutt's good-natured yet searching cross-examination. Indeed, he soon became so involved in contradictions as to Mooney's part in the affair that no man in his senses would have convicted a dog of the larceny of a bone upon his testimony. One piece of evidence, however, remained unshaken—Delaney's testimony that he had taken a loaded pistol from Mooney's pocket; and Delaney had not been in any way discredited under cross-examination. Quickly O'Brien shifted his position. As a strategist he had no equal.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "I do not feel that the jury should be permitted to convict the defendant of burglary or larceny on this character of testimony. The co-defendant Mulligan is an ex-convict, besides being confessedly guilty in this case, and his statements should not be received without stronger corroboration. I shall therefore ask Your Honor to withdraw from the consideration of the jury all the counts in the indictment except that for carrying concealed weapons."

He spoke as if with an earnest hope for salvation—and the jury viewed him with approbation. The fox! He knew that Mooney could not meet the charge without taking the stand and admitting that he had been in prison, although had all the counts been left in the indictment the jury might well have been led to render a general verdict of acquittal, owing to the obvious unreliability of Mulligan's testimony.

"The People rest," said O'Brien.

The jury turned to the defense.

"Take the stand, Mr. Mooney," directed Mr. Tutt, while the Bloodhound licked his lips.

Paddy Mooney felt his way round behind the jury box and to the witness chair. He knew that he was innocent, but he knew that he was going to be pilloried on cross-examination and utterly discredited. He was an ex-convict. That would be enough to send him up again. But unless he took the stand and denied that the weapon was his the jury would have no choice—would have to convict him. It was a slim chance to make his denial, but it was worth taking. No use giving up without a fight!

Doggedly under Mr. Tutt's lead he denied everything that had been testified to against him, including that he had or ever had had a revolver. Mulligan had joined him, he swore, unsolicited, and when Delaney had appeared he had made no attempt whatever to escape. Why should he have? He had done nothing.

"Your witness!" said Mr. Tutt with a bow towards the jury box.

The Bloodhound crept towards the witness chair with the stealth of a panther about to spring. At three feet he sprang!

"Mister Mooney, have you ever been convicted of a crime?"

"Yes," answered the defendant in a husky voice.

"Of what crime?"

"Assault."

"Ah! And you say you are a peaceable sort of person?"

"Yes."

"When did you get out of jail?"

"Last week."

The jury looked at one another. The poison had begun to work. But the dose might be too small. O'Brien intended to take no chances. As he would have expressed it, he was going to give him the gaff. He beckoned Delaney to the rail.

"What have you got on him?" he asked. "Give it to me quick."

"He's an old-timer," stammered the cop "Gas House Gang. Cracked safes and done most everything."

O'Brien knew he was lying, but he had a right to take an officer's word for a thing like that.

"Go up to my office," he ordered Delaney, "and bring me down Jones' Professional Criminals of America."

The cop hesitated.

"He ain't in it!" he ventured.

"Did you hear what I said?" shouted O'Brien. "Go get it!"

While Delaney is waiting for the elevator to do his master's bidding let it be explained that when a criminal, or anybody else, for that matter, goes upon the witness stand to testify, he may be asked upon cross-examination by the opposing counsel any fact as to himself or his past which may tend to discredit him, for if he be a rascal and unworthy of credence the jury are entitled to know it so as to be guided by that knowledge in the performance of their holy office. Now there are only two limitations upon this sacred right of cross-examination as to credit—the discretion of the presiding judge and the fact that if the matter inquired about is not directly connected with the issue involved the lawyer asking the question is bound by the witness' answer and is not permitted to show in rebuttal that it is false. Yet neither of these limitations amounts to anything, and the latter instead of being a handicap to a prosecutor really is an advantage; for often a lawyer asks a question from which the jury infers something which is not true and which the lawyer could not prove true if he were allowed to try to do so in rebuttal. For example: If a reputable prosecuting attorney should ask a colored defendant, charged with stealing A's chickens on Friday, if it were not a fact that he had stolen B's chickens on Saturday and the colored defendant denied it, the jury would doubtless accept the interrogation of the prosecutor as based on fact and assume that the luckless negro had stolen chickens from both A and B. Yet if the prosecutor were at liberty to prove that the negro was lying when the latter denied that he had stolen B's poultry, he might find it exceedingly hard to do so. Thus the law's restriction, which is apparently an advantage to the witness, particularly if he be a defendant accused of a crime, in reality works against him; just as the right to take the stand in fact compels every defendant to do so or suffer the penalty of refusal in the form of the jury's natural assumption that he is afraid to do so because he is guilty. Of this great principle the Bloodhound now proposed to avail himself, to the utter annihilation of Paddy Mooney and Mr. Tutt, both of whom he was resolved should plunge down into the abyss of discreditability.

For he knew that because he held a public office of large responsibility any question put by him to Mooney would be in the jury's eyes tantamount to an accusation; particularly after he had evinced such an apparent fair-mindedness by asking the judge to quash the burglary and larceny counts in the indictment.

The issue now hung in the balance. A police officer had sworn to finding a loaded pistol on the prisoner, and a self-confessed crook had corroborated him; the defendant had vehemently denied it, although the force of his denial had been somewhat tempered by his admission of having been previously convicted of assault. In view of the judge's admonition that the burden of proof would be on the prosecution to prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt, the jury might acquit. Something must be done. O'Brien did not hesitate. He would "smear" Mooney so that nobody would pay the slightest attention to his denials, however convincing under other circumstances they might have been. It would not be difficult. Any hint or suggestion that Mooney was a professional gun—the slightest innuendo to that effect, probably—would be enough; even if he didn't look it. For look it he certainly did not, as he sat motionless on the witness chair—more like a clay statue than a man, his chalky face set and his narrow shoulders foursquare to the world—an impotent yet defiant creature, like a wild animal driven into a hole or fettered to a stake. Only when his eyes over Mr. Tutt's shoulders met those of Annie Murphy did his stubborn expression soften. O'Brien caught the looks that passed between them

(Continued on Page 136)

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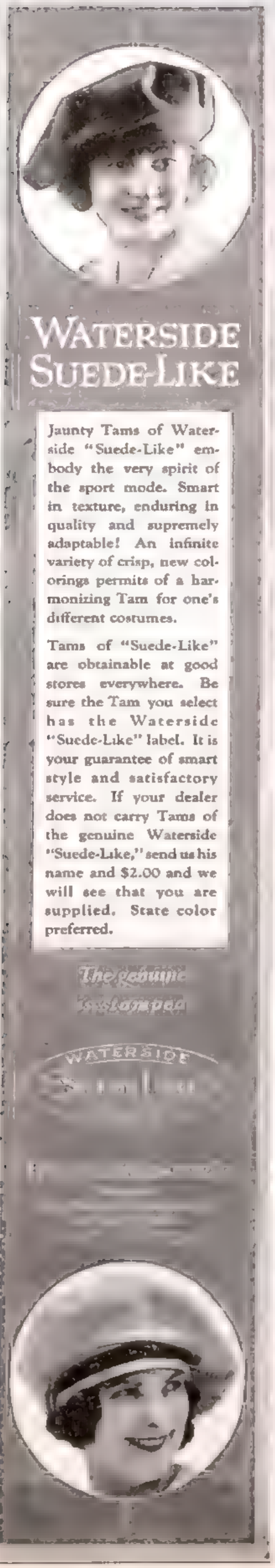
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(Continued from Page 134)

and scowled. That sort of thing always had a bad effect on the jury. He must "can" it somehow. He strolled back to his place and faced Mooney again.

"You come from the Gas House District, don't you?" he asked.

"No," replied Mooney.

"Ever hear of the Gas House Gang?"

"Yes, but I'm not one of them."

"Oh, you're not, eh? I didn't ask you that. Why did you hurry so to slip that in?"

"I object!" interposed Mr. Tutt. "Such a suggestion is improper and prejudicial."

Judge Watkins, who despised technicalities, waved him aside.

"I will permit the question. The witness volunteered a statement. He may be examined upon it."

Mr. Tutt subsided.

"Because," retorted Mooney, "you were trying to make the jury think I was."

"Maybe you're right!" countered the Bloodhound with a grin at the jury box. "Now, how many times have you been convicted of crime in other states?"

"Never!" cried Mooney. "And you can't prove it either."

"Well, maybe I can't prove it," admitted O'Brien easily, "but," he added insinuatingly, "I can inquire how many times you have committed burglaries—say, in New Jersey?"

Mooney's jaw trembled and he grasped the arms of his chair so tight that his hands went white. He turned indignantly to the judge.

"Your Honor," he protested, "has this man got the right ——"

"Answer the question!" admonished His Honor. "This is proper cross-examination."

"Well?" sneered O'Brien.

"I never committed any burglary!"

"No burglaries! What kind of crimes, then, have you committed?"

"I never committed any crimes!"

Mooney thrust forward in his seat towards his torturer and clenched his jaws. It was all nuts for O'Brien.

"Oh!" he laughed. "You didn't, eh? I thought you were just out of Sing Sing!"

"But I hadn't committed any crime."

"So you were innocent that time? Just as you claim to be now!"

"Delaney railroaded me for Micky Morrison!"

The Bloodhound reddened with anger.

"Strike that out!" ordered Judge Watkins. "Don't volunteer. Answer only the questions put to you. Were you innocent that time?"

"Yes I was!" declared Mooney with such obvious sincerity that O'Brien wished he had not asked the question. So far he had not scored heavily, although his adversary was getting groggy. At that instant Delaney reëntered the room and approached the rail with a large book in his hand.

"S-st!" he whispered to O'Brien, handing over the book. "Ast him if last December he didn't smash Sugar Grady's nose down on Hudson Street with a blackjack; an', say, ast him if he wasn't one o' the bunch 'at beat up Inspector Boyle with brass knuckles over behind the engine house."

The Bloodhound's eyes gleamed. Real stuff! He put the questions to Mooney, receiving with an indulgent grimace the latter's emphatic denials, and the jury, who had seen his conference with the police officer, made sure that a desperate thug was seated before them, while Mr. Tutt, a satiric smile playing about his withered lips, vowed vengeance deep and dire upon the unscrupulous O'Brien.

But the Bloodhound, frenzied at the scent of human gore, was now resolved to rend Mooney limb from limb. With all the gleeful malice of a Spanish inquisitor about to tear out his victim's beating heart with a pair of incandescent pincers, this charming understudy of Satan sauntered nonchalantly up to the witness and, holding the Professional Criminals of America so that the jury could plainly read the title, opened the book and running his finger down the page as if to mark the place—and looking up from time to time as he apparently read what he there had found—put to the hapless being in the moral death chair before him, as if solemnly declaring the accompanying accusation to be true, the following question:

"Did you not, on September sixth, nineteen hundred and seventeen, in company with Red Burke, alias the Roach; Tony Savelli, otherwise known as Tony the Greaser; and Dynamite Tom Meeghan, crack the safe of the American Railway Express at Rahway, New Jersey, and get away with six thousand dollars?"

There was no doubt about O'Brien's having caught the jury now. Just as John Hancock signed his name to the Declaration of Independence so large that no one need use spectacles to read it, so Paddy Mooney screamed his outraged denial so loud that even the dead might well have heard him.

"It's a lie!" he yelled, jumping up and shaking his fist at O'Brien. "I never knew any such people. And I never was in Rahway."

"So you say!" the Bloodhound taunted him. "But don't you know that both the Roach and the Greaser testified at their trials that you were there?"

"Wait a moment!" interpolated Judge Watkins. "Do not answer until your counsel has time to object. Mr. Tutt, do you object to the question? If you do I will exclude it."

But Mr. Tutt gravely shook his head.

"I prefer to have him answer it," he said.

"I know nothing about it at all!" protested Mooney. Once more he turned to the bench. "Your Honor," he cried, "he's framin' me! I ——"

Judge Watkins banged his gavel.

"You will have your chance to explain on the redirect," he remarked coldly, for he, too, was now convinced that the witness was a desperate criminal.

"That is all!" declared O'Brien, as with an air of triumph he threw the book ostentatiously on the table in front of the jury box. The defendant was cooked. That question about Red Burke had done the trick, driven the last nail into the lid of his coffin. He sank gloatingly into his chair. He had 'em on the run. The jury could convict without leaving the box. There was nothing left for old Tutt to do but try to extract additional denials from his already discredited client.

But the old lawyer made no such move. Instead he remarked:

"Mr. Mooney, you were asked whether you had not been previously convicted of assault, and you replied in the affirmative. I now ask you whom you were charged with assaulting?"

"Micky Morrison."

"Who arrested you for the alleged offense?"

"Officer Delaney."

"What! You mean this same officer who has just sworn that he found a pistol in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Tutt drew in his lips.

"That is all!" said he, without further attempt to rehabilitate his client. Then as Mooney left the stand Mr. Tutt addressed Judge Watkins:

"If Your Honor please, I had intended calling a character witness—a former employer—in behalf of the defendant, but what has transpired would seem to make any such testimony immaterial." He hesitated for an instant, and to O'Brien came the sudden thought that the old lawyer might be going to throw up the sponge and plead his client guilty after all. But to his astonishment he heard Mr. Tutt say: "There is one thing, however, to which I invite the court's attention. The prosecutor has produced a loaded pistol here which he claims was found in my client's possession. It is the basis of the charge against him. Yet the district attorney for some reason best known to himself has not offered it in evidence. Unless this is done, in view of the fact that the pistol has been exhibited to the jury, I shall ask for a dismissal."

O'Brien rose languidly to his feet.

"The merest oversight, Your Honor. Here is the pistol. I offer it in evidence."

"I object," said Mr. Tutt—"unless it appears on the record from whose custody it is produced, how it got there, and that it is in the same condition as when received."

"Mr. Tutt is technically correct," nodded His Honor.

The Bloodhound's lips curled.

"I got it from Officer Delaney this morning, and have had it in my pocket all the time. It is exactly as I received it. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not unless you so testify upon the stand," answered the old lawyer, looking fixedly at O'Brien, who experienced a sickening sensation.

"If Mr. Tutt insists you will have to be sworn," ruled His Honor. "But it is a rather unusual demand for any lawyer to make under the circumstances."

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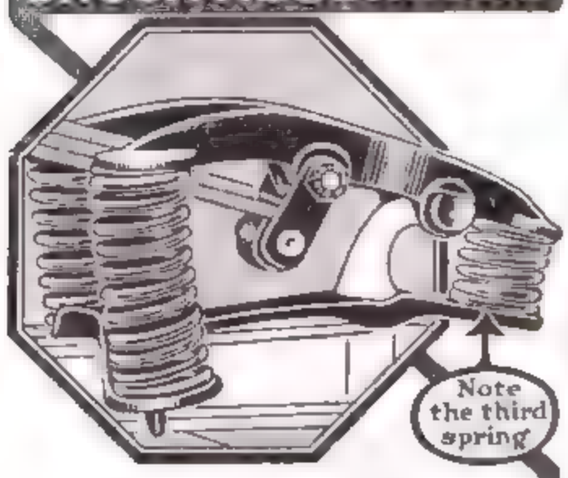

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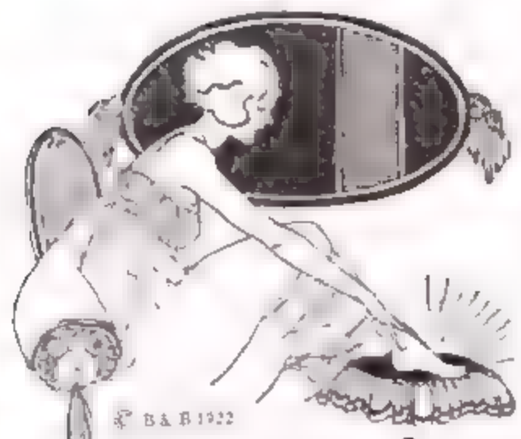

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"This is a rather unusual case," retorted Mr. Tutt, unperturbed.

O'Brien shifted his feet uneasily. He did not like the idea of facing Mr. Tutt from the witness chair—not in the least! Still—there was no help for it. With the pistol in his hand he ascended the stand, took the oath and without sitting down repeated in a rather shaky voice what he had just said.

"Have you any cross-examination?" asked Judge Watkins.

"I have," replied Mr. Tutt amid a curious silence. What could the old codger be up to?

"You are one of the public prosecutors of this county?" he asked quietly.

"I am," shot back the Bloodhound.

"And you are sworn to uphold the law?"

"Yes."

"To prosecute those of whose guilt you are satisfied through the introduction of legal evidence in a legal manner?"

"Of course." O'Brien's uneasiness was growing. But Mr. Tutt's next question momentarily allayed his anxiety while arousing his irritation.

"Where were you born?"

"New York City."

Judge Watkins frowned at the questioner. This procedure was not at all according to Hoyle.

"Gas House Section?"

One of the jury sniggered. His Honor raised his hand in gentle admonition.

"Is this relevant, Mr. Tutt? I do not wish to criticize, but your question seems rather trivial."

Mr. Tutt bowed.

"This is cross-examination," he replied. "However, I will withdraw it. Do you know one Micky Morrison, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Yes," scowled the Bloodhound.

"How much did you pay for your appointment as assistant district attorney?"

O'Brien turned first red, then white. Judge Watkins brought down his gavel.

"That will do!" he remarked. "The jury will disregard the question!"

"If Your Honor please," replied the lawyer quietly, "I have as much right to attack this witness' credibility as he had to attack that of my client. I press the question in another form:

"Did you not pay six thousand dollars to Michael McGurk to be delivered to Micky Morrison in consideration for his securing your appointment as assistant district attorney?"

"I did not!" shouted O'Brien. "And you know it! Your Honor, are you going to permit me to be insulted in this way?"

But a puzzled if not actually bewildered look had settled upon the learned justice's countenance. To coin a distinctly new phrase there was a far-away look in his gray eyes.

"Do you know Red Burke, alias the Roach; Tony Savelli, otherwise known as the Greaser; and Dynamite Tom Meeghan?"

"Mr. Tutt," expostulated Judge Watkins, "you may have a technical right to test the witness' credibility, but the matter is within my discretion and ——"

"That is the precise question he asked my client," replied Mr. Tutt coolly. "What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander."

"He may answer your question if you press it," acquiesced His Honor. "But there must be a limit to this sort of thing."

"Only a few more questions, Your Honor. Mr. O'Brien, have you ever been convicted of crime?"

"No!" valiantly answered the prosecutor, now gray as a ghost, for he saw his doom advancing upon him.

"Have you ever committed one?"

O'Brien choked.

"I won't force you to answer that!" threw in Mr. Tutt gallantly.

"Have you any basis for that question?" demanded His Honor sharply.

Mr. Tutt smiled first at the jury and then at Judge Watkins.

"Your Honor," he replied in his most engaging manner, "you and I perhaps belong to a generation which has old-fashioned ideas of honor. I admit that I have had no basis for any of the questions which I have just asked this witness. Honor demands that I should do so; yet, in a sense, honor demanded that I should ask them, although I might later have to disown their sincerity. But, sir"—and his old voice rose high and vibrant—"but, sir, I do not abandon my attack upon this witness' credibility. I have but one more question to ask of him, and upon his answer I stake my client's liberty. Let this witness but answer anyway he may see fit—yes or no, I care not which—give any reply at all that may be officially recorded here, and not hereafter be disputed or denied by him—and these twelve men may return a verdict against my client."

Something in the old lawyer's tone drew the jury as one man toward the front of the box. Judge Watkins was gazing intently at Mr. Tutt. The faces in the court room surged up and down like ocean waves beneath O'Brien's smarting eyes. He was gaffed himself.

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Tutt, pointing an accusing finger at the miserable apology for a man now cowering upon the stand. "Sir! When you took this book in your hand"—he lifted Jones' Professional Criminals from where it lay upon the table—"and purported to read from its pages, were you actually reading what was printed there or not? Yes or no?"

In the silence all could distinctly hear the ticking of the clock upon the rear wall of the court room.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Yes—no! Yes—no! Yes—no!" it went.

O'Brien squirmed, looked down at the rocking floor and turned faint.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" alternated the clock.

"Yes—no! Yes—no!" answered O'Brien's pulse.

Everything was going black and white, and great pulpy gray spiders seemed grabbing at him from the circumambient air. If he put the thing through and answered "Yes," insisted that he had been reading from the book, that old gray wolf down there would put the book in evidence and prove him a perjurer, send him up! A band of sweat oozed from beneath his red skullcap of hair. Yet if he answered "No," admitted that he had made the whole thing up—that there was not a word in the book about Mooney at all—it would be nearly as bad!

In his agony he almost clutched the flimsy legal straw of refusing to answer on the ground that his reply might tend to degrade or incriminate him! But this would leave him in an even worse position. No, he must answer!

"Tick—tock! Yes—no! Tick—tock! Yes—no! Which—what!"

He moistened his parched lips and swallowed twice. He coughed—for time; and fumbled for his handkerchief. After all, he had done nothing that was not strictly legal. He had not charged that Mooney was a professional crook; he had only asked him the question. That didn't commit him to anything! You could ask what you chose and you were bound by the witness' answer. A gleam like sunrise flashed across his seething brain. Ah, that would save him, perhaps! Old Tutt would be bound by his answer. And then he saw himself tricked again! Yes, Tutt might be bound in the case at bar—although his muddy mind wasn't quite sure whether he would be or not—but he himself would be forever bound by the written record. He could never get rid of the millstone that his yes or no—no matter which he uttered—would hang about his neck! Old Tutt, like the Old Man of the Sea, would forever be upon his back!

"No," he muttered at last in a woolly voice, so low and thick as to be hardly audible. "I was not—reading from the book."

He bowed his head as if awaiting the headsman's stroke. A hiss—a score of hisses—writhed through the air towards him from the benches. "Snake! Snake!" Captain Phelan made no attempt to stop them.

"You mean ——" began Judge Watkins incredulously. Then with a look of disgust he turned his back upon O'Brien.

"Ye snake!" This time the tense sibilant was that of a woman.

Mr. Tutt gazed at the jury. The Lord had delivered his enemy into his hands.

"Now, gentlemen," he said with a deprecating smile, "you may convict my client if you wish."

There was a moment's puzzled silence, broken by the foreman.

"The hell we will!" he suddenly exploded. "The fellow we want to convict is O'Brien!"

And in the flurry of involuntary applause which followed, the ancient Dougherty was heard to murmur:

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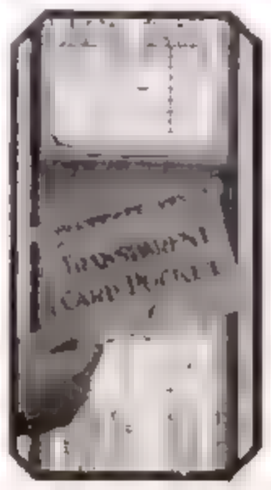

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

JOAN OF ARC SMITH

(Continued from Page 9)

"But whatever you say about me, don't forget this," she says, talking now high and serious: "Don't forget to say I'm like Brawny Bill Wolfert—I'm out for economic justice first, last and always, for man, woman and child!"

So they went off to the telegraph office and sat down and filled up all the yellow paper there with that heart-throb woman stuff, and sent it in to the editors in the city, where they sit there always in their big costly armchairs, sighing and sobbing for it. And they all jumped up when they seen it, and took off their coats, and put it into all the papers the next morning with headlines a mile high.

"The woman of mystery," they says—"who is she? Such is the question on all lips in the great Manumuxit Valley strike to-day. Young and tall; strong, athletic, yet divinely fair and strangely beautiful; of evident refinement, yet dressed in the blood-red guise of anarchy and socialism; though refusing all information of herself but for the statement that she may yet prove the Joan of Arc of this portentous industrial struggle—this strangely fascinating and alluring figure is the goal of all eyes in this now silent center of whirring looms and bobbins to-day.

"All lips now frame one anxious question: Will she, if the militia is introduced here, lead the workingmen to the point of war and bloodshed in this peaceful valley? The mill managements are quite evidently nonplused by this new appearance; and the strike leaders, though reticent, are clearly expectant over this dramatic turn in the situation, and new developments are awaited hourly."

"There's spreading some truth for you!" they says to Brawny Bill Wolfert at the strike headquarters.

"She's a wonder!" says Bill, not showing it, though his heart was full of joy and pleasure, seeing what advertising all this was starting bringing him and his strike. "That woman last month that stripped off her diamond and ruby rings and gave them to the cause," he says, "was just the first letter in the book to this one. She's the best I've seen."

"You ought to know, Bill," they says, for he always had his string of women doing stunts for him and his cause. He was that kind—hard and still and desperate—that the women always fall for, especially the lonely, dissatisfied, investigating kind.

He worked with her the usual hard way, urging her to go on, by giving hints of all he'd done for the cause.

"Don't let the police bluff you," he says to her, for they were all threatening now to lock her up. "They're a pack of boobs. Noise is the most dangerous thing they have on them. Take it from me! I know from experience. If you've got anything to do don't mind them. Go and do it," he says, pushing her along, and so she went and done it.

This time, when she got up to speak the next day, she started after them, wild and fierce, on the question of the militia, giving them the statistics Bill handed her about the strikers fighting the battles of America.

"Three-quarters of these men—these strikers—were in the war over there!" she says, repeating his dope just as he handed it to her. "And two-thirds of them were wounded, fighting our battles for us. Such is not the stuff of economic slavehood," she says. "And before they press too far with their threats and their militia, let them beware! Let them look first!" she says. "Men have rebelled before," she says, "under the lash! And even under the leadership of a weak woman driven by a power beyond herself!" she says, alluding to that Joan of Arc thing in all the papers, and all the strikers on the common laughed and hollered and cheered her until the police came in and hushed them up.

And after that all the reporters come up and begged and pleaded with her to give them just the initials of her name if nothing more, for the public were clamoring and restless for it. And she said no, though maybe she might later—give them the initials anyhow. But she wasn't sure, for a particular reason, and that was because her family—her father—would be dead set against her coming into this investigating work and all this radical work when he knew it. And she could not have him know that she was there—not yet. But one thing she would say, now and all the time, and never let them forget it in their writings: That she was always, like her great leader, Brawny Bill Wolfert, always out for just one motto—that same motto that he always had—economic justice for all, man, woman and child, share and share alike; or else there would be bloodshed or worse, and she was going to tell her father that some day.

So the reporters went away well pleased that she was holding back her name yet, making more mystery and easy writing for them for some days yet, perhaps; and went over and sat down in the telegraph office and exchanged their notes, one with the other, and got their stories out; and then all went back to the place where they were playing poker again. And in the morning all the papers came out with miles and columns and tons of ink, starting in under full mourning headlines:

Scrutinized by thousands of inquiring eyes when, dressed in the blood red of the social revolution, she preached the most flagrant doctrines of Marx, Robespierre and Bakunin; her identity still undeciphered at the end of another twenty-four hours replete with thrills for all who participated in the great strike of the textile workers in the Manumuxit Valley today, and finally warned by the police against possible violence, the beautiful young woman, now known through the confines of the United States only as Joan of Arc Number 2, declared that she would lead, if necessary, a new crusade—based, she stated, upon Brawny Bill Wolfert's famous motto, economic justice for one and all; and, if need be, would go down to death defying the state's soldiery.

Who is she? becomes more and more the moot question of the hour, baffling so far every investigator. It was learned from her one-time associates that at first she called herself Smith, though this, she now maintains, was used merely to conceal her real name, which later—when her father should consent—she might in part, at least to the giving of initials, reveal.

Asked if they had further information on the subject of the mysterious newcomer's personality, the mill managers professed ignorance and indifference; but they were clearly disturbed over the developments of the strike centering about this strangely mysterious figure. The strike leaders, including the radical Brawny Bill Wolfert, although professing equal lack of information, openly looked for developments of great interest to-day. And all through the historic Manumuxit Valley to-night the query trembling on every lip is: Who is she? What will she do next? What will the morrow bring to us? Shall a second Joan of Arc be leading us to civil war with an all but religious fanaticism?

"Is she getting away from you a little, Bill?" says the boys at the strike headquarters.

"No," he says. "There'll be no fighting; you know that. The worst she can do is get herself arrested and let us bail her out, and in the meantime we've got all the papers sitting up and hollering for our stuff that she's handing out to them."

"Spreading more truth," they says to him, "all over!"

"I've been twenty years in the business," says Bill, "and I never seen one like her. She's the queen of advertisers. She puts more pep into self-advertising than any woman I ever seen in the radical movement," he says. "And that's high praise. That one here a month ago," he says, "that took off her shoes and stockings and walked up and down Main Street to see how the Polack women felt going around in the wet was a piker to her. She never came back for the second day. But this girl is a raving genius," he says.

"But just the same," he says, "I'll keep my eye on her. They're all light in the head when they get that way, and they need a man to guide them."

And they laughed, remembering Bill and all his other women he'd guided. And he went off and spoke to her, and held her back just a bit.

"Ease up," he says to her, "just a trifle."

"What do you mean?" she says. "Ease up? Keep back my principles of economic justice for one and all?"

"Or do you want to get into the calaboose?" he says to her.

"What do I care?" she says.

"I'm telling you this," he says, "not for my sake," he says. "For me it would be good—more than for you! So I'm telling you just like I would my daughter," he says, starting in with her the way he did with those young high-spirited ones at first. "My daughter!"

"You're as bad as my father is," she came snapping back.

(Continued on Page 140)

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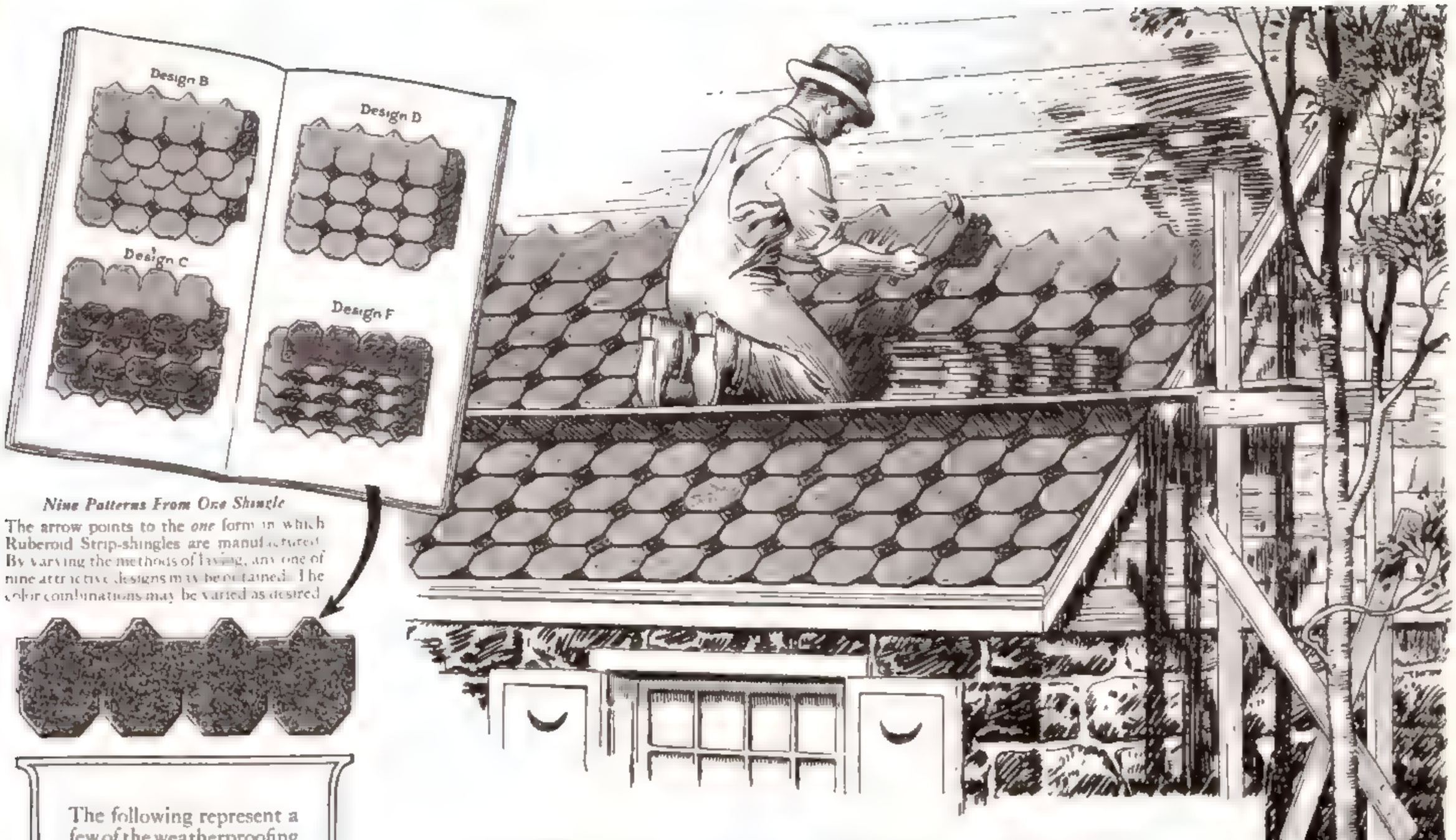

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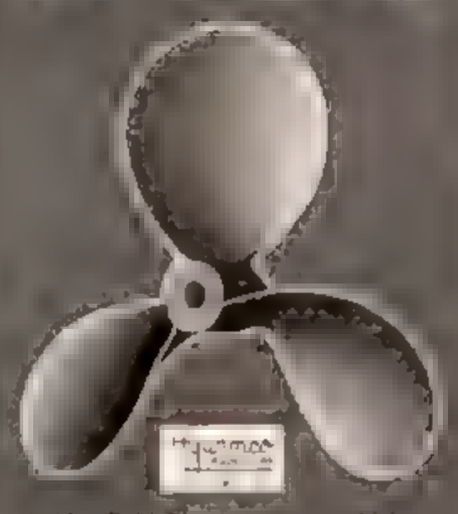

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(Continued from Page 138)

"I'm old enough to be your father, at that don't forget that!" he says, patting her arm the way he worked on with them. "For I had a daughter," he says, "to tell the truth, that would be about your age."

"You had!" she says, looking up sharp. "Is she dead?"

"No," he says. "But my wife took her away from me years ago—when she got up and left me for no reason at all! I've not seen the one or the other of them for years."

"So then you're married," she says, starting up and moving away from his hand like so many of them did at first. So he told her how it was.

"Yes," he says—"to my sorrow! I don't speak of it much. But I don't flinch it neither. She was no wife to me. She was a puling, peevish, pindling thing that was always pretending sick. I never could get along with a woman that held me back. With no brains," he says, "and no intellectual strivings," he says, appealing to her, telling her his troubles like a man with his experience does to the woman he's pleased with at the time. But he didn't change her much, he could see. She still took the news kind of hard.

"So you're married," she says to him again, her voice harder than ever.

"If you call it so, yes—when I haven't seen her now for sixteen years, nor seen my little daughter neither," he says, looking down long and sad. "But here," he says, breaking off finally with a wrench and going onto another more agreeable subject, "I'm doing all the talking. You tell me now," he says, "what's your name? Who's your father?" he asks, but without results still. For he could feel the flesh of her arm harden where he tried to put his hand again upon it.

"I'll tell you that later," she says, "maybe, if you still want to hear it. I've got an idea maybe sometime I might bring you face to face with him," she says, "and let you see him plain and personal. And we could go over and consider all this stuff on economic justice and all that together," she says, and gave him a kind of a hard laugh. "It might do him good—and us too maybe."

"Sure! Any time! Lead me to him!" says Brawny Bill, leaving it there, seeing it was no use to go on further for that day.

So out she come the next day in her speech and sung out louder and louder yet for the economic justice and the revolution—and bloody war, if needed.

"Will you not give us your name yet?" the reporters were gathering around her to say before her speech. For she was still as unknown as the first king of Ireland. "The public is crazy and clamoring for it," they said, "from Maine to California. At least you might give us your initials, like you said."

"No," she says, thinking. "Not yet. But maybe not so long after I will give it to you. For I'm aroused now," she says. "And I've been thinking heavy of doing what I should—of going to my father and appealing to him personally in this cause of economic justice, and if I do I'll let you all know."

"You'll give it out all even to us if you do?" says one of the reporters. "Will you?"

For she was a grand thing for them. They could go off and play poker all day in this quiet place they'd found there, and when the time come work in together and send their story out and report the strike in full, writing what they got from her.

So she said she would—all even, with no favorites. And they went out in a body over to the telegraph offices and done their day's work up together.

"Will she lead the strikers against the militia?" they writes. "This, on this evening fraught with possibilities, after a day more than ever threatening, is the deep question of the hour in the minds of the thousands who stand waiting, watching tensely, in the crisis of the Manumuxit industrial struggle, the figure of the unknown, athletic and beautiful woman leader who, although wrongly giving her name as Smith, still, under the blood-red banner of Tolstoy, Brutus and Garibaldi, defies the police and the militia of the sovereign state of Massachusetts under the assumed but unquestionably popular name of Joan of Arc.

"'Economic justice for all—man, woman and child'—the motto of Brawny Bill Wolfert, which she has proclaimed for hers also, has here become the watchword of the hour, on what may yet prove to be the eve of the clash of arms in what the leaders of the strikers describe as the possible final upheaval for communism, socialism, anarchy and French syndicalism throughout the United States and civilization as a whole."

And so that next day, when she goes to speak once more upon the common, the head of the police, after once warning her to desist from stirring up the crowd again to this anarchy, communism and general devilment, has her arrested and led over to the women's lockup in the basement of the city hall, where she sits in her blood-red dress, tossing back her bobbed yellow hair, defying them, until Brawny Bill and the rest come over and bail her out, scowling at the officers.

"What'll you do now?" says the reporters, coming up, stepping on their cigarettes. "Will you make your statement to the press? Will you give your name out now?"

"I will not," she says. "Though I may soon. I may soon," she says when they drew in closer to her for this reason: "For I may have finally to bring my father into this, after all," she says. "For I am greatly aroused and much in earnest since my arrest," she says, "and willing to take any means to enforce the motto of Brawny Bill Wolfert, that noble leader, of economic justice for all—man, woman and child. And my father," she says—"though I have withheld this from you before for family reasons—is a very celebrated and powerful man, who could do more for the economic justice which I have come to be so interested in," she says, "than I think any man living.

"So for this reason," she says, "during the hours and minutes of my imprisonment here I have worked out this plan, if my leader, Brawny Bill Wolfert, will consent," she says, now turning to him.

"Consent!" he says. "Did you ever see me flinch yet from anything put up to me for the economic justice of the worker?"

"Well then, I will take you with me," she says, "and bring you face to face with my father, so that between us we can convince him, no doubt, of the rightness of the demand for full economic justice for man, woman and child. Will you come?" she says.

"Why not?" says Brawny Bill. "Who'd hinder me?"

"Only this," she says to him and the reporters: "For justice to my father, who might not desire to be drawn in, nor implicated or involved in this idea, you'll have to do this: You'll have to go some miles with me in a taxicab, consenting to be blindfolded."

"Blindfolded?" says the reporters, looking at one another with a happy smile, for they could see more columns and miles of print, being mostly, as they were, on piece work. And Brawny Bill, though he looked brawnier and uglier than ever outside, stood shining brighter and brighter inside him, for he seen what a genius he had with him, and what advertising she was getting out day after day for him and his strike.

"Yes," she says, answering them back. "For it's only fair to my father that he has the right or not to say whether his influence and name is used in all this thing—and whether or not we convince him. For, after all, I'd be the one, not him, that would get plunged into this war for equal and level economic justice for all, if he wasn't let to decide this much for himself. And so no one, not even Mr. Wolfert, should know who or where my father is until he meets him face to face, and lets him decide whether he will come in with us and lend the influence of his great name to this justice we are speaking of," she says. "But if he does," she says, "it will have great weight in getting him. For I'm telling you no lie when I say he is a greatly celebrated man, and his decision will have deciding weight in this matter that I'm after. But still and all, that is his option, and you may or may not hear his name after all," she says to the reporters. "That will be according to how he sees it.

"Will you do this then—will you come with me to meet him blindfolded?" she says now to Brawny Bill, stretching out her hand.

"Do you see me quitting?" he says, biting down and weaving the big, hard muscles of his jaw back and forth.

"And do you consent and agree, on your honor as a man and a leader, if we do not get my father's consent nor convince him, and yet you learn afterwards his name—you will never give it out?"

"I do," says Bill.

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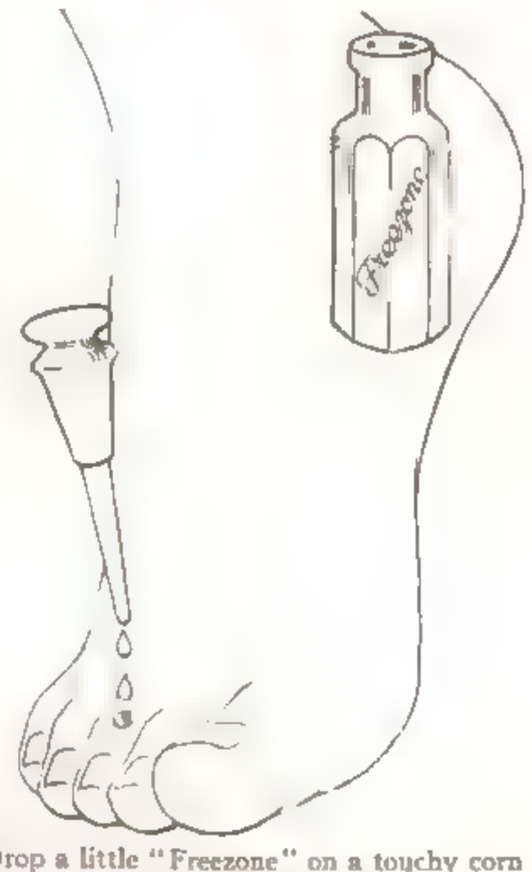

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"So the newspaper and movie boys with the picture machine took their photographs of them shaking hands, and Brawny Bill blindfolded, and her with a pair of handcuffs hanging from her wrists, showing how she had been arrested, and went off back to the telegraph office and wrote more miles and columns on the yellow paper on this thickening mystery with a woman in it, throwing more strong searching light upon the question of the strike.

"Who is her father? This query—now in every heart—may serve as the turning point in the immense and terrible industrial warfare still threatening revolution at the closing of the day's climax in the great industrial drama in the Manumuxit Valley to-night.

"Arrested before speaking to the multitudes gathering eagerly in the ancient common to-day to await until in her familiar red garb she would no doubt urge them under her leadership to withstand the authority of the state's guardsmen; thrown into prison; bailed out by Brawny Bill Wolfert, veteran leader of the strikers; confessing that her name was not only not Smith, but that she was the only daughter of an international figure of great celebrity; planning, with Wolfert blindfolded by her side, to ride and plead with her father for economic justice, which he is in a position to secure—such were the additions made to economic history along the far-famed Manumuxit River by the blood-red Joan of Arc by nightfall to-day.

"Awaiting this visit, which may or may not settle a desperate clash between the strikers and the militia, the whole valley sleeps fitful and uneasily to-night. This unrest has even reached the capital of the state. The governor, when approached upon the matter, said in an exclusive interview with your correspondent to-night: 'While I have no information on the subject whatever, I believe that something may or may not occur to change the general current of events to-morrow.'"

"What is this you're pulling? Is this thing on the level? Are we going on? Or is this all a stall?" says Brawny Bill when they were by themselves, for by this time she had him thinking foolish.

"Certainly we're going on," she says, not turning a muscle in her face, though it was flushed still, and excited, "and it's no stall." And he wondered now was he crazy or was she.

Yet, nevertheless, he let her put the blindfolding on, and they started out that night in a big machine, and whirled around for good luck till they were sure they had shook the machines of the reporters finally. And then the old ark of a hired limousine they had laid down close to the ground and went somewheres for two hours or so with most astonishing speed, rumpling and disturbing and bumping Brawny Bill half insensible when he laid back and tried to get a nap, after he'd finally given up the idea of getting her to tell him where they were going.

It grew better running then, and he knew now he was slipping into the streets of a big city, hearing the noises and feeling the stronger lights of the street lamps as they flashed by on his blindfolding.

"What's this?" says Bill when finally he feels them stop after turning and twisting through the streets of the big city for some time. For, though he couldn't see, it didn't sound nor smell like the high aristocratic section that he thought to find himself stopping at, and he was beginning to get a little leery.

And then they gets up and she leads him blindfolded up into a house.

"Here's some stairs," she says. "Look out."

And he come on, for he couldn't back out now, no matter how leery he was getting.

"And here's the threshold."

And he stepped over it.

"And here we are!"

And he heard the door close in behind him.

"And now you can take the blindfolding off," she says.

And he done so, blinking and all ready for action, if needs be.

"What's this?" he says then, surprised.

For he stood looking at a figure in a mirror; one of them high dark mirrors they used to put in their big fine houses fifty years ago. And it moved then—the figure—when he moved. And he seen now he was just looking at himself.

"What the ——" says Brawny Bill, not finishing the sentence, when he looked around the room. For it was fitted up nothing grand like he had expected—outside the mirror—but more like a poor city boarding house. And then, staring, he seen the figure of that thin small woman, standing white and shrinking behind the big old-time black-walnut bed.

"Don't you recognize her?" says this big Joan of Arc, standing stiff, watching them, breathing hard, yet with a plenty of color in her cheeks too.

"Min!" he says, staring. "Min!" For he seen, of course, naturally, who it was facing him after all them years.

"And you!" he says, turning, cursing, and stopping when he saw the look upon her face—this Joan of Arc's.

"You ought to know her, too, Bill," says the older woman with her voice trembling. "You ought ——"

"Call me Joan of Arc, that'll do nicely!" says the one with the bobbed light hair like Bill's, stepping over and stopping her with a kind of small hard smile upon her face. "For I'm afraid of no one when I'm right," she says, holding her head upright. "And my motto," she says to him, "is economic justice, equal and level, for man, woman and child. The last two just like the first! And it's a good motto," she says. "I got it from my father."

And he stopped still, growling in his throat, torn between the longing to smash her and the knowledge that he could not neither.

"So now," she says, going on when he did not, "I've kept my promise. I told you I'd bring you face to face with my father, and I've done so." And following the direction of her pointing, he looked opposite himself again, into that big, dark, old-time mirror you'll see in them old mansions that are made over into boarding houses. "I've brought you face to face with him."

And he stood there, watching at the face across grow mad and red and ugly in the mirror.

"My father," she says, pointing now in the other direction, "and what he done for economic justice!"

And the small sick-looking woman across the room sat down sudden and weak in an old boarding-house bedroom chair.

"Cut out the comedy!" says Bill. "What do you want?"

"I want," she says, "just what we came here for—a talk on economic justice for one and all, man, woman and child.

"Sit down," she says to him, where he stood staring, his face redder than it was healthy for it to be. "Maybe I ought to start in telling you from the first just how much economic justice has come to us two so far," she says, and then she went on and told him with that high-headed look still higher on her and the hardness still harder in her voice.

"For, no doubt," she says, "you will want to hear the whole story of what we've done," she says, "since you jumped up and left us, with that other woman," she says, "and how we fared for economic justice."

Every Season Claims This All-Wear Jacket

It belongs to every season, too; "travelo" is for June, July and August as well as for October, November and December! But, here's the big idea about this handy, dandy jacket. No matter when you buy it or for what, you still have your "travelo" for its countless other uses—for work or play, traveling, motoring or lounging. But please remember this: Only in "travelo" do you get the wear, fit and shape which the exclusive "travelo" elastic-knit process makes sure.

Over 5,000 Dealers sell "travelo" in a variety of models and colors, including many handsome heathers. However, write us if you don't find them; and mention style, size and color preference

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc.

1909–1915 Park Avenue New York

"travelo"

KNIT JACKETS

TRADE MARK

CLARK'S CRUISES by Can. Pac. STEAMERS

Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923

ROUND THE WORLD

Superb SS "EMPRESS of FRANCE"

18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered

4 MONTHS' CRUISE, $1000 and up

Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS of SCOTLAND"

25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered

65 DAYS' CRUISE, $600 and up

Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

Duration Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.

Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.

Europe and Passion Play Parties, $500 up

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DO-IT-ALL TRACTORS

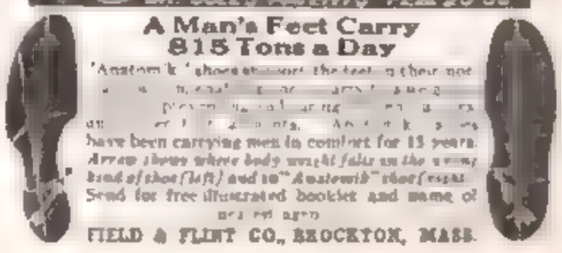
Mow Your Lawn and Cultivate Your Garden

"DO IT ALL TRACTORS will [illegible] They [illegible] Their [illegible] The [illegible] DO IT ALL [illegible] I [illegible] $[illegible] [illegible] Ask for [illegible]

"DO IT ALL TRACTORS CORP. 33 Park Place, New York City

Anatomik

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day



"Anatomik" shoes [illegible] the feet in their natural [illegible] have been carrying men in comfort for 15 years. *Arrow shows where body weight falls on the average kind of shoe (left) and to "Anatomik" shoe (right).* Send for free illustrated booklet and name of [illegible]

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

$75.00 in 5 Days!

"During the past five days," writes Mr. Frank H. Thompson of Washington, "I have earned $75.00 by your plan. On my best day I cleared over $21.00."

Year 'Round Extra Profit

Of course, Mr. Thompson doesn't earn $21.00 extra every day. But he does earn generous profits month after month, the whole year through. In February it was about $50.00; in March about $60.00; in April $50.00; and so on. That extra money helps him in many ways—just as an extra pay check would help you every month.

Thousands of men and women now earn extra money by the profitable Curtis plan. Is there any reason why you shouldn't? Subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are easy to sell—you need no experience in salesmanship to be successful from the start. An inquiry about our offer involves no obligation to accept it.

Clip This Coupon to Learn About Our Cash Offer to You

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684 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: You may tell me about your cash offer, if you wish. Understand, however, that I assume no obligation in inquiring

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And when she said this the older woman over on beyond the bed shrunk back and down till she was almost out of sight in the worn and tattered boarding-house armchair. But she went along herself, her voice always growing harder.

"The fact is," she says, "my mother and me have been batting and slamming about the world for the sixteen years since then, unseen by you, with no great economic justice from anyone, and least of all from you, and it's about time we had some," she says.

And then she told him how she had put herself through school and college, by her own work some, but more by her mother's, and had come finally to study all these economic questions of the day, and investigate them, and finally get some money from doing so.

"And so finally," she says, "seeing your name in the paper on that line so much, and seeing how you made your living by it, I come to the conclusion, if all was to have this economic justice you swore so by in the public press, I'd grab off and secure a little of it for my mother and myself.

"So then I brought you here to see whether we get some. It all depends on my father," she says, speaking in a sweet hard voice—"what he decides—whether we'll get it!"

And he sat there looking at her, his big, red, scarlet face showing all the big, heavy eating and drinking and the rest of the past twenty-five years and more, and his hard, wise, bloodshot eyes upon her, for naturally he understood how she had him cornered.

"Or shall I feed it all," she says, "to the fierce and wild and ravening press—the whole mad wild tale of Joan of Arc Smith, and the motto of the economic justice for all, which she took and used from her grand and celebrated father, and laugh you out of the labor movement and the world, as I've got the stage all set to do?"

"How much do you want?" he says, snarling finally, and she told him what she thought would be reasonable, considering what he had been gathering in all these years for his work and lecturing for economic justice.

"And how soon will you get out?" he says.

"Not over two hours from the time I see your check is good," she says.

So he gave it to her and went along back to Manumuxit by train.

"What did you find?" "Was your interview successful?" "Where is she?" "Who is her father? And what did he say?" says the reporters all together, catching him when he got off the train at the station.

"His name you'll never know," he says. "He did not mention it, nor did I ask him."

"But where is she?" they says. "Why does she not come back with you?"

"'Tis a long story," he says. "But the gist of it is this: We did not persuade him. He was too much for us. On the contrary he commanded her to stay, and you'll see her no more in this strike nor any other, and that's all I'll say.

"Only this—only this!" he says, clearing his throat kind of gruff and pulling up his collar: "With her or without her, or anybody else, we stand here for economic justice for all, and we'll raise hell here till we get it."

And so they went away, sore and downhearted and wrote out one last story, getting ready to pull up and leave the town:

"Was she what she seemed, or was she a coldly calculated impostor?" they says. "That is the doubt which the sudden and unexplained disappearance, with the suspiciously sensational coöperation of the leaders of the strike, of the so-called Joan of Arc, who was at one time known as Smith, has forced upon the minds of the thinking population of the Manumuxit Valley during the clearly waning progress of the textile strike, under the direction of the much-advertised Brawny Bill Wolfert, the radical, to-night."

And Brawny Bill, sitting by himself in headquarters, stared, glaring at the wall, with the local leaders whispering in the corners. For the newspaper fellows had scarcely been near him all that day.

He seen already the finish of the thing, for the publicity was all dead on it. She'd not only got off with his good money, but she'd killed his strike, one of the likeliest strikes he'd ever started.

IN an "Old Town," all waterways are open to you—quiet streams, wide lakes, and swift flowing rivers. "Old Towns" are the fastest canoes made. The lightest and strongest, too! And the lowest priced. Easiest to paddle and hardest to wear out. $54 up from dealer or factory. *New catalog shows all models in colors. Free. Write for it TODAY*

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Automatic Rapid Electric Cooker

EASIEST method known to prepare family meals. Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost—saves time, labor. Insures better cooked, more tasty food. Gives every family the comfort and advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.

New Invention Revolutionizes Cooking

Bakes, roasts, broils, stews, toasts, heats. No is no watching. No smoke, smell or dirt. Attaches to any electric socket. No special wiring. No radiator to heat, no thermometer to watch or break. *Write for 10-day FREE trial offer.* Direct factory prices.

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THE DIES OPEN UP—there's no laborious "unwinding" required by backing the tool off the pipe at the end of each cut.

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BULL-DOG DIE STOCKS
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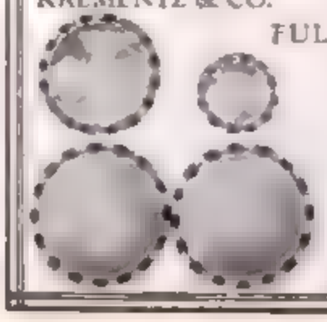
Collar buttons 25c—$1.50,
Links $2—$7.00, evening jewelry $4.50—$17.50
Only at better shops.

KREMENTZ & CO. Newark, N. J.



FULL DRESS SETS
805K—4 Vest Buttons $3.00
806K—Three Studs . . 1.50
804K—Pair Links . . 3.00
Mother of pearl with platinum plate and black enamel rims.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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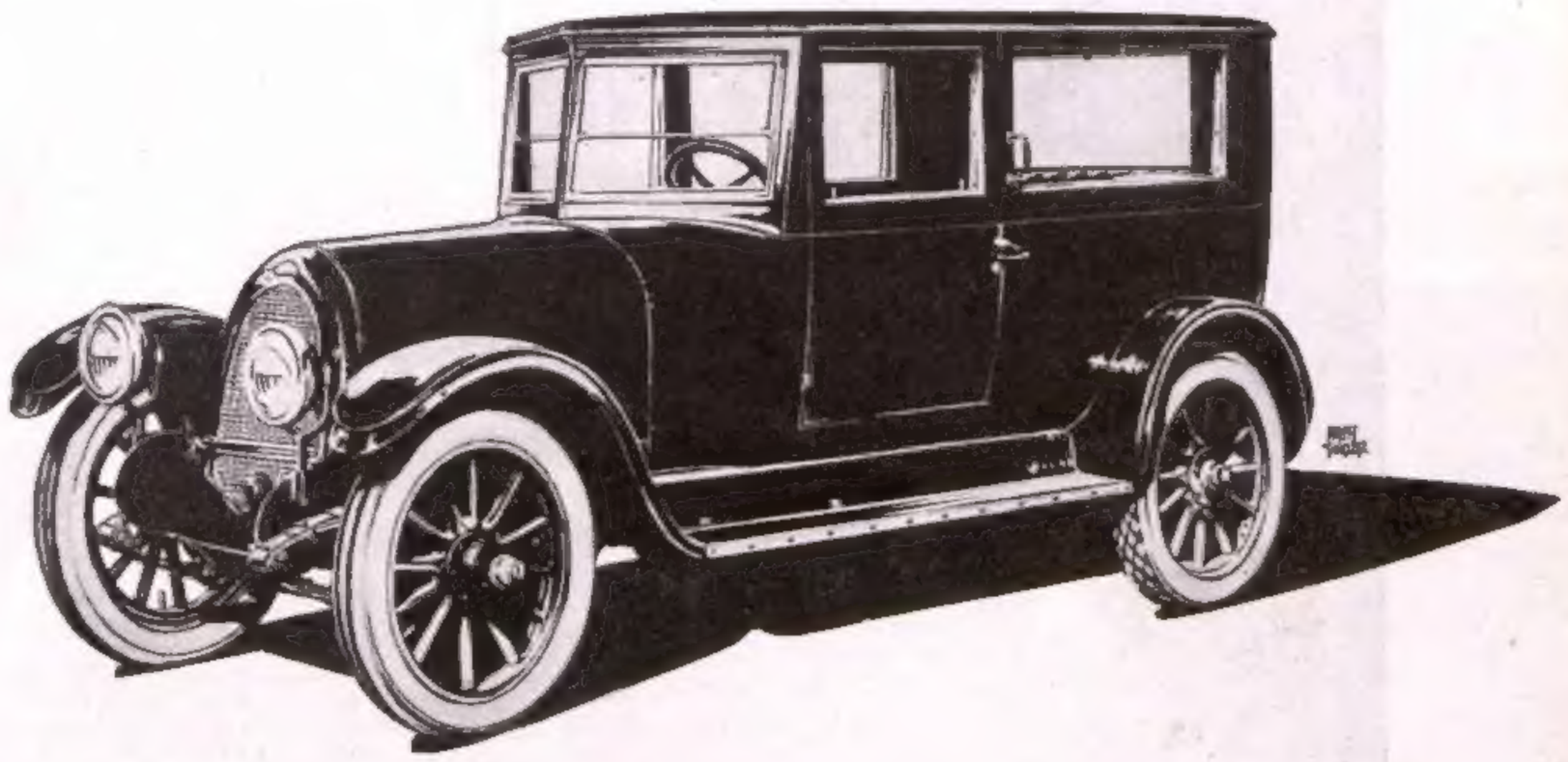
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.



The FRANKLIN SEDAN

AT THE NEW PRICE

$2850

THE finest Franklin in 20 years of quality manufacture—at the lowest price in its history, except for four months in 1916.

The first car of this type, suitable for all-round use, in America. Light, flexible and direct air-cooled—no radiator—it is more widely usable than any other car, enclosed or open. Cool in summer.

From its very beginning, the most popular enclosed car built, in proportion to total output. Last year Sedans formed 42½% of Franklin's entire production.

If you have never owned a Franklin Sedan, you do not yet know how much a car can do, how well it can do it, nor how little that service need cost.

* * *

Motorists' desire for better service made April, 1922, Franklin's biggest April. And as we go to press, still another record is broken. On May 1, over three times as many Franklins were delivered as on any previous day on record.

Touring Car $1950 *Demi-Coupé $2100* *Runabout $1900*
Demi-Sedan $2250 *Coupé $2750* *Brougham $2750*
Touring Limousine $3150 *(All prices f. o. b. Syracuse)*

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A *whole* Premium Ham saves money and work

You save on each pound of this tender meat when you buy a whole Premium Ham. Also, buying it whole in the original wrapper, you are sure of getting Swift's Premium, the ham with the sweet mild flavor everyone likes.

You save work, too, when you buy this way. Cook it all at once, and you have meat ready for a number of meals—meat that is equally delicious served hot or cold. Or, if you choose, have the dealer cut your Premium Ham into pieces—the butt end to bake, the shank to boil, the center slices to fry or broil.

Buy a whole Premium Ham—for economy—for convenience.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Pure Lard

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Stands the Tread of Trampling Feet

For Business Floors

ALL day long the feet of busy people tramp back and forth over this office floor—and at night a man with a wax polisher quickly restores its spick-and-span brightness.

The floor is Armstrong's Plain Brown Linoleum. It makes this office of the Quaker Oats Company a quiet place in which to work, because it deadens the sound of footsteps and reduces other office noises which are reflected from hard, non-resilient floors.

Floors of Armstrong's Linoleum are inexpensive in both first cost and upkeep. They are kept in good condition by waxing and polishing, and they never require expensive refinishing.

Because Armstrong's Linoleum is made chiefly of cork, these modern floors are elastic and springy to the tread, comfortable to walk on and stand on.

A good way to install Armstrong's Linoleum as a permanent floor is to cement it down firmly over a layer of deadening felt. Such a floor will remain smooth and solid, and will give long wear under the hardest usage.

If you are planning to build, if you need new floors in your store or office, consult your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant about Armstrong's Linoleum. We will gladly send him data and specifications.

Our free book, "Business Floors," contains photographs of installations, plates of colors and designs from which you can choose, and directions for installation and care of linoleum floors. Write for it. All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Look for the **CIRCLE "A"** *trademark on the burlap back*

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Makes

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